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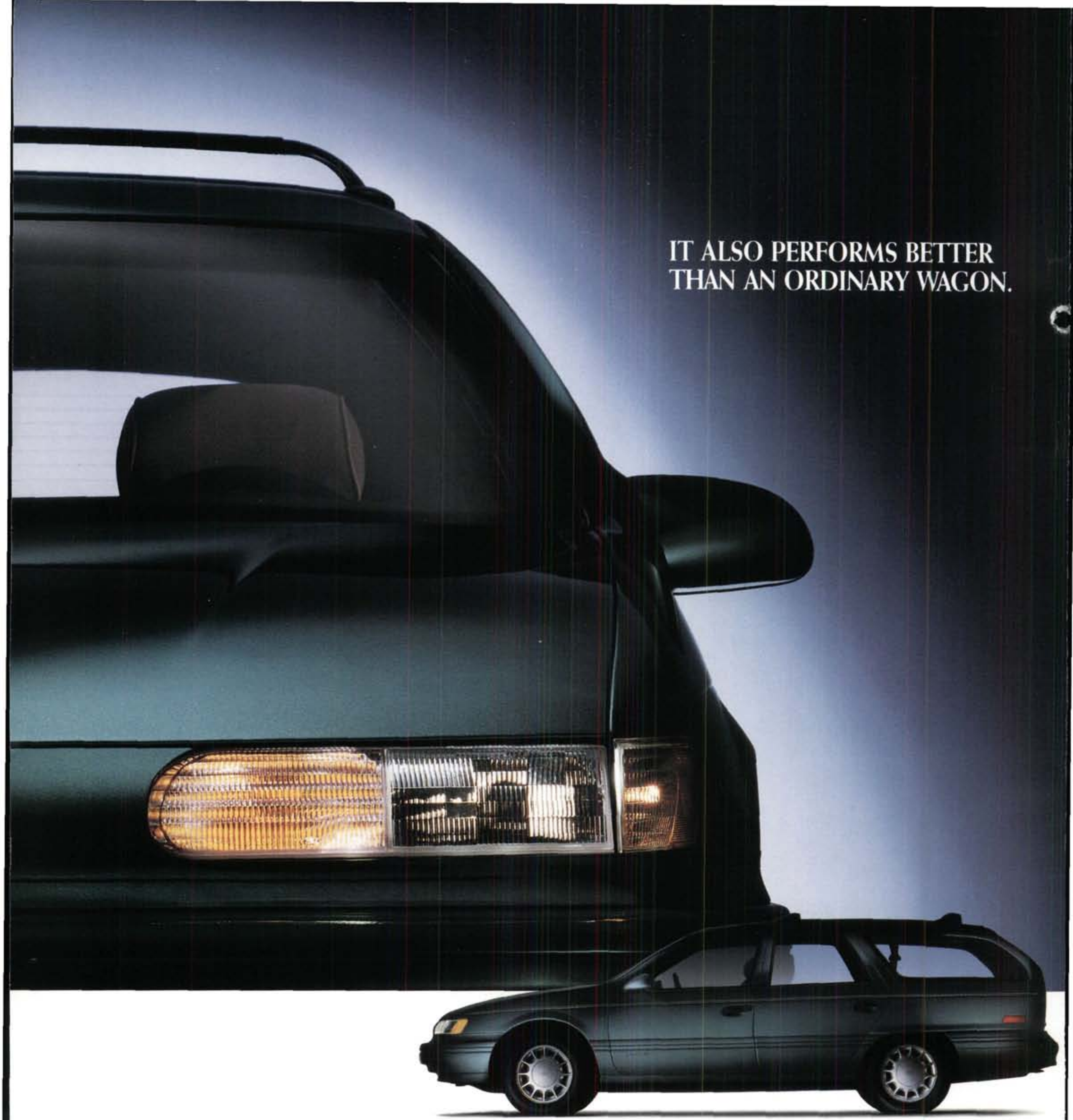

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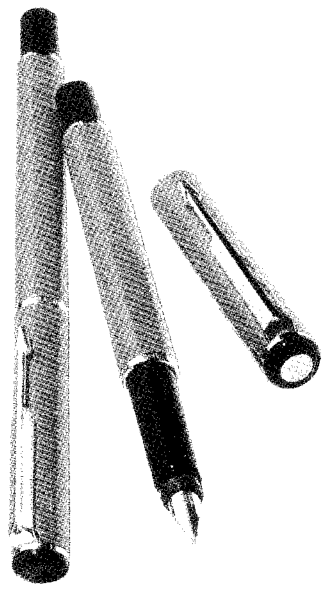

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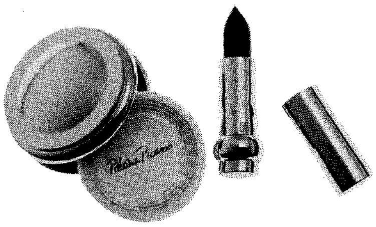
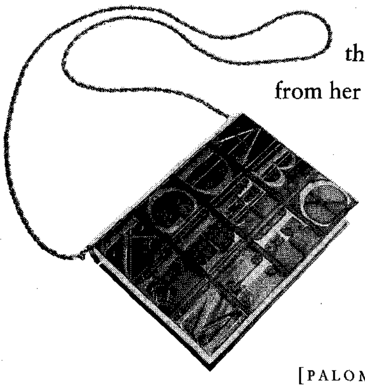
"Some enchanted evening..."
she sang to herself, applying a last touch
of crimson to her lips.



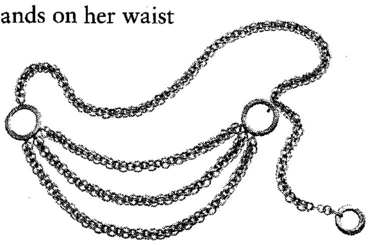
[PALOMA PICASSO COMPACT & LIPSTICK]

He was late and, as she glanced
around the lobby, she felt a strong surge
of anticipation.
She took
the libretto
from her evening bag



[PALOMA PICASSO
ALPHABET MINAUDIERE]

and once more went over the story
of unrequited love, heartbreak
and despair. She felt him approach
from behind—his breath on her hair,
his hands on her waist



[PALOMA PICASSO CHAIN BELT]

"You will meet a stranger..."
she hummed.

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THE NEW YORKER

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COVER *Roxie Munro*

DRAWINGS *Lee Lorenz, Donald Reilly, Sam Gross, Mick Stevens, Mike Twohy, Robert Webe Jack Ziegler, Eldon Dedini, Tom Cheney, J. B. Handelsman, Peter Steiner, Ro Chast, Gahan Wilson, Bruce Eric Kaplan, Leo Cullum, William Hamilton, Frank Modell, Robert Mankoff, Bernard Schoenbaum, Edward Koren, Dana Fradon, J. P. Rini, Arnie Levin, Benoît van Innis, Danny Shanahan, Charles Barsotti, John O'Brien, George Booth, Mischa Richter, Richard Cline*

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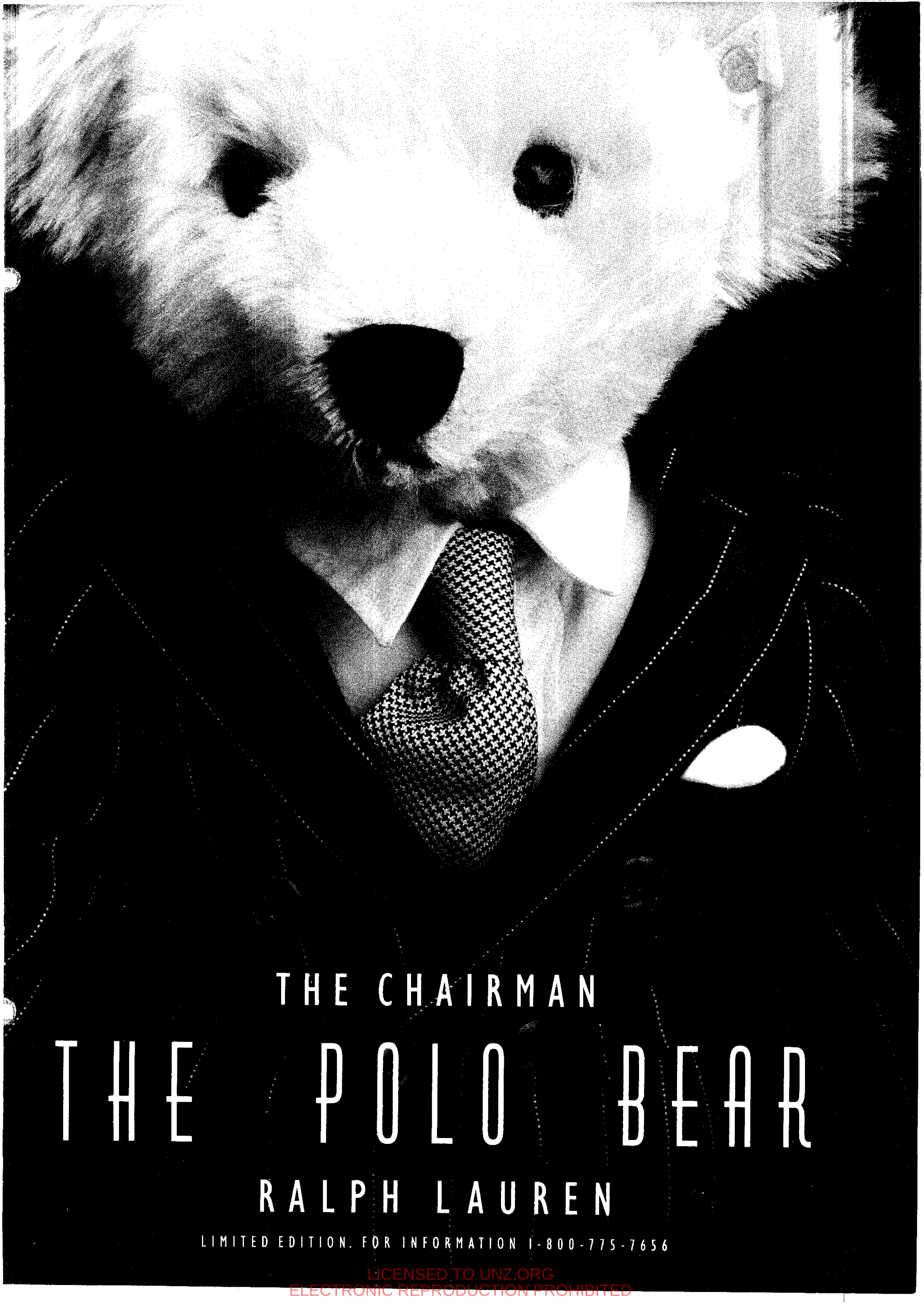
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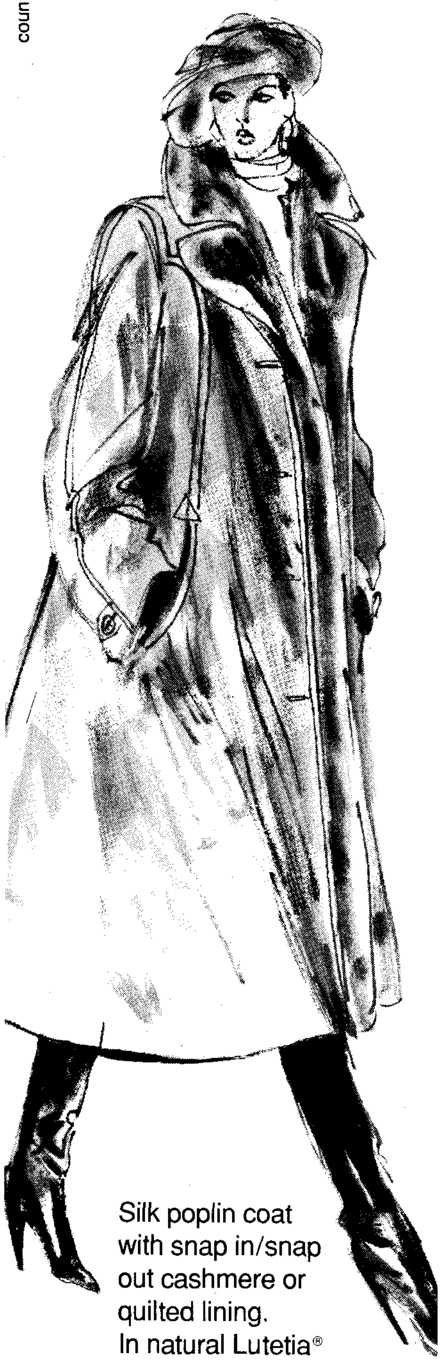

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COMMENT

THE GARDENER OF BRATISLAVA

On Saturday, November 7th, in his seventy-first year, Alexander Dubček died, of injuries received in an automobile crash. His life ended at a time of endings: the country to which he had attempted to bring a measure of freedom a quarter of a century ago—Czechoslovakia—will cease to exist on January 1st, taken apart like an old jalopy by duly elected Czech and Slovak politicians in the name of a more streamlined future.

Even if Dubček were still alive and well, he could do nothing about it. The authority of his person was a product of nostalgia. He was the most popular of the "men of '68," but except in Slovakia, where old reform Communists like Vladimír Mečiar are wearing smarter suits these days, those men are remnants of an era gone by. Dubček defended the idea of a Czech-Slovak federation to the end, but the language he used was mired in the phraseology of the past.

Dubček was a living oxymoron: a popular Communist. He gave his life to the Party that had enslaved his country, and then staked his career on loosening that hold. He was appointed First Secretary in early January of 1968: his arrival ushered in the Prague Spring. That vibrant outburst of freedom and hope followed a long winter of Stalinist despair, and the sudden change that came over Czech and Slovak society was epitomized in Dubček's sunny smile. He was the only Communist leader anyone could remember who allowed himself to be photographed wearing a bathing suit or kissing a pop star. In some people he inspired the kind of adoration that was later lavished on Václav Havel. In others—his political enemies—the very qualities that made him popular inspired distrust, fear, and, finally, the decision to crush what he had come to symbolize.

The Prague Spring was not Dubček's creation, and that it failed was not his fault. It was the flowering of seedlings that had been poking through the surface for a least a decade. In the mid-sixties, this tentative new life included the great early films of Milos Forman, Ján Kadár and Elmar Klos, Ivan Passer, and Jan Němec; the novels of Milan Kundera, Ludvík Vaculík, Josef Škvorecký, and Bohumil Hrabal; the early plays of Havel. Dubček did not plant

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THE EIGHTIES ARE OVER; AN ERA OF AVARICE, EXCESS, AND RECKLESS SPENDING IS FINISHED.

[TO CELEBRATE, MAY WE SUGGEST A $150 BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE?]

THE DAYS OF VULGAR, SHOWY MILLIONAIRES ARE LARGELY– *and some would say thankfully* – OVER. YET EVEN IN THESE TIMES OF AUSTERITY, THERE ARE STILL THOSE WHO SEEK OUT THE VERY BEST. FOR THEM, WE WOULD LIKE TO SUGGEST CHAMPAGNE SALON LE MESNIL. AS ITS PRICE MAY SUGGEST, SALON IS UNIQUE. IN FACT, IT WAS NOT ORIGINALLY INTENDED FOR SALE.

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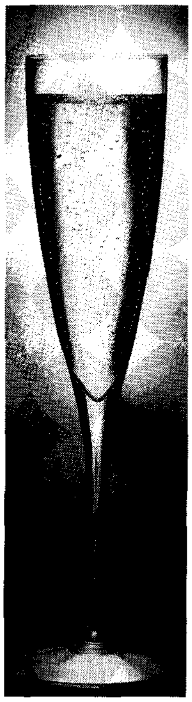
–THE UNDERGROUND WINE JOURNAL



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It will now perhaps be easier to understand why Salon is so rare. And why it is considered by many connoisseurs to be the greatest Champagne available at any price. Harvey Steiman of *THE WINE SPECTATOR* described Champagne Salon Le Mesnil as *"the most prized Champagne in the world."*

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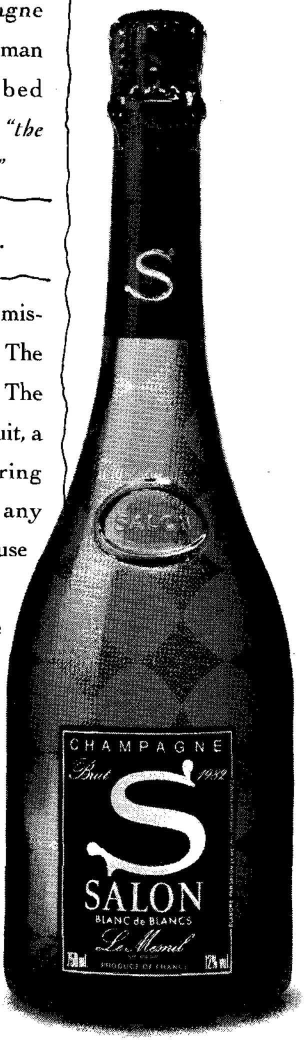
Like every vintage of Salon, the 1982 is indeed cause for celebration. We invite you to discover this for yourself. Look for it on the wine lists of fine restaurants or at your favorite wine store. But if they should be out of stock, please write the exclusive importer of Salon: *Areti Wines, Ltd., P.O. Box 4290, Napa, California 94558; Telephone: (707) 255-2711.* ❧



Salon Le Mesnil

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"I think I can recommend the veal, but at the same time I feel I must caution you against unrealistically high expectations."

• •

those seedlings; but, in power, he tended them.

By August 21, 1968, though, Prague was crawling with Soviet tanks, and Dubček was arrested by a special squad of Russian soldiers and flown to Moscow. He returned several days later, his hopes dashed. He tearfully appealed for calm, prudence, and order, and swore that he would remain faithful to the ideals of the Prague Spring, but no one was fooled: the dream of socialism with a human face was over.

Dubček remained at the head of the Communist Party until April of 1969, and was then replaced by Gustav Husák, a fellow-Slovak. For a while longer, Dubček sat on the Party's presidium, under increasing pressure to renounce the ideals he had espoused. That August, he received a private letter from a young writer urging him not to recant. "It is probably unjust that so grave a decision should rest on the shoulders of a single man," the letter said, but "the hope of a meaningful future for us all now rests with the position you take." Dubček had three choices, the letter writer pointed out: he could confess error, and demoralize the population; he could keep silent, and thus encourage everyone to do the same; or he could stand up to the Party, reaffirm the values he had stood for, and condemn the invasion. This last might bring down more repression, the young man wrote, and he went on, "But all that is negligible beside the immeasurable moral significance of your act for the destiny of our two nations. People would realize that it is always possible to preserve one's ideals and one's backbone; that there are values worth struggling for; that there are still leaders worthy of our trust; and that no political defeat justifies complete despair as long as the victims manage to bear their defeat with dignity." The letter was signed "Yours sincerely, Václav Havel."

Dubček neither recanted nor rebelled. He spent almost twenty years in a kind of internal exile, as a forestry official near Bratislava, seldom breaking his silence. When he did, in the late nineteen-eighties, the ice was already beginning to crack, and before long he was appearing on the balcony in Wenceslas Square beside Havel, ushering in the Velvet Revolution. Dubček wanted desperately to make a comeback, and he did, in a way, playing an active role in federal and Slovak politics. But he was never again a decisive force in public life.

His funeral was an awkward affair, as though both his earthly remains and his memory had become an embarrassment to the present Czech and Slovak leadership. There was no state ceremony. On Friday, November 13th, his body was trundled out of Prague through back streets in the dark hours of the early morning and loaded onto a plane for Bratislava in the presence of an honor guard and a handful of dignitaries, most of them Slovak. The following day, a memorial service was held in the Slovak National Theatre, in Bratislava. Havel was there but did not speak. The Slovak premier, Vladimír Mečiar, told reporters he had hoped that Dubček would be the first Slovak President, because he had good international contacts—and, indeed, representatives of fifty countries were present. The Czech premier, Václav Klaus, was not.

Dubček was buried in the Valley of Nightingales, a cemetery in Bratislava. A Czech reporter, Marcela Pecháčková, wrote: "While the official guests met over cocktails to continue discussions about splitting the country, the mourners went down into the valley for a private burial. Two policemen from the tiny town of Commacchio, in Italy, stood by the grave in ceremonial regalia, holding aloft the town banner, which had not been allowed into the theatre: Dubček had been an honorary citizen of their town. The coffin, draped in a Czechoslovak tricolor, slipped slowly into the ground. The Czechoslovak national anthem sounded—'maybe for the last time,' someone remarked. From the hillside came a salvo of guns. Then we heard the distant strains of a song sung in French. The only word that Dubček's seven-year-old grandson recognized was 'Bratislava.' After the service, someone told him that the song was called 'The Gardener of Bratislava,' and that the French had written it for his grandfather back in the seventies, to cheer him up when things looked black." ♦

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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THE THEATRE

Who Could Ask for Anything More?

NINE months after its opening, the Gershwin-inspired "Crazy for You" still delivers razzle-dazzle better than any musical on Broadway. Don't believe it? Just ask the staff at the theatre-district hangout Sam's (263 West 45th Street). Every so often, these guys—Craig Dawson, Paul Boehm, Jason Buell, David Gabriel, Philip Galbraith, James Madden, Kelly Morast, Billy Russo, and Stacy Stoleson—select a number from the most extravagant show in the neighborhood and, using the restaurant's mid-evening downtime as their rehearsal period, set about putting their own spin on it. For quite a while, they'd been performing the slaphappy "Favorite Son" number from "The Will Rogers Follies," but the enormous glitz quotient of "Crazy for You" made it an inevitable target. The only question to be settled was which number to lampoon. The prop-dance primer "Slap That Bass"? The "Les Miz" sendup "Stiff Upper Lip"? The Ziegfeldian finale?

Nope, nope, and nope. The Sammies have chosen a composite of "I Can't Be Bothered Now" and "I Got Rhythm," and their joyful approximation exploits every device you'd expect, from the chorus-girl prissiness of the first song to the step-aerobics rigor of the second. Sessions begin at midnight, with Sundays and Mondays dark.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

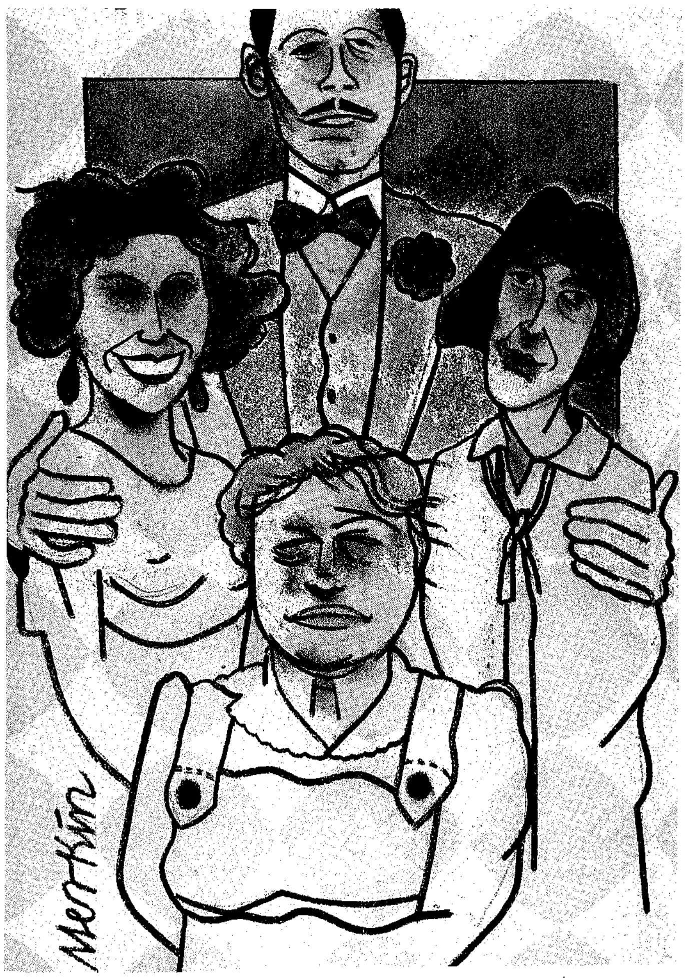
A Backer's Audition—A new musical by Douglas Bernstein and Denis Markell. Previews through Dec. 5. Opens Dec. 6 at 7. (American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 633-9797.)

CBS Live—"I Love Lucy" and "The Honeymooners" episodes, in a format that uses both live actors and videotape. Opens Dec. 1 at 8. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 279-4200.)

Hello Muddah, Hello Fadduh—A musical based on the song parodies of Allan Sherman. It was conceived and written by Douglas Bernstein and Rob Krausz. Previews through Dec. 4. Opens Dec. 5 at 8. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.)

My Ancestors' House—A play by Bina Sharif, featuring Madhur Jaffrey. Previews Dec. 3-5. Opens Dec. 6 at 8. (Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. 254-1109.)

My Favorite Year—A new musical, based on the movie of the same name, by Joseph Dougherty, Stephen Flaherty, and Lynn Ahrens. Evan Pappas, Tim Curry, and Lainie Kazan have the leads. In previews. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)



Sophie Hayden, Boyd Gaines, Laura Esterman, and Pat Carroll in "The Show-Off"

Orpheus in Love—A comic opera-theatre piece with words by Craig Lucas and music by Gerald Busby. Directed by Kirsten Sanderson. In previews. (Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100.)

Woyzeck—Jesse Borrego has the title role in a production of Georg Büchner's play, directed by JoAnne Akalaitis. With music by Philip Glass and a translation by Henry J. Schmidt. Previews through Dec. 5. Opens Dec. 6 at 8. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

York Theatre Company—Presenting **NOËL AND GERTIE**, a show about Noël Coward and Gertrude Lawrence devised by British drama critic Sheridan Morley. Previews through Dec. 4. Opens Dec. 5 at 3, and runs through Dec. 20. (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. For information about tickets, call 534-5366.)

OPENED RECENTLY

A . . . My Name Is Still Alice—A sequel to the 1984 musical revue "A . . . My Name Is Alice." Conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

Brother Truckers—Murder and mayhem from the Ridiculous Theatrical Company, which, at its best (as it is here), gives excess a good name. Everett Quinton, who plays a rich bitch, and Elizabeth Fried, who is Quinton's real-life costumier, are chiefly responsible for the evening's success. The playwright is Georg Osterman. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, 1 Sheridan Sq. 691-2271.)

Bubbe Meises, Bubbe Stories—A musical in which a granddaughter recalls her grandmothers and their stories. Written by, and starring, Ellen Gould. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

Christchild—An allegorical play by J. e Franklin. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. 576-9028.)

Conversations with My Father—If you're looking for a totally satisfying theatrical experience, try the new Herb Gardner, a bittersweet memory play about a Lower East Side barkeep, his two sons, and the patrons of his tavern. Staged by Daniel Sullivan, with a cast led by the wonderful Judd Hirsch. (4/13/92) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

The Destiny of Me—A new play by Larry Kramer. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200.)

Falsettos—This back-to-back revival of "March of the Falsettos" and "Falsettoland," two of William Finn's three one-act musicals about a childish, self-absorbed man who leaves his wife and son for his not very nice male lover, is strictly for those who care. (5/11/92) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Five Guys Named Moe—The guys are black dancers and singers of ability and spirit, who perform the songs (either lyrics or music or both) of the late Louis Jordan, among them "Don't Let the Sun Catch You Crying," "Ain't Nobody Here but Us Chickens," and "Is You Is or Is You Ain't My Baby?" This London import makes a merry evening. (4/20/92) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

Guys and Dolls—A lively production of Frank Loesser's perfect musical, under the direction of Jerry Zaks. Adam Arkin and Faith Prince are the leading guy and doll, and Tony Walton designed the stunning scenery. (4/27/92) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Gypsy Passion—Eighteen Spanish dancers, singers, and musicians in the return engagement of a flamenco revue that played New York briefly in the spring. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—A revival of the musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120.)

Jelly's Last Jam—The music of Jelly Roll Morton, self-proclaimed inventor of jazz, and, at the same time, an unsparing delineation of Morton himself. The show, an original if there ever was one, was written and directed by George C. Wolfe. In the starring role, Gregory Hines combines his astonishing talents as tap dancer and actor; Savion Glover, who plays the character as a young man, is worthy of him, which is saying a lot. Also present are Keith David, Tonya Pinkins, Wayne Mathis, and Mary Bond Davis. (5/11/92) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200.)

Joined at the Head—A play by Catherine Butterfield. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212. Closes Dec. 20.)

The Night Larry Kramer Kissed Me—A series of vignettes, by the rising writer/performer David Drake, about gay life in the age of AIDS. Mr. Drake is more gifted as a performer

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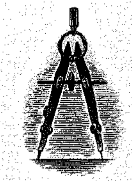

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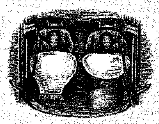

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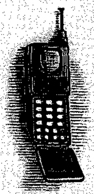

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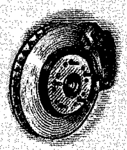

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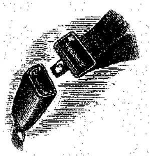

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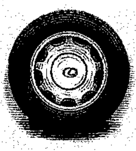

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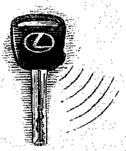

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THE THEATRE-Cont'd

than as a writer, but his show is frequently absorbing—by turns silly and poignant. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 564-8038.)

Oleanna—David Mamet, in fine, curmudgeonly form, takes on political correctness, sexual harassment, and a number of other isms in this brief, powerful drama that continues to stir up the ideologues. Rebecca Pidgeon and William H. Macy lend articulate support to a play whose skepticism is as evenhanded as it is corrosive. Not to be missed. (11/16/92) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 307-4100.)

On the Bum—A comedy by Neal Bell. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

Othello—Clinton Turner Davis has directed this production of Shakespeare's play, which features Raphael Nash in the title role. (Pearl, 125 W. 22nd St. 645-7708. Closes Dec. 19.)

Program for Murder—A thriller by George W. George and Jeff Travers. (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200.)

Remembrance—Set in Belfast, Graham Reid's absorbing and often entertaining play tells the story of a Protestant man and a Catholic woman—both of them widowed and in their sixties—who slowly fall in love. They are both beset by grown children who, in different ways, raise hell. Milo O'Shea and Frances Sternhagen can seldom have been better than they are in the leading roles. (10/12/92) (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 967-9077.)

Ruthless!—This camp musical about a monster child star is harmless and amusing enough—assuming you can stomach the little girl. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076.)

The Seagull—Chekhov's play launches the second season of the National Actors Theatre. With Tyne Daly, Jon Voight, Laura Linney, and Ethan Hawke. Directed by Marshall W. Mason. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6280.)

The Sheik of Avenue B—A Jewish ragtime and jazz-era music-and-comedy revue conceived and written by Isaiah Sheffer. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824.)

The Show-Off—George Kelly's beguiling, irresistible comedy, about a young braggart who woos and wins the daughter of a North Philadelphia family, has been given a splendid revival by the Roundabout, under the canny direction of Brian Murray. First produced in 1924, the play is still fresh as paint. Boyd Gaines, tall and skinny and unable to leave any mirror unglimpsed, is the flamboyant hero, and Pat Carroll, as his mother-in-law, is his toughest antagonist, with a repertoire of some of the funniest lines a character has ever been awarded. Both leads are very good, and they are well supported by Laura Esterman, Sophie Hayden, and Tim DeKay, among others. (11/16/92) (Criterion Center, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400. Closes Dec. 13.)

The Sisters Rosensweig—Wendy Wasserstein's new play, a comedy with serious undertones, is about the reunion in London of three American Jewish sisters—an international banker, a travel writer, and a wife and mother who's a professional dispenser of advice. They are portrayed by Jane Alexander, Frances McDormand, and Madeline Kahn, each of whom proves worthy (and then some) of her role. The spirit of Chekhov hovers but never intrudes. Laughter is continuous. (11/2/92) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Solitary Confinement—Stacy Keach manages to generate some excitement in this dopey play about a wicked billionaire, who, fearing for his life, shuts himself up in his apartment, communicating with his staff only by remote control; they appear on a large overhead screen and then vanish. Rupert Holmes was the dramatist. (11/23/92) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 307-4100.)

Someone Who'll Watch Over Me—Alec McCowen, James McDaniel, and Stephen Rea portray three hostages in Beirut in a drama by the Irish playwright Frank McGuinness. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Spic-O-Rama—Six well-written characters who have found not only their author but also their performer in John Leguizamo's scintillating and scathing one-man show about Latino life in the Big City. Leguizamo is vivacious, inventive, and very, very funny. The show is original and scenically ingenious. (11/9/92) (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

3 from Brooklyn—A comedy-and-music revue conceived by, written by, and starring Sal Richards. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450.)

Words Divine—The Mexican actress Ofelia Medina stars in an English-language adaptation, by Lorenzo Mans, of a 1920 play by the Spanish author Ramón del Valle-Inclán. Max Ferra was the director. (INTAR, 420 W. 42nd St. 695-6551. Closes Dec. 13.)

EL NUEVO MUNDO

Ballet Hispanico at the Joyce

LONG RUNS

Beau Jest: Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. . . . **Blue Man Group/Tubes:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **Cats:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **Catskills on Broadway:** Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4100. . . . **Crazy for You:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **The Fantasticks:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **Forbidden Broadway:** The show's holiday edition, "Forbidden Christmas," starts on Dec. 1. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.). . . **Forever Plaid:** Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. . . . **Lost in Yonkers:** Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. . . . **Les Misérables:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **Miss Saigon:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **Nunsense:** Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. . . . **Perfect Crime:** Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 695-3401. . . . **The Phantom of the Opera:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **The Secret Garden:** St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **Tony n' Tina's Wedding:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200. . . . **The Will Rogers Follies:** Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 730-8200.

DANCE

Crack 'Em Up

Most choreographic settings of Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker" have the word "nutcracker" somewhere in their title. Mark Morris's adaptation—which was given its world première in 1991, at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie, in Brussels—is slightly different. He calls it "The Hard Nut." The ballet's mise en scène, designed by Adrianne Lobel and based on the work of Charles Burns, has been shifted from Biedermeier Germany to bell-bottoms America, a period packed with nuttiness of all kinds. There is more to "The Hard Nut" than its jokes—a lot more—but punning is the kernel of it all, and one's response to this detailed (and, for Morris, lavish) production may hinge on how well his puns go down.

New Yorkers will have access to "The Hard Nut" in two ways. From December 11 to December 27, the Morris company will perform it at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, with the Brooklyn Philharmonic in the pit. And on December 16, at 8:30 P.M., Great Performances' "Dance in America" will broadcast the complete work on WNET. The cast, which includes Morris himself, will be identical in both versions. According to a Morris company spokeswoman, the only new person associated with the production is the male understudy. She said, "We were lucky that everybody wanted to do it again. In fact, we couldn't afford for anyone else to do it. The Martin Pakledinaz costumes were so expensive."

New York City Ballet—Presenting "The Nutcracker," through Jan. 3. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Dec. 1-3 and Dec. 8-9 at 6; Dec. 4 at 8; Dec. 5 at 2 and 8; and Dec. 6 at 1 and 5. The season continues through Feb. 21.)

Ballet Hispanico—The engagement features the New York première of "El Nuevo Mundo." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Dec. 1 at 7:30; Dec. 2-4 and Dec. 8-9 at 8; Dec. 5 at 2 and 8; Dec. 6 at 2 and 7:30. Through Dec. 13.)

Margaret Beals—Presenting, in rotating repertory, "The Teak Room (Stories from a Dancer's Life)" and "4 Images" (with flutist Judith Pearce). (Loft Theatre, 228 West Broadway. Dec. 2-5 at 7:30. Through Dec. 12. For reservations, call 431-3869.)

Jane Goldberg—In a comedic tap-dance piece titled "Rhythm & Schmooze." (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. 353-4195. Dec. 3 at 8.)

Los Muñequitos de Matanzas—A company of drummers, dancers, and singers from Cuba. (Davis Hall, City College, Convent Ave. at 134th St. 650-7100. Dec. 5 at 7:30.)

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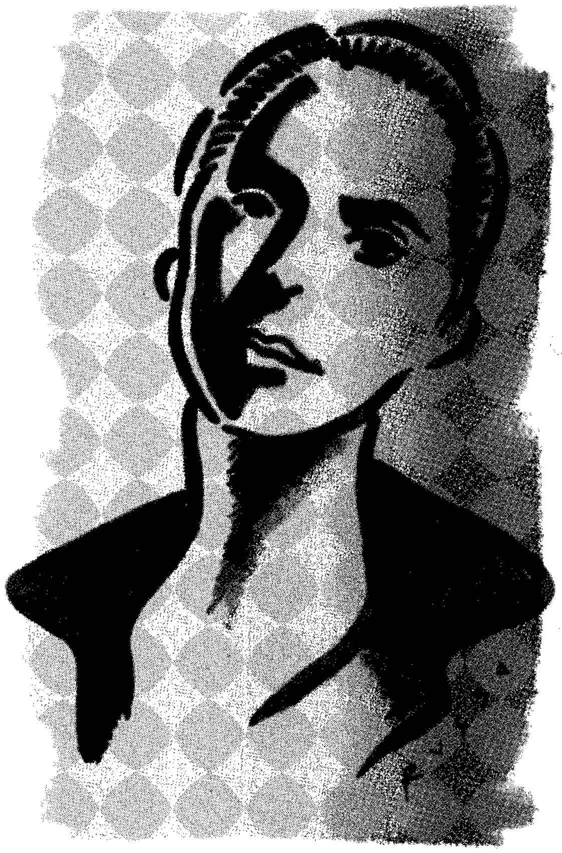
NIGHT LIFE

Feminist Fatale

THIS year, while much of the alternative-rock world was caught up in the noisy Nirvana sweepstakes, PJ Harvey released a début album, "Dry," that needed no multimillion-dollar introduction. The album was recorded for less than five thousand dollars, but has already topped the alternative-rock charts in England. PJ Harvey is led by the twenty-two-year-old Brit Polly Harvey, a singer descended from Patti Smith, who spent the mid-seventies busting open the boys' club that was rock and roll. Harvey has been compared to the "Mona Lisa" and has been called, in what was apparently meant to be a compliment, "a feminist with balls." Her band plays a stark, arresting brand of rock. It thrashes with real abandon, but it also shows signs of intelligent life. Harvey herself has a hard, chill voice, and her best songs are alternately frightening and funny. One minute, she'll be droning, "I'm happy and bleeding for you," and the next she'll be goofing on the line "I'm gonna wash that man right out of my hair." The band played a riveting show at CBGB this past summer, and they're likely to do the same when they appear at the Continental Club on December 3.



PJ Harvey at the Continental Club

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out some of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—"If people really need a fix of torch singing, they'll know where to find me," **ANDREA MARCOVICCI** said recently. The singer's past five seasons here have been such successes that this year the management has crowned her unofficial Oak Room queen. Her sixteen-week run will feature six separate shows, the third of which, "What Is Love," runs through Dec. 5. "I'll Be Seeing You" commences on Dec. 8. Ms. Marcovicci is a skilled vocalist who gives particular care to lyrical content. And she's a lively raconteur: her patter is sprinkled with allusions to everyone from Dorothy Parker to Nietzsche. Shows at nine-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty (the late show is called "Just Kern") on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A sleek, green-walled room with brass railings and mounted O'Keeffian animal skulls. After the show, be sure to check out the adjoining restaurant/tapas bar, which looks like the indoor food market of your dreams. **MELBA MOORE** is on hand for a few weeks beginning Dec. 1. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-fifteen. Closed Mondays.

BIRDLAND, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—Impressionistic "in concert" portraits of musicians who have played here round out a glossy décor that includes flying-saucer light fixtures, burgundy velvet drapes, and some neon wading birds. The conga player and bandleader **RAY BARRETTO** is in action Dec. 4-5, with his sextet. Since he started out, in the fifties, Barretto has worked with Latin maestros like Tito Puente as well as jazz heavies like Dizzy Gillespie and Cannonball Adderley. His own groups tend to play a percolating blend of both styles. Music from nine. Dining.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—No one ever said going to the Blue Note was easy. But once you get past the rough bits—the hordes of tourists, the cattlecar seating, the stiff prices—you're likely to find yourself face to face with some monsters of jazz. The **YELLOWJACKETS** are here Dec. 1-6. **CHAKA KHAN,** who starts up on Dec. 8, has a rich, electrifying voice that, over the years, has enabled her to take on a range of genres, from pop to soul to jazz. Her most recent album, "The Woman I Am," has lodged itself securely on the R. & B. charts. Music from nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A big, airy folk-and-rock club. **JIMMY WEBB** turns up on Dec. 4; the wry, lovelorn folkie **CHRISTINE LAVIN** shares a bill with **BUDDY MONDLOCK** on Dec. 5; and the jazz-rock outfit **BRAND X** is here on Dec. 6. Years ago, before he became a pop idol extraordinaire, Phil Collins did some of the best drumming of his career with Brand X. The band's music is tight and often furious, and it's been a hothouse for many first-rate musicians; Percy Jones, John Goodsall, and Frank Katz are currently on board. The Irish-born singer **MAURA O'CONNELL** will perform on Dec. 7. Since the late eighties, O'Connell has released a series of simple, thoughtful records that are full of folk and country and hybrids thereof. She's got a pretty voice, and she doesn't clutter her music with the pop-music conventions that one finds in a lot of crossover-minded folk these days. O'Connell's latest release, "Blue Is the Colour of Hope," Photo: Minh Nguyen

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2. No purchase required.
3. Contest open to residents of the United States, except employees (and their families) of Montblanc, *The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.* and their agencies. Entrants must be 21 years or older as of November 30, 1992.
4. All entries will be judged the week of February 22, 1993 by a qualified panel from the Marketing Department of *The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.* Judges will evaluate articles on the basis of concept, originality, and execution. The decision of the judges is final. Entries must be in English and must be original, unpublished work by the entrant. Entries will not be acknowledged or returned.
5. Winner will be notified by mail or phone by February 28, 1993. Acceptance of prize constitutes consent to use of winner's name and likeness for editorial advertising, and publicity purposes. The winner may be required to execute an agreement of copyright in the winning entry, an affidavit of eligibility, and a publicity release, which must be returned within thirty days from receipt or an alternate winner may be chosen. The winning piece will become the property of Montblanc, and may be used by them for any purpose. The winner hereby transfers all rights in their entry, including copyright throughout the world, to Montblanc.
6. *The winner will receive a limited edition* Montblanc Meisterstück Hemingway fountain pen, retail value $600.00.
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8. For the name of the winner, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to "MONTBLANC The Art of Writing Contest," c/o *The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.*, 20 West 43rd Street, Suite 1870, New York, NY 10036.

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BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Within the narrow walls of this venerable piano-and-bass preserve, everything is easy on the eyes and ears. Pianist **MULGREW MILLER**, bassist **CHRISTIAN MC BRIDE**, and drummer **LEWIS NASH** are on the premises through Dec. 5; saxophonist **JOSHUA REDMAN** plays in a trio on Dec. 6; and pianist **JAMES WILLIAMS** and bassist **RAY DRUMMOND** start work on Dec. 7. Music from ten. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The pastel uptown spa known as the Café Carlyle is home to **BOBBY SHORT** Tuesdays through Saturdays at eight-forty-five and ten-forty-five. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **RONNY WHYTE** is subbing for Barbara Carroll, who broke a leg not long ago. Music from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The city's most famed rock club. New and used bands of every stripe pass through nightly. Enemy Within and Faith share a bill on Dec. 3; Some Weird Sin comes in on Dec. 4; the abrasive Chicago-based alternative-rock outfit **JESUS LIZARD** appears Dec. 5-6; and Flotsam and Jetsam is at work on Dec. 9. Music from eight on Sundays and Mondays, from eight-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from nine-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays.

CONTINENTAL CLUB, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St.—This two-floor venue has been all things to all people: meeting hall, rock club, jazz club, Off-Off Broadway theatre. Physically, the place is sagging a bit, but it has an odd, dingy charm. **PJ HARVEY** performs on Dec. 3 at nine-thirty. David J. appears on the same bill. For concert information, call 249-8870. . . . ¶ The Swing Dance Society gathers here every Sunday night. The dancers span all ages and shoe sizes, but all share a passion for the Lindy Hop. The all-female **KIT MC CLURE** big band is here on Dec. 6. Sets from eight till midnight. For information on the Society, call 696-9737.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A softly lit, low-ceilinged, roughly Manhattan-shaped jazz preserve. **CHRIS CONNOR** is here Dec. 1-6; **MOSE ALLISON** begins work on Dec. 8. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL**, the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

FEZ, 380 Lafayette St., at Great Jones St. (533-7000)—This two-floor enterprise is reached by passing through Time Café, whose owners run the place. Upstairs is a sumptuous Moroccan bar-and-lounge appointed with satin couches, mosaic tables, and Arabic-style fixtures. The downstairs room, where bands perform, is rather plain by comparison, but is still a sleek and comfortable space in which to take in a show. The **MINGUS BIG BAND** packs them in every Thursday. The fourteen-piece ensemble, directed by trombonist **SAM BURTIS** and trumpeter **JACK WALRATH**, concentrates exclusively on the tricky, cacophonous work of its catalyst, Charles Mingus. **BIG JOE** is here on Dec. 5, featuring Hearn Gadbois on Moroccan drums, Carter Burwell on the accordion, and Robert Een on cello. Show times vary. Dining.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A frat house for the avant-garde. A **BAGPIPE FESTIVAL** takes place Nov. 30-Dec. 1. George Balderose, "the Segovia of the bagpipes," will be on hand, playing traditional Highlands music, but for the most part this gathering will feature artists who adapt the instrument to modern modes, including Battlefield Band, a Scottish rock band; Rawlins Cross, a Canadian rock outfit; Yoshi Wada, a minimalist composer; the Lindsey Horner quartet, a jazz combo; and the electronic percussionist Samm Bennett. On opening night, the m.c. is—who else?—James Doohan, who played Scotty on "Star Trek." The **THROWING MUSES** appear with the **FLAMING LIPS** Dec. 8-9. The Muses, who are led by singer-songwriter Kristin Hersh, started out in the mid-eighties with some jagged and brilliant guitar pop, the best of which can be heard on the band's self-titled début album. Since then, the Muses have lost a few members—most notably, guitarist and sometime singer Tanya Donelly. Donelly played for a while with the Breeders, then launched Belly, a fine group whose first album is due out this winter. Since she left, the Muses' records have become increasingly spotty. Hersh has sloughed off her adolescent angst, which is too bad, in a way because it gave the band's music a real sense of drama and purpose. The Muses are a duo now—the other half of the team is drummer David Narcizo—and they sound somewhat lost, as if they can't decide whether to toe the alternative-rock line or to try to make some money. Music usually after nine.

LONE STAR ROADHOUSE, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—A two-tiered honky-tonk that looks as if it could have been the inspiration for the Hard Rock Café. (It wasn't, of course; money was.) The Soul of R. & B. Revue takes place on Dec. 5, featuring **BILLY VERA**, **CHUCK JACKSON**, **CISSY HOUSTON**, **CORNELL DUPREE**, and others. Show times vary. Dining.

MANNY'S CAR WASH, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—A bright spot on the little-heralded Upper East Side club scene. The schedule, in part: Bo Diddley, Jr., on Dec. 1; Bobby Radcliff on Dec. 2; Johnnie Johnson and David Keyes on Dec. 3; Little Buster & the Soul Brothers on Dec. 4; and the Robert Ross Blues Band on Dec. 5. Sets from nine-fifteen Mondays through Thursdays, nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays, and eight-forty-five on Sundays.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—As you clean your plate beneath the gaze of Henry VIII, you might imagine yourself in England. But when the lights go down, you're in long-ago New Orleans, where Jelly Roll Morton struts his stuff. **VERNEL BAGNERIS** (a New Orleans native himself) portrays the self-proclaimed inventor of jazz with elegance, verve, and compassion, providing an intimate counterbalance to the psychologically tortured depiction currently being purveyed on Broadway. Bagneris bases his script on interviews that Jelly Roll taped in the thirties, and intersperses virtuosic renditions of sixteen numbers—all packed into little more than an hour. Pianist Butch Thompson complements him capably at the keyboard. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A moondust-in-your-hair cabaret where a club soda costs, well, a *lot.* A Jule Styne revue is currently under way. The show, the fifth in this cabaret's well-received series of composer tributes, features **ANN HAMPTON CALLAWAY**, **DOLORES GRAY**, **WILLIAM ROY**, and a handful of other worthy performers. Styne, who turns eighty-seven on New Year's Eve, has an imposing list of stage and screen successes, including "Gypsy," "Funny Girl," "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," and on and on. He's still at it, too: aside from having a new musical in the works, he served as creative consultant for this event. Shows at eight and ten-thirty. Dining. Closed Mondays.

RED BLAZER TOO, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—It may look like a plain old steak house, but in the back room you'll find swing bands, Dixieland combos, and couples sprung from the legacy of Fred and Ginger. Bob Thosen's big band will be here on Dec. 2. Mondays belong to the Smith Street Jazz Society, Tuesdays and Fridays to **VINCE GIORDANO AND THE NIGHTHAWKS**, Thursdays to Stan Rubin's big band, and Saturdays to Bob Cantwell and His Stompers. Show times vary.

RUSSIAN TEA ROOM, 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947)—Upstairs, there's a small, red-gold-and-green cabaret. **NANCY DUSSAULT** performs on Dec. 6, and **PORTIA NELSON** and **JILL COREY** hold forth on

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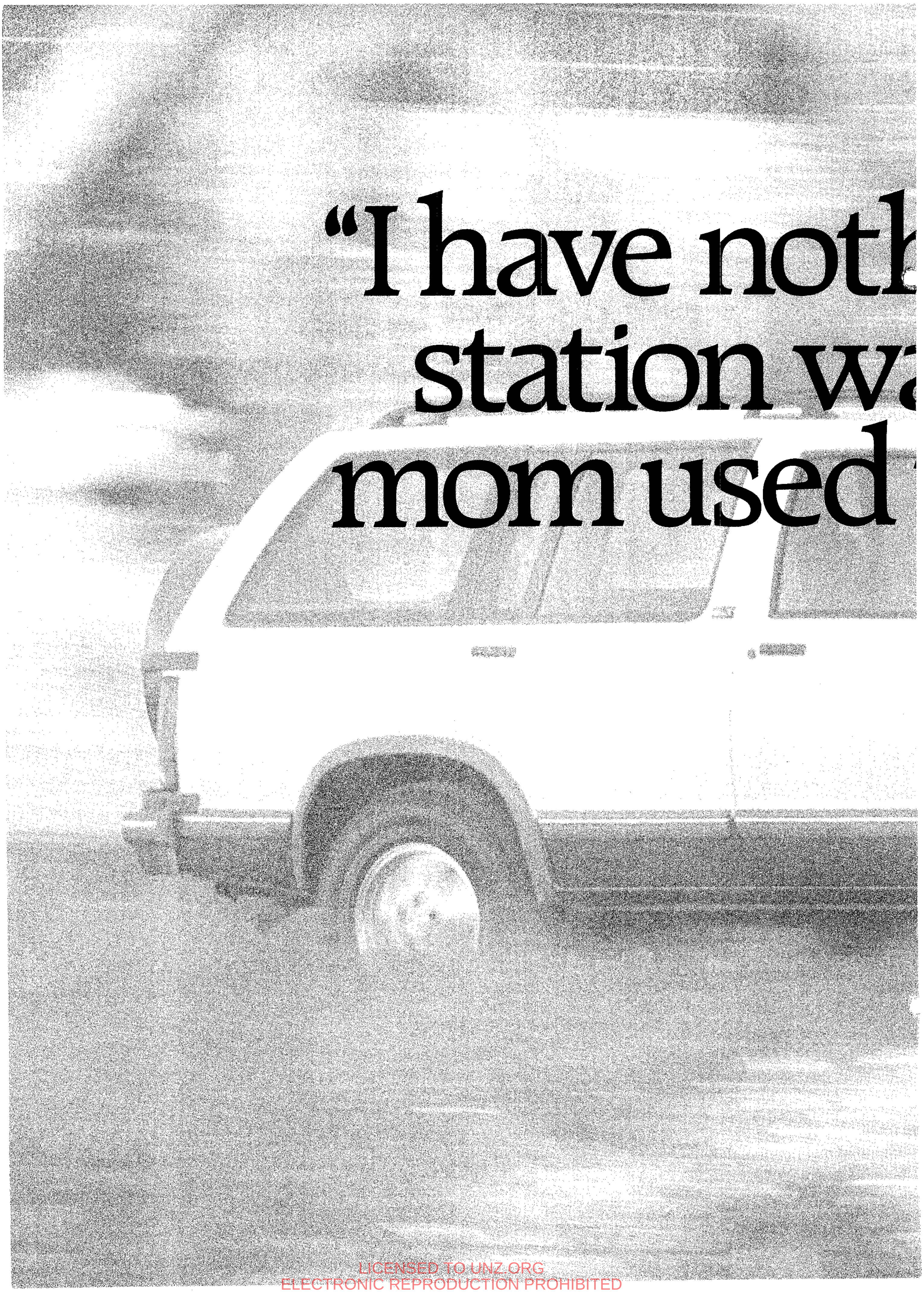
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NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

Dec. 7. Shows Sundays at eight and, upon demand, ten-thirty. Dining and, of course, drinking.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A pretty serious jazz shrine where you have to pass within inches of the stage to reach the rest rooms. This is significant because, if you head to the bathroom during a set, the crowd is likely to think you're a guest soloist. The **JOHN SCOFIELD** quartet, which also includes Joe Lovano, Dennis Irwin, and Bill Stewart, is here as of Dec. 1. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **MILES EVANS** is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is nine. Dining.

Tramps, 45 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—There are some obstructed views here but, thanks to low lighting, muralled pillars, ironwork, and a beautifully restored old tin ceiling, this loft space manages to feel homey. The **METERS,** featuring **ART NEVILLE,** perform Dec. 3-5. They're joined by **BEAUSOLEIL** on the first two nights, and by **CHUCK BROWN & THE SOUL SEARCHERS,** with the **P-FUNK HORNS,** on the third. **LITTLE RICHARD** begins a three-nighter of his own on Dec. 8. Sets at eight and eleven weeknights, eight-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

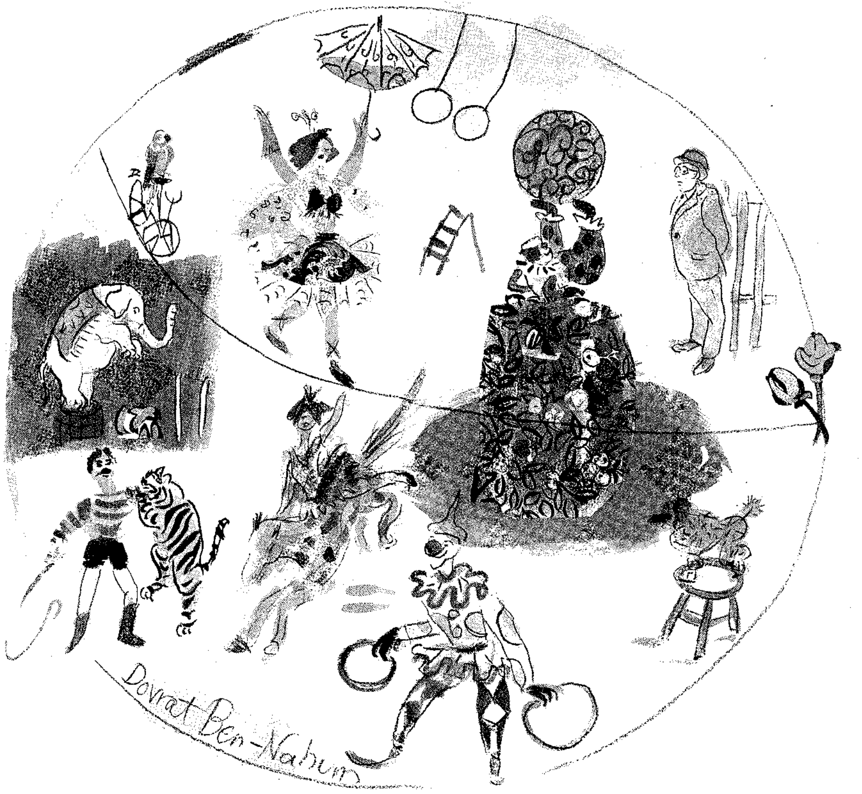
Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This slice-of-pie-shaped basement has an illustrious history that embraces everyone from Judy Holliday to Lenny Bruce, from Pete Seeger and Leadbelly to Miles Davis and Sonny Rollins. Dec. 1-6 belongs to **TONINHO HORTA,** with Gary Peacock and Billy Higgins. The **JACKIE MC LEAN** sextet gets started on Dec. 8. Mondays are reserved for the **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA.** Music after nine-thirty.

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Home to an endless Summer of Love. Wetlands is a groovy, psychedelic, thoroughly Green night club. It is filled more or less nightly with young bands who like to play long, swirling jams and throngs of young Deadheads who like to listen to them. Coming in on Nov. 30 will be the Other Half, Choosy Mothers, and Peter Malcom & the First House. On Dec. 1, Cookie Watkins will perform in a benefit. Music at ten.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

In New York, the fall's most attended AIDS fund-raiser will be the Dance-athon, on December 12, to benefit Gay Men's Health Crisis. In Hollywood, the biggest event has already occurred. At Commitment to Life VI, held last month for AIDS Project Los Angeles, six thousand people showed up to see Elton John vamp through "I Feel Pretty" in a white swing coat, to hear Clint Black sing and make them wish they were Lisa Hartman Black, and to witness co-honoree David Geffen accept his award "as a gay man." But the evening may resound longest as The Night Babs Went Ballistic.

However worthy the cause, many people who filled the Universal Amphitheatre had really shelled out to hear That Voice, and Streisand's first note set them off as if they were all next year's Oscar winners hearing their names called simultaneously. But this frisson was a given. What they didn't expect was to hear Katie from "The Way We Were" brought back to life. Streisand blasted Ronald Reagan for his "genocidal denial" of the AIDS epidemic and, intoning each word as if it were a bigger sin than the last, condemned the Republicans for twelve years in which rules "were made by and for white Christian heterosexual males." She also warned that, despite her support for the incoming Administration, she'd be watching its members closely. Singing "Somewhere" as a finale was gorgeous but anticlimactic. Streisand could only have topped herself by reaching into the wings and pulling out Bill Clinton.



IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

Next Wave Festival—Dec. 8 at 8: The opening performance of Robert Lepage's "Needles & Opium," a theatre work about Jean Cocteau and Miles Davis. Through Dec. 12. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. The festival continues through Dec. 27.)

Radio City Christmas Spectacular—The sixtieth-anniversary edition of the holiday show includes the Rockettes, of course. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. Through Jan. 6. For information about show times and tickets, call 247-4777.)

Big Apple Circus—Featuring the flying Egorov Troupe, from Russia; a contortionist named Tunga, from Mongolia; Johnny Peers and his dog act; equestrienne Katja Schumann; Mr. Gordoon the clown; two elephants called Anna May and Peggy; and a host of others. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Through Jan. 10. For information about show times and tickets, call 268-0055.)

Ruth Fuglistaller—A Swiss dancer-performance artist presents "¡Arráncame la Vida!," a work that incorporates tango music and dance and features the bandoneon player Raúl Jaurena. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Dec. 3-5 at 8 and Dec. 6 at 3.)

Tim Miller—In his new performance work, "My Queer Body." (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. Dec. 4-6 at 7:30. Through Dec. 20.)

Penny Arcade—In "Bitch! Dyke! Faghag! Whore!" With the works: go-go dancers, nudity, explicit language, and pornographic images. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Fridays and Saturdays at 8.)

Marcel Marceau—The mime. (Lehman Center for the Arts, the Bronx. 960-8833. Dec. 5 at 8.)

La Mama—Dec. 3-6 at 8: "Underground," a work by Theodora Skipitares that uses puppets. Through Dec. 13. . . . ¶ Dec. 3-5 at 10: "WOMB/man WARS," a one-woman show starring Judith Alexa Jackson. (74A E. 4th St. 475-7710.)

ART

Plastic Fantastic Color

Matthew Weinstein's paintings are as aggressively vulgar and obnoxiously vibrant as a Grand Guignol performance, which, since both have to do with anatomy and bodies under siege, is at the very least appropriate. In fact, his show of recent work, at Sonnabend (417 West Broadway; through December 19), is a grapey ferment. Using viscous glazes that suggest body fluids, organic forms that look like corpuscles and skeletons, and a lot of lurid oranges and purples, Weinstein conjures visions of tissue sections under glass—of crusading organisms. He has a heavy hand. Most of his shapes, for instance, are outlined by thick crusts of ossified paint. But he has also opened up his sluggish surfaces with a sharp new pictorial device: nineteenth-century lithographic images from phrenologists' and butchers' charts, from theosophical tracts and the tarot, and from other anxious, morbid sources later associated with Art Nouveau and nineteen-sixties psychedelic art. Weinstein's show is a bumptious and perverse proclamation of arrival: at twenty-eight, he's only heard at second hand about the Summer of Love.

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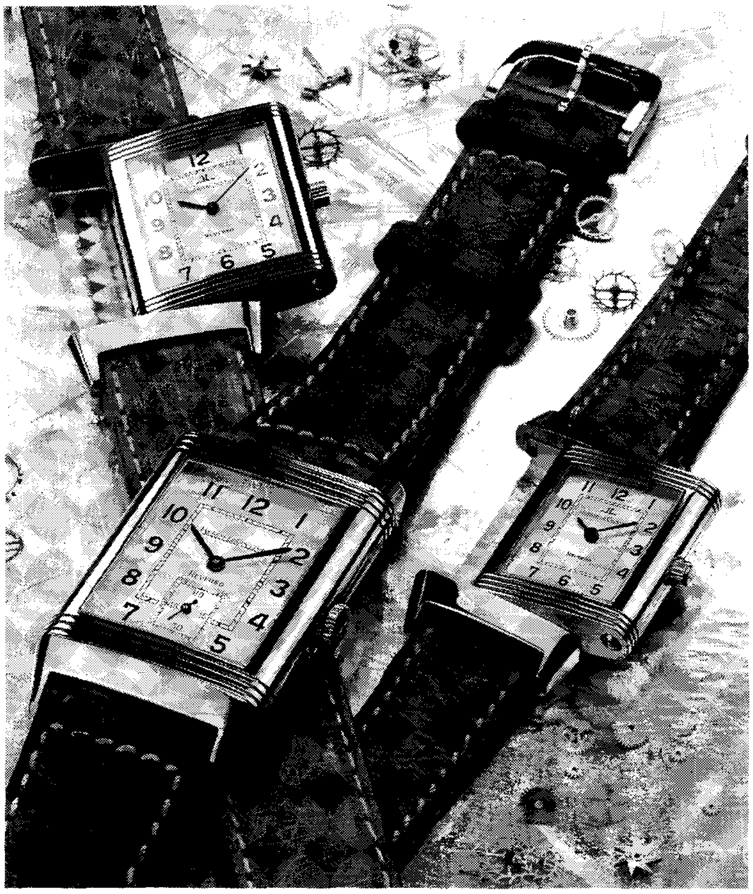

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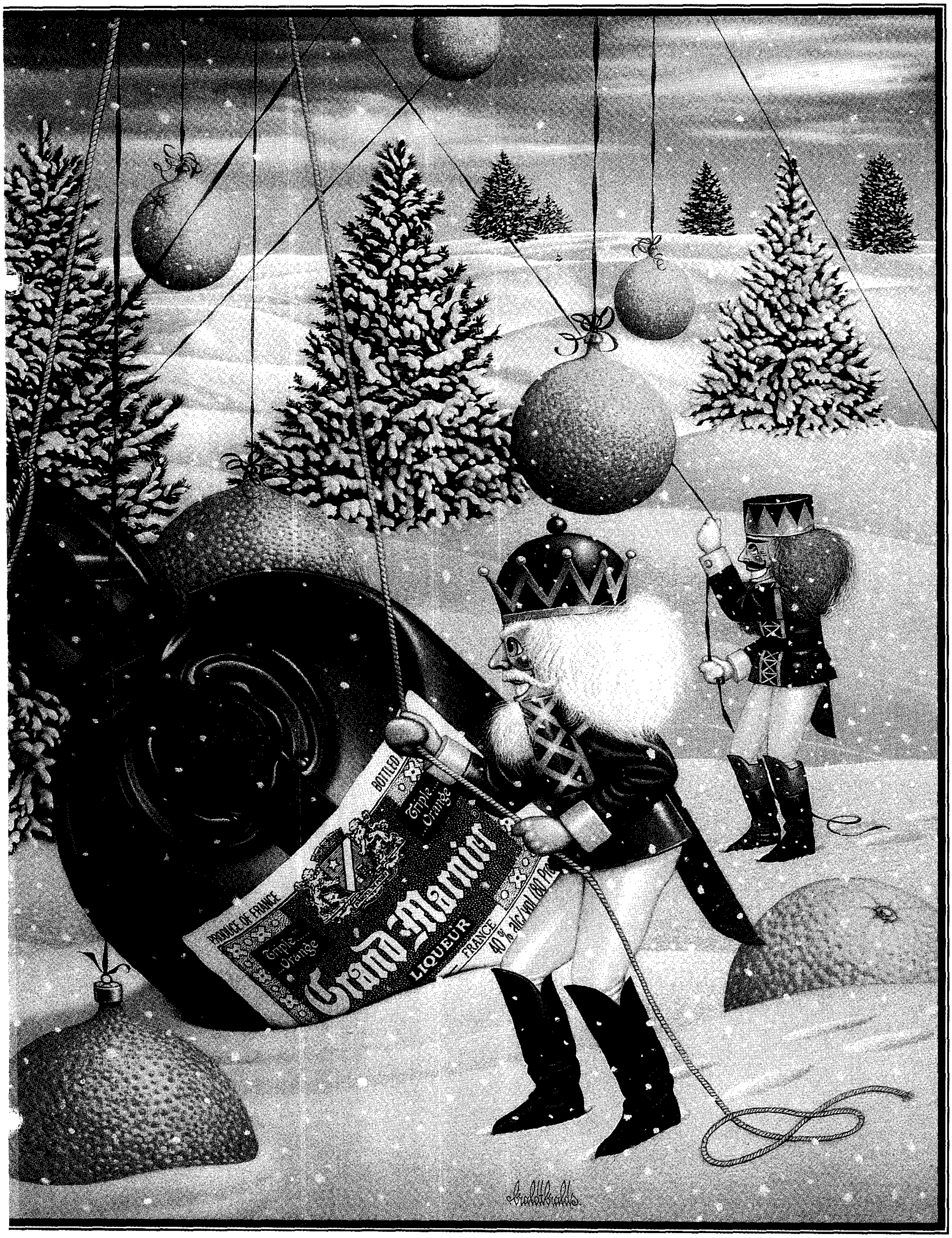
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MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Part 2 of "The Century of Tung Ch'i-ch'ang" explores the pioneering abstractionist's influence on artists of the later seventeenth century. Through Jan. 10. . . . ¶ A display (running concurrently with the Whitney retrospective) of two huge murals that Jean-Michel Basquiat made, in 1985, for the Mike Todd Room, at the Palladium. . . . ¶ "The Royal City of Susa: Ancient Near Eastern Treasures in the Louvre." Two hundred works in copper, bronze, stone, and clay. Through March 7. . . . ¶ The show of paintings, drawings, and sculpture from the Musée des Beaux-Arts, Lille, includes works by Rubens, Goya, Delacroix, van Gogh, Fra Bartolommeo, and others. Through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Two series of color photographs by Shomei Tomatsu: one depicts *Sakura*, or cherry-blossom time; the other, plastic flotsam and jetsam washed up on a beach. Starts Dec. 4. . . . ¶ Color photographs by Leo Rubinfien, taken in Japan, China, and Southeast Asia. Through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ The museum's Christmas tree and Neapolitan crèche will be on view starting Dec. 3. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The most powerful section of the Matisse retrospective is the one covering the years 1913 to 1917, which is called "Abstraction and Experimentation." A big, subdued, rigorous Jungian masterpiece called "Bathers by a River" (completed in 1916) is the great coup de theatre of this rich but surprisingly unrevealing exhibition. There are, however, some happy rediscoveries, such as a number of Matisse's exercises in bold contours and high style from the early forties—paintings like "The Rumanian Blouse," which may have inspired a collection or two by Saint Laurent, and several still-lifes and interiors with figures against black gridded grounds. Through Jan. 12. (Plan wisely; call 708-9850 for ticket information. Tickets can be purchased in advance, and a limited number of same-day tickets are available on a first-come, first-served basis.). . . ¶ "New Photography 8," a show of work by Dieter Appelt, Ellen Brooks, Darrel Ellis, Dennis Farber, Robert Flynt, Mary Miss, Gundula Schulze, and Toshio Shibata. Through Jan. 12. (See Photography.). . . ¶ A hundred and twenty-five books, by such artists as Giorgio de Chirico, Lucio Fontana, Francesco Clemente, and Giacomo Manzù, are on view in "The Artist and the Book in Twentieth-Century Italy." Through Feb. 16. (Museum hours through Jan. 12: open Sundays through Tuesdays, and Fridays and Saturdays, 10:30 to 6; Wednesdays, 12 to 6; Thursdays, 10:30 to 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"The Great Utopia: The Russian and Soviet Avant-Garde, 1915-32." This fertile period is evoked in an eclectic show, comprising experimental paintings of every level of quality, a tantalizing variety of revolutionary posters, textiles, and porcelains, and several superb architectural drawings and models. Through Jan. 3. (Open daily, except Thursdays, 10 to 8.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM SOHO, 575 Broadway—A show of works that Robert Rauschenberg made between 1949 and 1954, before the appearance of the groundbreaking combines. As a young man in New York, at North Carolina's Black Mountain College, and in Europe and North Africa, where he travelled for seven months with his friend Cy Twombly, Rauschenberg was already trying almost everything: painting, sculpture, collage, and photography, of course, but also Conceptual art works *avant la lettre* and all sorts of experiments in mediums ranging from newsprint to blueprints. His work has influenced many artists of his own generation (Warhol, Johns) and of the two that have arisen since (Rosenquist; David Salle and Cady Noland). Through Jan. 24. . . . ¶ "Marc Chagall and the Jewish Theatre." Through Jan. 17. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings until 10.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Agnes Martin didn't achieve her mature style until the early sixties, when she was in her late forties. Today, she is one of the great living painters, yet her work is so unassuming that she has not attracted the sort of cultish attention given to her fellow desert escapee Georgia O'Keeffe. It is the paradox of Martin's career that she has made soft, delicate paintings in a rigid grid format. Within her narrow vocabulary, Martin explores infinite variation. Though each painting is a perfect distillation of her œuvre, the more you see, the more you want to see. Through Jan. 31. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings by Jean-Michel Basquiat. Through Feb. 14. . . . ¶ "Photography: Beginning a Collection" includes works by Cindy Sherman, Sally Mann, and Ana Mendieta. Starts Dec. 3. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"Max Weber: The Cubist Decade, 1910-20." Sixty paintings and works on paper by the American modernist. Through Jan. 10. . . . ¶ Had he survived the Franco-Prussian War, Frédéric Bazille (1841-70) might have held his own with the Impressionists of his generation. This show of sixty-one paintings and works on paper includes most of his œuvre. Through Jan. 24. . . . ¶ Sixty sculptures by Auguste Rodin have been reinstalled in the Cantor Gallery. Among the works here are two independent pieces from "The Gates of Hell"; maquettes, studies, and four full-scale figures from "The Burghers of Calais"; and several versions of "Balzac.". . . ¶ "Dame of the Narrows" (1976), a large-scale sculpture of the Staten Island ferry arriving at the Manhattan terminal, by Red Grooms, Mimi Gross, and the Ruckus Construction Company, is currently installed in the lobby. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

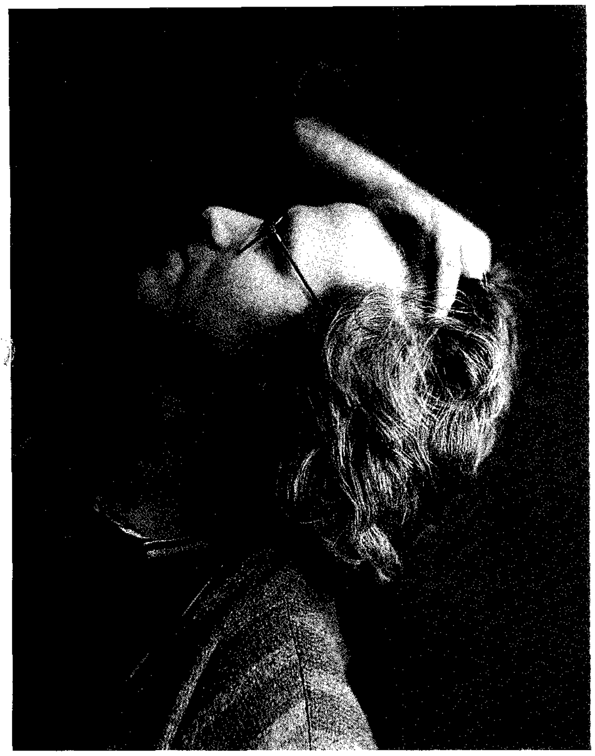
COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Two hundred and fifty Soviet porcelain plates, vessels, and sculptures, from the Bolshevik Revolution to *glasnost*. . . . ¶ "From Background to Foreground" examines Jean-Baptiste Réveillon's eighteenth-century wallpaper designs and includes samples of the arabesque pattern, woodblocks, paper, pigment, and decorative objects. . . . ¶ "The Power of Maps." Navigating your way through this huge show of more than four hundred maps (the earliest is from 1500 B.C.) can seem like a daunting task. But be adventurous, and you'll find Native American star charts, Italian globes, Aboriginal "Dreaming" maps, survey maps of the Pyramids, and much more. . . . ¶ A show of drawings, prints, textiles, and wall coverings by designers and architects who have died of AIDS. Through Feb. 28. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—A new permanent installation of blue-and-white Chinese porcelain from the fifteenth century to the nineteenth is on view in the reception hall. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

JAPAN SOCIETY, 333 E. 47th St.—A display of decorative metalwork, cloissonné, and lacquerware from the Meiji period (1868-1912). Through Jan. 10. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, at the New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"Convivencia: Jews, Muslims, and Christians in Medieval Spain." More than a hundred manuscripts, textiles, ceramics, and architectural fragments are on view. Through Dec. 20. (Open Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Sundays, 11 to 5; Thursdays, 11 to 8; Fridays, 11 to 3.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Dickens' manuscript for "A Christmas Carol," a hundred and forty-nine years old this winter, is on display in the entrance hall. Through Jan.



Eric Fischl at the Boone gallery

TIMOTHY GREENFIELD-SANDERS

10. . . . ¶ "Poems of Love and Loss," a small show of elegiac verse from the library's collection of manuscripts and letters. Through Dec. 6. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Songs of My People," an ambitious attempt to record contemporary African-American experience through the works of a heterogeneous group of black photographers. Fifty-three photographers are represented, and the work ranges from the rigorous to the sentimental, from the original to the clichéd, but passion is strong throughout. Through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ "A Jewish Family in Colonial New York: The Levy-Franks Family Portraits." Three generations of the Levy and Frank families, as seen in these rare seventeen-thirties oil paintings. . . . ¶ "Growing Old in Spanish Harlem," a show of photographs of elderly Latinos and Latinas, accompanied by quotations from the subjects. Through Jan. 3. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—"The Spatial Drive," a show of works concerned with transfers of energy and the differences between actions and objects. Through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ "FluxAttitudes," a large gathering of visitor-activated works by artists related to the Fluxus movement. Through Jan. 3. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"Mother Goose in New York," an exhibition of nineteenth-century juvenile books and woodblocks from the presses of McLoughlin Bros. Through Dec. 27. . . . ¶ Nearly two hundred nineteenth-century board and table games—from the Majestic Game of the Asiatic Ostrich to Telegraph Boy to the Checkered Game of Life—in a show called "Victorian Pleasures." Through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ Twenty panels from the AIDS Memorial Quilt are on view. Organized in collaboration with the NAMES Project Foundation. Through Jan. 3. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Four hundred years' worth of prints and photographs portraying Native Americans. Included are works by Timothy O'Sullivan, George Catlin, Edward S. Curtis, and Gertrude Käsebier. Through Jan. 30. (Third Floor Gallery.) . . . ¶ In "New Worlds, Ancient Texts," more than two hundred manuscripts, maps, atlases, globes, books, and prints tell the story of the Old World and the New World—how they came to meet, their courtship, their quarrels, and their inevitable marriage. Through Jan. 9. (Gottesman Hall.) . . . ¶ Maps and atlases of yesteryear, in "Mapping the New World." Through Jan. 9. (Edna Barnes Salomon Room.) . . . ¶ On view in the Berg Collection are fifty manuscripts, including fragments from "Oliver Twist," "Tropic of Cancer," "To the Lighthouse," and "Ada." (Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

P.S. 1 Museum, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City—"Postcards from Alphaville: Jean-Luc Godard in Contemporary Art, 1963-92." This show (which runs concurrently with the Godard film-and-video retrospective at MOMA) explores the avant-gardist's influence on artists from Barbara Bloom and Donald Baechler to Allan Ruppersberg and Mary Weatherford. Through Jan. 10. . . . ¶ In "7 Rooms / 7 Shows," this institution's traditional emphasis on emerging artists shifts to emerging curators. The whole second floor thus becomes the site for seven distinct group shows. Through Jan. 10. . . . ¶ A new series of photographs by Clegg & Guttmann titled "From the Index of Commissioned and Non-Commissioned Photographic Portraits." Through Jan. 10. . . . ¶ "The Bells," Donald Lipski's new sculpture-with-sound installation. Through Jan. 10. . . . ¶ Three sound-and-video installations by Berlin artists Hans-Peter Kuhn, Ulrich Eller, and Niko Tenten. Through Jan. 10. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Schomburg Center, 515 Malcolm X Blvd., at 135th St.—A retrospective of paintings, watercolors, drawings, and textile designs by Lois Mailou Jones. Through Jan. 3. (Open Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Cynthia Carlson—This is a smart and entertaining show comprising paintings of cats and dogs belonging to the art-world rich and famous, including a wall of nine portraits of one dealer's Airedales. The paintings raise all sorts of issues about portraiture, surrogacy, and possession. And even the silliest of them are still more dignified than a lot of human portraits. Through Dec. 5. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Saint Clair Cemin—Little ceramic figurines that have an aura of serious play. Most are so shapeless that the figuration is clear only in the glazing, the content only from the titles. Through Dec. 5. (Kasmin, 74 Grand St.)

Eric Fischl—The five big new paintings here make for a very strong show, in which this artist's most characteristic strategies—ambiguous body language, unconscious or inappropriate nudity, startling scenic disjunctures—are again in evidence. Though Fischl is a "psychological" realist rather than a formalist, he suddenly seems to be engaged in a dialogue—perhaps an unintentional one—with the chill and masterly Philip Pearlstein, whose impeccably clinical configurations of nudes and props happen to be on view just across the street. Carousel horses, for instance, are prominent elements in both artists' work. Fischl has also been

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akes
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WE ARE DRIVING EXCITEMENT

trying his hand at sculpture, but the one here—a three-part bronze floor piece that is heavily influenced by Rodin—isn't very good. Through Dec. 19. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Victor Matthews—Large paintings that suggest the biomorphic surrealism of the late forties. This artist has a good hand, but he appears to be spreading himself thin. He could benefit from holing up in his studio and working things out away from public scrutiny and, what's potentially worse, adulation. Through Dec. 9. (Rubenstein-Diacono, 130 Prince St.)

Philip Pearlstein—More new paintings involving models, big-city views seen through windows, and the artist's apparently growing collection of Americana. They are unlikable and quite brilliant: Pearlstein's powers of concentration, his extreme discipline, and his Cartesian acumen are white hot. Through Dec. 5. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 420 West Broadway.)

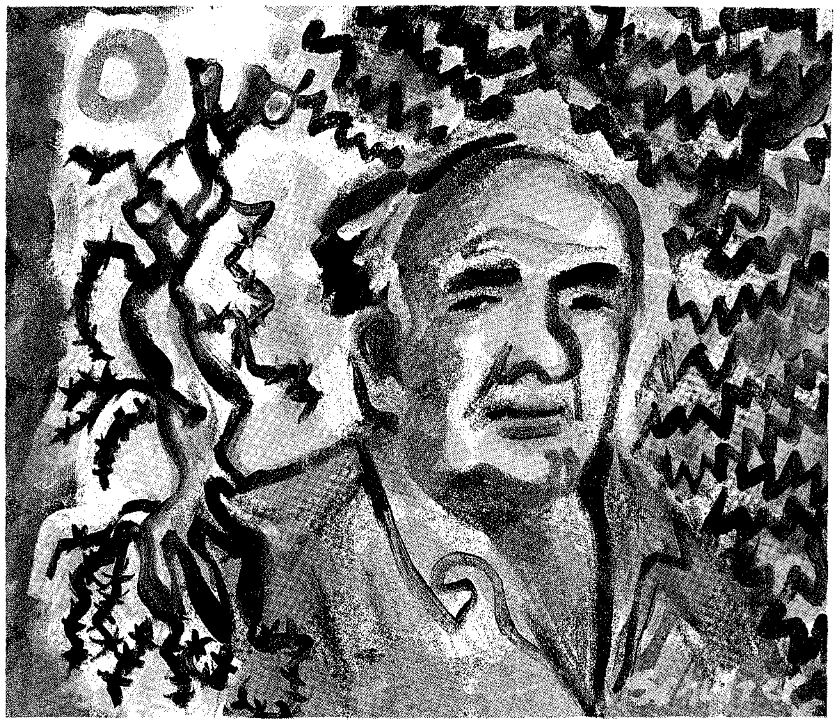
Aldo Rossi—A nice show of sketches for such projects as the South Bronx Academy of Art (designed for Tim Rollins + K.O.S.) and EuroDisney's offices. Through Dec. 12. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

Harold Stevenson—Inaugurating this brave new storefront gallery is a single very large multi-panelled painting: a male nude titled "The New Adam," which was painted in 1962. It looks a bit like a softer, warmer Rosenquist. The actor Sal Mineo was the artist's model. While it is certainly a curiosity, the painting also seems fresh and entirely apropos, given such recent flesh-obsessed endeavors as Alan Turner's. An inspired rediscovery. Through Dec. 19. (Algus, 25 Thompson St. Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 3 to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

"A New American Flag"—A provocative idea rendered silly. Few of the artists here have risen to the challenge of actually designing a new flag. Most have merely taken the existing one and modified it. Among the more compelling works are a leather wallet, by Judith Shea, with flags the size of dollar bills protruding from it, and a flag, by Kim Abeles, composed of dozens of shirt labels from garments made everywhere but in the U.S.A. Carl Andre is the most direct: his flag reads simply "Freedom is choice." Through Jan. 9. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

"Graffiti"—Many graffiti phenoms really do grow up to become artists in more or less the traditional sense. Recent paintings by five of them—Crash, Daze, Futura 2000, Lady Pink, and just plain Lee—are on view; they demonstrate great diversity in both technique and invention. Through Dec. 12. (Perry, 472 Broome St.)

Short List—**sonia delaunay** and **charmion von wiegand,** Pearl, 420 West Broadway (through Dec. 5); **lydia dona,** Cugliani, 40 Wooster St. (through Dec. 31); **jimmie durham,** Klagsbrun, 51 Greene St. (through Dec. 12); **keith haring,** Shafrazi, 130 Prince St. (through Jan. 16); **willy heeks,** Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (through Dec. 23); **joan jonas** and **rodney graham,** Hearn, 39 Wooster St. (through Dec. 23); **mike kelley,** Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St. (through Jan. 8); **ed and nancy kienholz,** Louver, 130 Prince St. (through Jan. 2); **harriet korman,** Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway (through Dec. 31); **roy lichtenstein,** Castelli, 420 West Broadway (through Dec. 19); **andrew lord,** 65 Thompson Street Gallery (through Jan. 9); **mark madel,** Postmasters, 80 Greene St. (through Dec. 19); **allan mc collum,** Weber, 142 Greene St. (through Dec. 23); **christian philipp müller,** American Fine Arts, 40 Wooster St. (through Dec. 31); **odd nerdrum,** Thorp, 103 Prince St. (through Jan. 9); **richard onyango,** Ala, 560 Broadway (through Dec. 31); **janis provisor,** Toll, 146 Greene St. (through Dec. 23); **markus raetz,** Brooke Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (through Dec. 30); **andreas schön,** Gorney, 100 Greene St. (through Dec. 19); **juan uslé,** Good, 532 Broadway (through Dec. 19); **viswanadhan,** Briet, 558 Broadway (through Dec. 19).



Steven Sykes at the Gallozzi gallery

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Richard Diebenkorn / Andy Warhol (1930-87)—In his series of abstract landscapes known as the Ocean Park paintings, Diebenkorn took one of Matisse's many strains and, unlike most other devotees, managed to effectively form his own aesthetic with it. A selection of eleven of these works, from 1968 to 1985, are on view. Diebenkorn, along with de Kooning, is the last artist left who sustains the grand authority of American abstract painting of the fifties. He has, however, taken some ribbing for essentially making the same painting over and over, which in a certain sense is a legitimate accusation. But, as this show demonstrates, there is also great variation in his paintings. / A show of drawings from the mid-eighties. Through Dec. 19. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. . . . ¶ A show of late paintings by Warhol is at Gagosian's SoHo space, 136 Wooster St., through Dec. 19.)

Pierre Roy (1880-1950)—Thirty saucily surreal little paintings by an all but forgotten French artist. A fetishistic technician, Roy would first build an elaborate Joseph Cornell-like maquette of a scene, which he would paint from directly and then destroy. His relatively small body of realized work amounts to a veritable lexicon of trompe-l'oeil surfaces and effects. Through Jan. 22. (Feigen, 49 E. 68th St.)

Short List—**max beckmann,** Lafayette Parke, 58 E. 79th St. (through Dec. 12); **william blake,** Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (open Mondays, through Dec. 31); **helen frankenthaler,** Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (through Dec. 17); **joel janowitz,** Munroe, 9 E. 84th St. (open Wednesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5, through Dec. 23); **wilhelm lehmbruck,** Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (through Jan. 16); **francisco toledo,** Martin, 23 E. 73rd St. (through Dec. 23).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

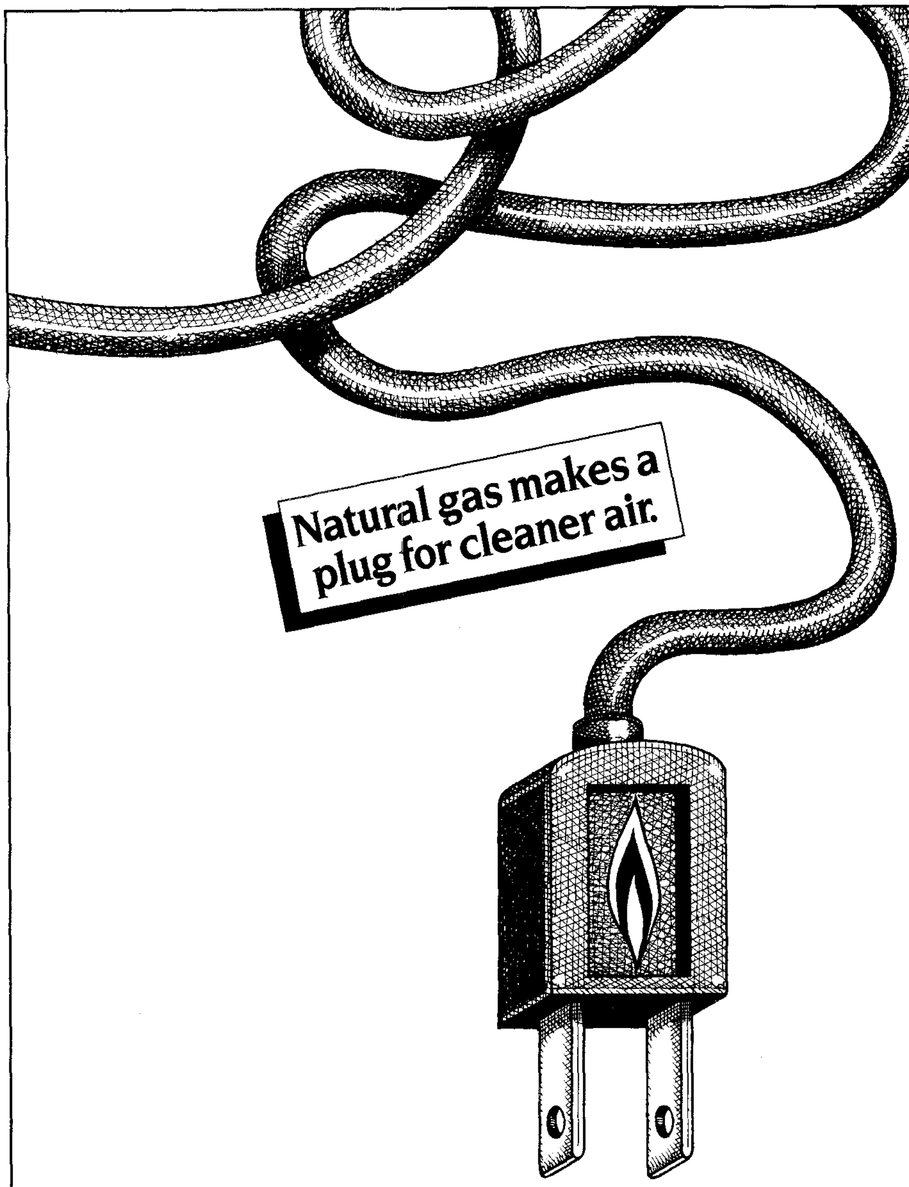
Thomas Eakins (1844-1916)—A show honoring the great American realist, by a gallery that has shown his work since the thirties. Virtually all the paintings here are portraits, a genre that gave full scope to the artist's humane meticulousness. Also on display are selections from the extensive Eakins archive maintained by the gallery, including a series of articles and letters related to the fruitless search for the artist's missing portrait of Rutherford B. Hayes (which was considered shocking because it depicted the President in his shirtsleeves) and a letter signed by Thomas Anshutz, a competing realist, charging Eakins with "conduct unworthy of a gentleman" and calling for his expulsion from the Philadelphia Sketch Club. Through Dec. 5. (Babcock, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Tom Wesselmann—This minor Pop artist had one good idea with his 1983 work, which translated the fleeting gesture of drawing into the grand scale of metal relief. But he hasn't had another one since. These works are more of his boring old metal still-lifes zipped up with elements lifted from Cézanne, Matisse, Warhol, and Lichtenstein, and even from his own "Great American Nudes." The appropriations are the only interesting elements. They add a sense of scale otherwise absent. Through Dec. 5. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Short List—**karel appel,** Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (through Dec. 31); **josé bedia,** Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St. (through Dec. 31); **stuart davis,** Ulysses, 41 E. 57th St. (through Dec. 31); **dan graham,** Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Jan. 2); **ellsworth kelly,** Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (through Jan. 2), and Castelli, 420 West Broadway (through Dec. 19); **walt kuhn,** Midtown-Payson, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Dec. 31); **robert m. kulicke,** Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. (through Dec. 22); **james moore,** Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St. (through Dec. 24); **giorgio morandi,** Baldacci-Daverio, 41 E. 57th St. (through Jan. 30); **zoran music,** Krugier, 41 E. 57th St. (through Jan. 30); **herman rose,** Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (through Dec. 19); **david saunders** and **john gill,** Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Dec. 5); **art spiegelman,** Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. (through Jan. 9); **pat steir,** Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (through Dec. 31); **george tooker,** Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St. (through Dec. 5).

OTHER GALLERIES

Steven Sykes—The dealer Guillaume Gallozzi has become a specialist in European art and miscellany from roughly the Surrealist period, and in particular from Britain—a rather murky field. Sykes is the artist whom Gallozzi, quite tellingly, considers to be his première find. On view are nearly fifty small watercolors and colored-ink works, mostly from 1942 to 1947, and all rendered in a feverish Surrealist style. Through Dec. 19. (203 W. Houston St. Open Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)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CUNARD

M78

PHOTOGRAPHY

A Wider Angle

UNDER Peter Galassi's directorship, the department of photography at the Museum of Modern Art has dramatically expanded its annual New Photography series. This year, the exhibition includes eight artists—instead of the customary three—and each is well represented. MOMA is clearly trying to demonstrate just how open it is these days to contemporary photography. As for the work itself—by Dieter Appelt, Ellen Brooks, Darrel Ellis, Dennis Farber, Robert Flynt, Mary Miss, Gundula Schulze, and Toshio Shibata—it varies widely in approach and in strength. It's hard to understand, for instance, why Mary Miss has been included, since her architectural photographs seem to be just travel versions of similar work done by another sculptor/photographer, Gordon Matta-Clark, more than twenty years ago. But it's wonderful to see the imagery of Darrel Ellis getting its due. His use of his father's family pictures has made for autobiographical works that are both tender and upsetting. Ellis, who died of AIDS in April of this year, clearly was a photographer who had plenty to tell us about his life as a young African-American.

"Troubled Times. . ."—This show features three artists whose street photography is legendary—Lisette Model, Louis Faurer, and Leon Levinstein—and almost all the works were shot in New York. Model's forties wartime pictures are images of loss, and of emotionally and physically wounded people, and Faurer's images, many of them from the mid-fifties, depict urban down-and-outs. Levinstein's photographs, from the late fifties and early sixties, document the early stages of the urban alienation and abandonment that have become so widespread in the city. Through Dec. 31. (Sander, 105 Hudson St. Closed Tuesdays.)

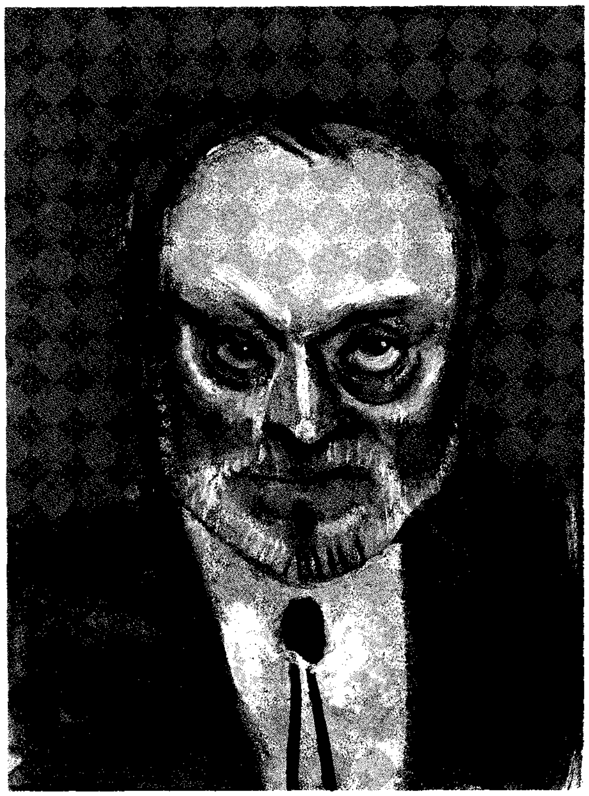
International Center of Photography Midtown—"American Legends," an exhibition of recent portraits by Yousuf Karsh, of such people as Cesar Chavez, Dave Brubeck, Jim Henson, and Mother Clara Hale. Through Jan. 24. . . . ¶ Early black-and-white work by Ernst Haas. Through Jan. 24. (A complementary show of works by Haas is at Greenberg, 120 Wooster St., through Dec. 5.) (Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Short List—**sally gall,** Saul, 155 Spring St. (through Dec. 24); **annie leibovitz,** Danziger, 415 West Broadway (through Dec. 5); **frank majore,** Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (open Mondays, through Jan. 4); **nicholas nixon,** Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Dec. 5); **herb ritts,** Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (through Dec. 5); **weegee,** Borden, 560 Broadway (through Jan. 16); **carrie mae weems,** P.P.O.W, 532 Broadway (through Dec. 23).

MUSIC

The Living Brahms

ALBERT FULLER'S Helicon Ensemble is tackling Brahms—specifically, three magnificent trios—on December 4, at Weill Recital Hall. Mr. Fuller, a distinguished harpsichordist, is not himself scheduled to play; he will instead preside as the guiding spirit of a meeting between the historical-performance movement and the mainstream Romantic repertoire. It is a fascinating enterprise. As musicologists proceed through history, they leave behind the arcane treatises and remote notations that need decoding, and attempt the reëxamination of a fairly recent past, well known and only subtly mysterious. Historical performance of Machaut and Monteverdi is a matter of archeology, of dizzying speculative leaps, of recalling to life what was dead and forgotten. Historical performance of Brahms is a matter of revisiting an earlier moment in a continuing tradition. Today's elder statesmen of music knew in their youth—and may even have studied under—musicians who, in their turn, had known Brahms himself. Some of the players who first performed Brahms' mature chamber music made records, which we can still hear, if we search them out. The startling thing, to those who are familiar with the evidence, is what a radical difference in playing style such a short span of generations has made. In a project like Mr. Fuller's, revolution and evolution meet, and it is hard to say which is which.



Kurt Masur at the New York Philharmonic

ANDREA VENTURA

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall, 875-5030; for Carnegie Hall, 247-7800; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 415-5440.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—LA BOHÈME, with Gabriela Beňačková, Nancy Gustafson, Luis Lima, and Dwayne Croft; conducted by John Fiore. (Nov. 30 and Dec. 3 at 8.)... With Veronica Villarroel as Mimì (or Lucia, if you prefer; why they call her Mimì, we don't know, either). (Dec. 8 at 8.)... L'ELISIR D'AMORE, with Kathleen Battle, Francisco Araiza, Mark Oswald, and Enzo Dara; Edoardo Müller. (Dec. 1 at 8 and Dec. 5 at 1:30.)... LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR, in a new production, with June Anderson, Richard Leech, Haijing Fu, and Paul Plishka; Marcello Panni. (Dec. 2, Dec. 5, and Dec. 9, all at 8.)... EUGENE ONEGIN, with Mirella Freni, Birgitta Svendén, Neil Rosenshein, Dwayne Croft, and Nicolai Ghiaurov; Seiji Ozawa. (Dec. 4 and Dec. 7 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House.)

Amato Opera Company—Opening performances of "The Barber of Seville," sung in a bilingual (Italian and English) version prepared by Anthony Amato, who will also conduct. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Dec. 5 at 7:30 and Dec. 6 at 2:30.)

Little Orchestra Society—Dino Anagnost conducts a staging of Victor Herbert's "Babes in Toyland." (Winter Garden, World Financial Center, Battery Park City. Dec. 6 at 3 and Dec. 7 at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)

New York Grand Opera—Vincent La Selva directs a concert performance of Verdi's "Nabucco." (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 9 at 8.)

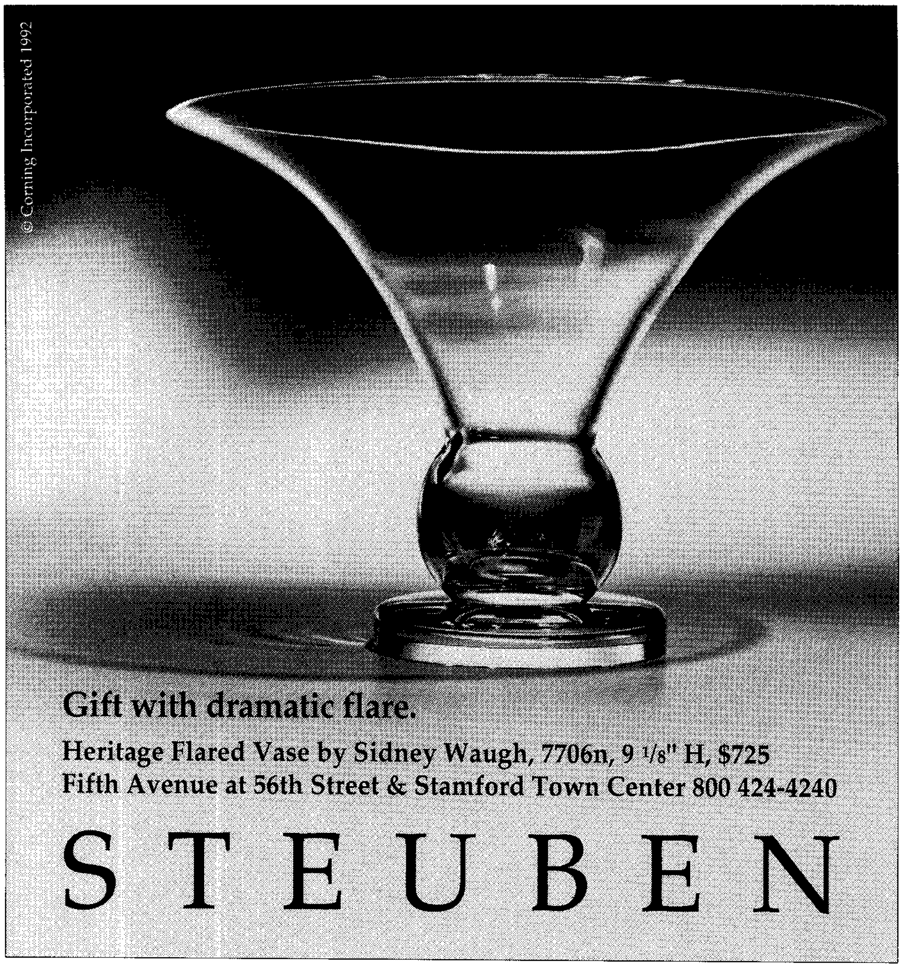
John Brownlee Opera Theatre—The New York première of "The Yellow Wallpaper," an operatic treatment of Charlotte Perkins Gilman's late-nineteenth-century novella of feminism, domestic frustration, and insanity; composed by Ronald Perera to a libretto by Constance Congdon; staged by Mark Harrison, with David Gilbert conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. 749-2802, ext. 540. Dec. 9 at 8. Through Dec. 13.... NOTE: The composer and the librettist will discuss their work in a pre-performance chat on Dec. 9 at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Juilliard Opera Center—Presenting Donizetti's "Don Pasquale," fully staged, with Hal France on the podium. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. 769-7406. Dec. 9 at 8. Through Dec. 13.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall. Dec. 1 at 7:30: Kurt Masur conducts Brahms' "Academic Festival Overture," Beethoven's Symphony No. 4, Liszt's "Mephisto Waltz," and Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto No. 2 (with Elisabeth Leonskaja).... ¶ Dec. 3 and Dec. 5 at 8, and Dec. 4 at 2: Kurt Masur conducts the world première of David Diamond's Symphony No. 11, as well as Brahms' "Academic Festival Overture" and Beethoven's Symphony No. 4.... NOTE: David Del Tredici will join Mr. Diamond in pre-concert chats, beginning an hour before the performances on Dec. 3-4.... ¶ Dec. 7 at 8: A concert marking the orchestra's hundred-and-fiftieth birthday, to the day, with its three most recent music directors taking turns at the podium. Zubin Mehta conducts Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel"; Pierre Boulez leads Debussy's "La Mer"; and the current music director, Kurt Masur, takes the reins for Dvořák's "New World" Symphony.

"Sacred Music in a Sacred Space"—The professional choir and orchestra in residence at the Church of St. Ignatius Loyola kick off the holiday season with a performance of Haydn's "Theresienmesse," Schubert's Magnificat, and Vivaldi's familiar Gloria. Kent Tritle directs the ensembles and soloists. (Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, Park Ave. at 84th St. 439-8044. Dec. 2 at 8.)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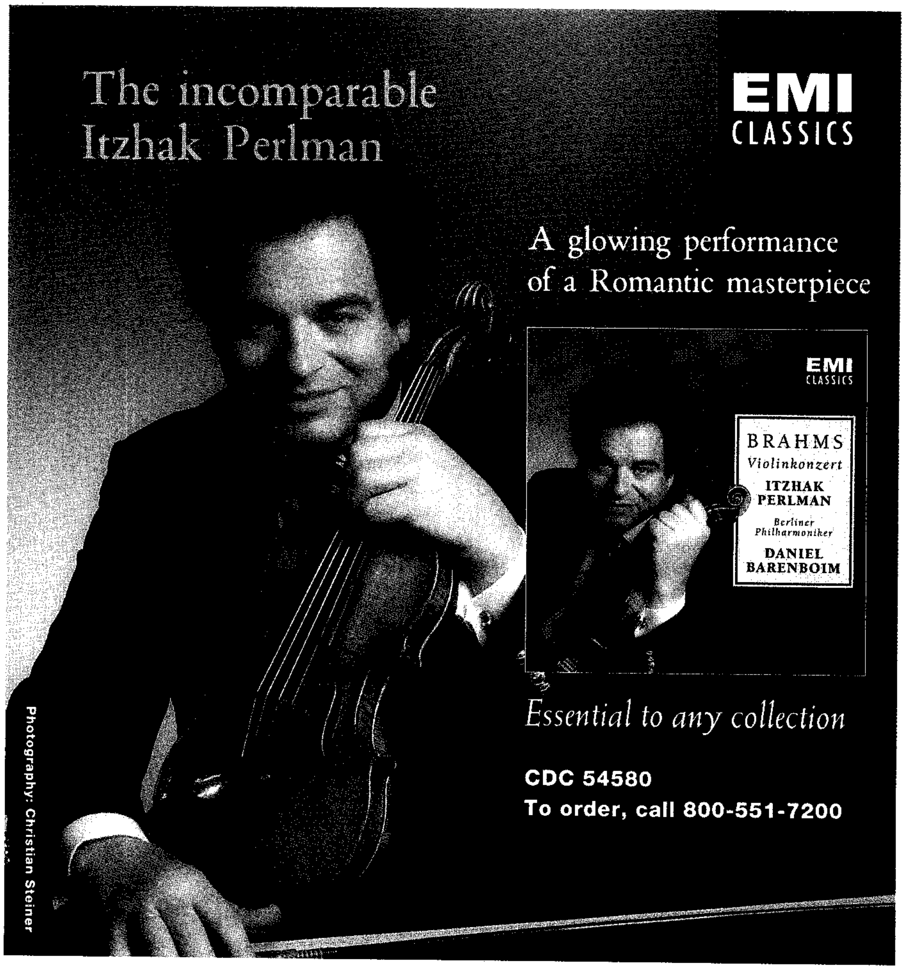
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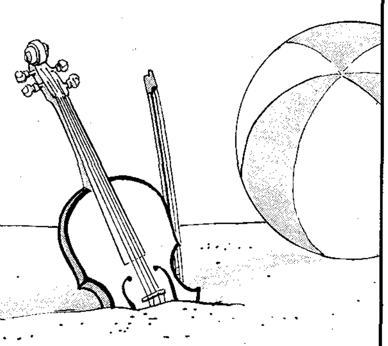

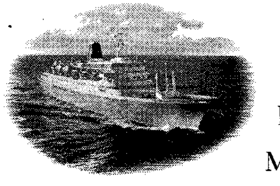

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CUNARD

M55

MUSIC—Cont'd

New York Pops—Skitch Henderson leads a ho-ho-hoedown, with the Boys Choir of Harlem. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 4 at 8 and Dec. 5 at 2 and 8.)

Cosmopolitan Chamber Orchestra—Michael Morgan conducts Bach's Fourth "Brandenburg" Concerto, Milhaud's "La Création du Monde," Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll," and a chamber version of Mahler's "Rückert-Lieder" (featuring baritone Michael Dash.) (Ethical Culture Society, 2 W. 64th St. Dec. 5 at 2. For information about tickets, call 873-7784.)

Dessoff Choirs—Amy Kaiser directs Christmas music by J. S. Bach, his uncle (J. M.), and three of his sons (J. C., J. C. F., and C. P. E.). (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Dec. 5 at 8. For information about tickets, call 935-2551.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directs Berlioz's Requiem, with tenor soloist Frank Kelly and a huge orchestra. (Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Columbus Ave. at 59th St. Dec. 5 at 8. For information about tickets, call 627-0024.)

New York Youth Symphony—Samuel Wong conducts Dvořák's "New World" Symphony, the première of a piece by Pierre Jalbert, and Mozart's Violin Concerto No. 3 (with Cho-Liang Lin). (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 6 at 3.)

Choral Symphony Society—David Labovitz directs the first three cantatas of Bach's "Christmas Oratorio." (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Dec. 6 at 3. Admission by contribution.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Charles Dutoit leads an all-Stravinsky program comprising "Apollon Musagète" and "Oedipus Rex"; with mezzo-soprano Eva Randova, tenor Keith Lewis, bass-baritone John Shirley-Quirk, bass Robert Lloyd, narrator William Warfield, and the Men of the Philadelphia Singers Chorale. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 8 at 8.)

Boys Choir of Harlem—Walter Turnbull directs music of (and not of) the season. (Winter Garden, World Financial Center, Battery Park City. Dec. 9 at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)

Handel & Haydn Society—Christopher Hogwood leads the Boston-based chorus and period-instrument orchestra in Handel's "Messiah" (in the version in which it was first heard, in Dublin, in 1742), with soprano Sharon Baker, mezzo-soprano Judith Malafronte, countertenors Derek Lee Ragin and Johnson Flucker, tenor Douglas Johnson, and basses David Thomas and David Murray. (Avery Fisher Hall. Dec. 9 at 7:30.)

RECITALS

Jeffrey Siegel—In a conversational concert, the pianist promises to reveal "fascinating secrets in the lives of Robert and Clara Schumann," to which titillation he will add performances of Schumann's "Carnaval" and "Variations on a Theme by Clara Wieck." (92nd Street Y. Dec. 1 at 8.)

Eugenia Zukerman and Anthony Newman—The flutist and the harpsichordist consider the twilight of France's ancien régime through readings of letters and other documents and by performing music by Rameau, Jean-Baptiste Forqueray, Louis-Claude Daquin, and Jacques Duphly (who died the day after the Bastille fell). (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Dec. 2 at 6. For information about tickets, call 930-0571.)

Quintet of the Americas—The woodwind ensemble (plus pianist Henry Lowinger) plays music by Afro-Caribbean composers José Bernardo, Ernesto Lecuona, Tania León, Edward (Kid) Ory, and Roberto Sierra. (Americas Society, Park Ave. at 68th St. 249-8950, ext. 357. Dec. 2 at 7.)

Chung Trio—The musical Chung siblings make a point of taking time out of their respective solo careers to intersect frequently for chamber music. They take their ensemble work seriously: this fall, they signed on to tour as Goodwill Ambassadors for the United Nations' worldwide anti-drug campaign. In this concert, violinist Kyung-Wha Chung, cellist Myung-Wha Chung, and their brother, the pianist Myung-Whun Chung (more active these days as musical director of the beleaguered Paris Opéra-Bastille) effect a family reunion (far from their native Korea) that will make room for trios by Beethoven (in B-Flat, Op. 11, and in D Major—the "Ghost"—Op. 70, No. 1) and Brahms (in B Major). (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Dec. 2 at 8.)

Friends & Enemies of New Music—Tenor Paul Sperry and baritone André Solomon-Glover join the ensemble in a concert that includes works (some of them premières) by Ned Rorem, Ben Yarmolinsky, Nancy Gunn, Tom Cipullo, and Daron Hagen (whose opera "Shining Brow," dealing with the stormy relationship between Frank Lloyd Wright and Louis Sullivan, will be scrutinized by both musicians and architects when it is unveiled in Madison, Wisconsin, in April). (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Dec. 2 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Musicians Against AIDS—The many organizations participating in Day Without Art will suspend their activities on Dec. 1 as a reminder that AIDS continues to wreak havoc among the ranks of artists, performers, arts administrators, and other members of the creative community. The following evening, the Downtown Chamber and Opera Players, directed by Mimi Stern-Wolfe, will break their silence with a concert of remembrance, featuring works by four contemporary composers (Chris DeBlasio, Lee Gannon, Fred Hersch, and Kevin Oldham) as well as by four whose voices have been stilled by AIDS (Robert Chesley, Calvin Hampton, Mark Kyrkostas, and William Turner). (Middle Collegiate Church, Second Ave. at 7th St. Dec. 2 at 8. For information about tickets, call 477-1594.)

Bargemusic—Pianist Stephanie Brown performs Chopin's F-Minor Ballade; Carmit Zori joins her in Schubert's G-Minor Sonatina (D. 408); and cellist Christopher Costanza completes the ensemble for trios by Haydn and Brahms. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Dec. 3 at 7:30 and Dec. 6 at 4.)

Helicon Ensemble—Period-instrument players offer a trio of trios by Brahms: the Clarinet Trio (Op. 114), the First Piano Trio (Op. 8), and the Horn Trio (Op. 40). (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. Dec. 4 at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Presenting music by Telemann, Dvořák, and Poulenc, as well as the première of a new chamber concerto for bass trombone, by David Schiff. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. Dec. 4 at 8 and Dec. 6 at 5.)

Shanghai String Quartet and Ruth Laredo—The foursome plays Haydn's "Sunrise" Quartet, and the pianist both assists in Brahms' G-Minor Piano Quartet and offers a commentary. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Dec. 5 at 7.)

Guarneri Quartet—Playing three quartets—early, middle, and late—by Beethoven (Op. 18, No. 2; Op. 74; and Op. 135). (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Dec. 5 at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

Kronos String Quartet—The exuberant foursome performs recent works, listed here in the order of best titles first: "Sing Sing: J. Edgar Hoover" (by Michael Daugherty); "Yiddishbbuk, Inscriptions for String Quartet" (by Osvaldo Golijov); two sections from "How It Happens (Words of I. F. Stone)" (by Scott Johnson, who assists the group with his electric guitar); "Soul" (by Zhou Long, with guest pipa player Wu Man); "Physical Property" (by Steven Mackey); and String Quartet No. 2 (by Sofia Gubaidulina, who apparently is content to let her music speak for itself). (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. Dec. 5 at 8.)

Artur Pizarro—Pianist, performing Schumann's "Bunte Blätter," Debussy's "Suite Bergamasque," and the standard début calling card, Liszt's B-Minor Sonata. (92nd Street Y. Dec. 5 at 8.)

Jean-Yves Thibaudet—The pianist concludes his survey of le tout Ravel, performing the "Pavane pour une Infante Défunte," "Jeux d'Eau," "Menuet sur le Nom de Haydn," "Valses Nobles et Sentimentales," "Prélude," "À la Manière de Borodine," "À la Manière de Chabrier," and "Le Tombeau de Couperin." (92nd Street Y. Dec. 6 at 3.)

Brooklyn Friends of Chamber Music—Presenting Mozart's Horn Quintet, Schubert's "Death and the Maiden" Quartet, and a violin duo by Eugene Phillips (performed by his sons Daniel and Todd Phillips). (Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, 85 S. Oxford St., Brooklyn. Dec. 6 at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Rosemary Glyde—Headlining in a violafest that will also include performances by violists Paul Coletti, Karen Ritscher, and Emanuel Vardi; with pianist Richard Bishop. Check your viola jokes at the door, please. (Kosciuszko Foundation, 15 E. 65th St. 734-2130. Dec. 6 at 3.)

Florence Gould Hall Chamber Players—Five Frenchmen play works by Louise Farrenc, Jean Françaix, Fauré, Debussy, Roussel, Nicolas Bacri, and Walter Piston. (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160. Dec. 6 at 3.)

Verdehr Trio—Contemporary chamber works for violin, clarinet, and piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Dec. 6 at 3.)

Krosnick and Kalish—The cello-and-piano team of Joel Krosnick and Gilbert Kalish have turned their traversal of Beethoven's works for instruments into an annual affair. The marathon event encompasses five sonatas and three sets of variations, but time is provided to ingest earthly sustenance halfway through. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Dec. 6 at 3 and at 7:30, with a single ticket providing entry to both halves.)

Louis Lortie—The Canadian pianist's program includes Hungarian Dances by Brahms, Hungarian Rhapsodies by Liszt, and Schumann's "Bunte Blätter." (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. 288-0700. Dec. 6 at 5.)

William Sharp and Steven Blier—The baritone and the pianist perform Brahms' "Die Schöne Magelone" songs, with Beth Dixon reading a connective narration drawn from the Ludwig Tieck novella that inspired the cycle. (Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. 242-4770. Dec. 6 at 5.)

Barros Classical Consort—Fortepianist Max Barros and colleagues offer period-instrument performances of trios by Haydn and Beethoven. (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. Dec. 6 at 6. No tickets necessary.)

Chanticleer—The all-male mini-chorus offers a Christmas program. (Medieval Sculpture Hall, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Dec. 6 at 6:30 and 8:30.)

Ensemble for Early Music—Frederick Renz directs a staging of "The Play of St. Nicholas." (Church of St. Mary the Virgin, 145 W. 46th St. 921-2939. Dec. 6 at 7.)

Manhattan String Quartet—Their Shostakovich cycle here continues with the Quartets No. 4, No. 5, and No. 6. (Walter Reade Theatre, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. Dec. 7 at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 875-5050.)

Mario Duchemin—The Canadian pianist performs Chopin's Second Scherzo and Études (Op. 10), Liszt's B-Minor Sonata, and a recent piece by François Morel. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Dec. 7 at 8.)

Omega Emsemble—Works by Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and others. (Merkin Concert Hall. Dec. 8 at 2.)

Sergei Leiferkus—The Russian baritone, remembered by those who attended the Kirov Opera's New York performances last summer, offers songs by Tchaikovsky and Rachmaninoff; with pianist Semyon Skigin. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. 288-0700. Dec. 8 at 5:45.)

Christopheren Nomura—In his New York début, the baritone performs songs by Barber, Bolcom, Brahms, Hundley, Montsalvatge, and Ravel; with pianist Dalton Baldwin. Presented by Young Concert Artists. (92nd Street Y. Dec. 8 at 8.)

California E.A.R. Unit—New and newish music by Babbitt, Louis Andriessen, and others. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Dec. 8 at 8.)

Music Today—Although Martha Graham's overriding achievement was as a dancer and choreographer, she was also responsible for a voluminous secondary legacy of music to accompany her creations. In fact, she commissioned so many high-quality scores that

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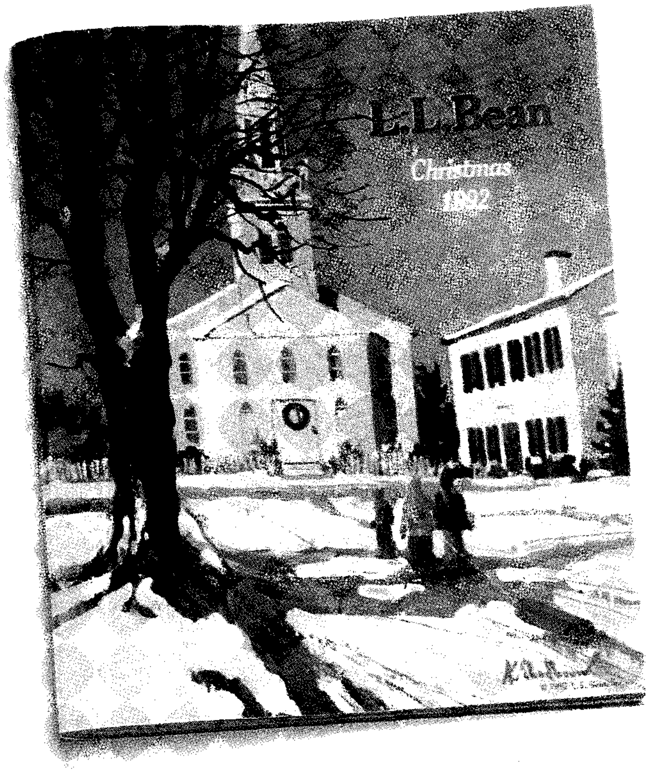

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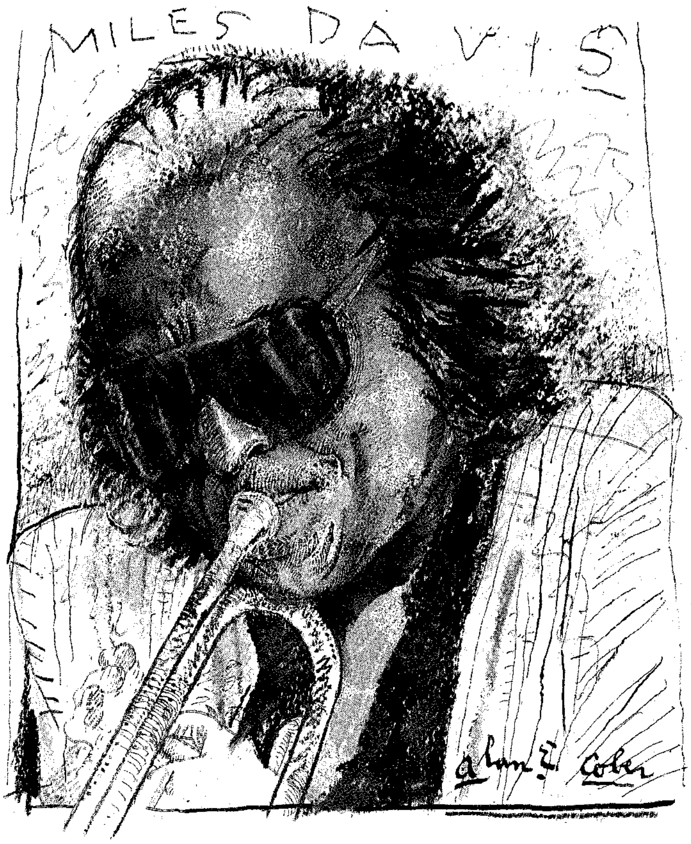
MUSIC—Cont'd

the American Composers Alliance honored her for her contribution to contemporary music. The Music Today Ensemble, many of whose members have played for the Graham Company, performs four of these works: Louis Horst's "Celebration" (Horst having served as the company's musical director from 1926 to 1948), Norman Dello Joio's "Diversion of Angels," William Schuman's "Night Journeys," and—the most celebrated of all the "Graham scores"—Aaron Copland's "Appalachian Spring" (here performed in its full ballet version, as opposed to the truncated concert revision that has become ensconced in the symphonic repertoire). Samuel Wong conducts. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Dec. 9 at 8.)

JAZZ/POP/ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Douglas Ewart—With his Inventions/Clarinet Choir (J. D. Parran, Henry Threadgill, Don Byron, Mwata Bowden, Edward Wilkerson, and Malachi Moghustnut Favors). (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Dec. 2 at 8.)



"The Legacy of Miles" at Carnegie Hall

Tribute to Ed Blackwell—A benefit concert, with Don Cherry, Ornette Coleman, David Murray, Dewey Redman, and others. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-2200. Dec. 3 at 8.)

Soldier String Quartet—With the String Trio of New York. (Merkin Concert Hall. Dec. 3 at 8.)

"The Legacy of Miles"—A tribute to Mr. Davis by the Carnegie Hall Jazz Band, led by Jon Faddis. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Dec. 3 at 8.)

Television—Academy Theatre, 234 W. 43rd St. 307-7171. Dec. 3-4 at 8.

Lee Konitz Quartet—Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Dec. 4 at 8.

Vocal Music of South India—Sudha Ragunathan, with V. V. Ravi and T. Vaidyanathan. (Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. Dec. 4 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Donna McKechnie—Manhattan Class Company, 120 W. 28th St. 727-7765. Dec. 4-5 at 11:30 P.M.

Joe Satriani—Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. 307-7171. Dec. 5 at 7:30.

Shashmaqam—New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. 873-3400, ext. 246. Dec. 5 at 7:30.

Jimmy Scott—St. Ann's Church, 157 Montague St., Brooklyn. 1-718 858-2424. Dec. 5 at 8.

Adam Plack—With the dancer Sham Mosher. (Washington Square Church. Dec. 5 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Nancy Wilson—In a benefit concert. (Davis Hall, City College, Convent Ave. at 134th St. 650-7100. Dec. 6 at 4.)

Griot Music of West Africa—Kandia Kouyate, Papa Susso, Abdou Rahman Mangara, and Bouboukar Jobarteh. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Dec. 6 at 7.)

George Winston—A benefit concert. (Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030. Dec. 6 at 7:30.)

"Bending Towards the Light . . . A Jazz Nativity"—With Benny Powell, Jimmy Slyde, Gail Wynters, and others. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 50th St. 751-1616, ext. 219. Dec. 6 at 5 and Dec. 7-8 at 8.)

Peter Himmelman—With Shona Laing. (Symphony Space. Dec. 9 at 8.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Giants—Vs. the Washington Redskins, Dec. 6 at 4.

Knicks—Vs. the Portland Trail Blazers, Dec. 1 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Milwaukee Bucks, Dec. 5 at 1. . . . ¶ Vs. the Seattle Supersonics, Dec. 8 at 7:30.

Nets—Vs. the Atlanta Hawks, Dec. 2. . . . ¶ Vs. the San Antonio Spurs, Dec. 4. . . . ¶ Vs. the Phoenix Suns, Dec. 8. (Game time, 7:30.)

Rangers—Vs. the Minnesota North Stars, Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Detroit Red Wings, Dec. 2. . . . ¶ Vs. the Toronto Maple Leafs, Dec. 6. (Game time, 7:30.)

Islanders—Vs. the Pittsburgh Penguins, Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Vs. the Washington Capitals, Dec. 5. (Game time, 7:35.)

Devils—Vs. the Toronto Maple Leafs, Dec. 1 at 7:35. . . . ¶ Vs. the Boston Bruins, Dec. 5 at 2:05. . . . ¶ Vs. the Washington Capitals, Dec. 9 at 7:35.

(The Giants play at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, 1-201 935-8111; the Knicks and the Rangers at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; the Islanders at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 794-9300; and the Nets and the Devils at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900.)

RACING

Horses—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. . . . At the Meadowlands: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. . . . **trotting** at Yonkers Raceway: Mondays through Saturdays at 8 and Tuesdays at 1; Sundays at 6:45.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Fat Geese—Christmas is coming and there will be plenty of opportunities to raid your piggy bank, but there are a number of things you can do for free (or almost). The tree at the American Museum of Natural History has been decorated with over two thousand pieces of origami. Volunteers are on hand to show you how to fashion origami for your own tree. (Central Park W. at 79th. No charge beyond museum admission. Through Jan. 11.). . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 5:30: The Winter Garden lighting of the tree. Carolling and "Babes in Toyland" characters will round out the festivities. (World Financial Center, Battery Park City.). . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 5:30: The Rockettes will kick, the New York Philharmonic will play, and David Rockefeller will flip the switch to light Rockefeller Center's seventy-five-foot tree. (Fifth Ave. at 50th St.). . . ¶ Dec. 5: A ten-foot tree made from two hundred poinsettias is the centerpiece of "Winter Cheer," at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden (1000 Washington Ave., near Grand Army Plaza. Through Jan. 3.). . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 6:30: To celebrate the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the New York Philharmonic, there will be opera solos, brass performances, a jazz trio, choral selections, and film clips on a huge video screen, followed by carols and the lighting of the Lincoln Center tree. (Fountain Plaza, Columbus Ave. at 62nd St.). . . ¶ Dec. 9: A thirty-foot balsam fir tree, poinsettias galore, and large-scale model trains chugging past seasonal plantings and miniature historic New York City houses will be on view at the New York Botanical Garden. (Bronx Park. Through Jan. 3.)

Day Without Art—Dec. 1 is a day to remember those who have died from AIDS, and to support those who are living with AIDS. Pin on your red ribbons.

The Beats Go On—Two hundred and fifty independent publishers will gather for the fifth annual Small Press Book Fair. Highlights include computer poetry, a talk on the African-American book-publishing experience, an exhibit of Frederick Douglass's works (he was first published by a small press), and an exhibit of literary tombstone rubbings. Readings begin at 11 A.M. each day. Allen Ginsberg, Gregory Corso, and other beat poets will be featured on Dec. 5 at 2 and on Dec. 6 at 1. (General Society Library, 20 W. 44th St. Dec. 5, from 10 to 6, and Dec. 6, from 10 to 4. No tickets necessary.)

Telltale Poe—On a candlelit stage, radio-and-television announcer George Flowers will read from Edgar Allan Poe's short stories and poems. (13th Street Theatre, 50 W. 13th St. 675-6677. Dec. 2-4, Dec. 6-7, and Dec. 9, all at 11 P.M., and Dec. 5 at midnight. Through Dec. 14.)

Words—Dec. 3 at 8: Allan Ellensweig will read and show slides from his new book, "The Homoerotic Photograph: Male Images from Durieu/Delacroix to Mapplethorpe." (A Different Light, 548 Hudson St. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 8: Rosellen Brown and Gloria Naylor will read from their new novels. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.). . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 8: Artist Larry Rivers and anthropologist Helen Fisher will read from their own works. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.). . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 8:30: John Ashbery and others will read from the "Best American Poetry 1992" anthology. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

Talks—Dec. 7 at 6:30: Donald Marquis will talk about trumpeter Buddy Bolden and New Orleans jazz. (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. 875-5299.). . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 8: Trumpeter Jack Walrath will talk about Charles Mingus. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 229-5690.). . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 6: Artist Helen Frankenthaler will be interviewed by art critic Hilton Kramer. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. 930-0571.)

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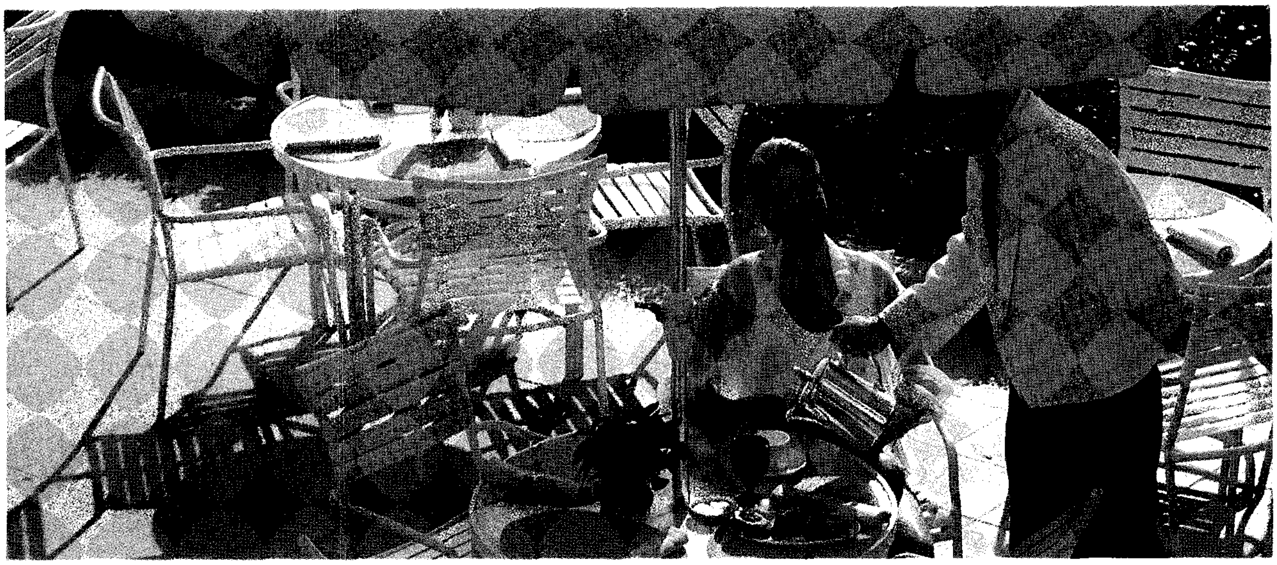

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN "MOVIES IN BRIEF," STARTING ON PAGE 40.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Enchanted April" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Crying Game" (†).
Theatre 3: "In the Soup" (directed by Alexandre Rockwell).
Theatre 4: "My New Gun" (†).
Theatre 5: "Simple Men" (Hal Hartley).
Theatre 6: "Bad Lieutenant" (Abel Ferrara), with Harvey Keitel.

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
Nov. 30: Theatre closed.
Dec. 1-3: (Separate admissions) "Maravillas" (1980, Manuel Gutiérrez Aragón; in Spanish), "Boom Boom" (1990, Rosa Vergés; in Spanish), and "A Time of Silence" (1985, Vicente Aranda; in Spanish).
Dec. 4: (Separate admissions) "The Truth About the Savolta Case" (1978, Antonio Drove; in Spanish), "The Animated Forest" (1987, José Luis Cuerda; in Spanish), and "Bajarse al Moro" (1988, Fernando Colomo; in Spanish).
Dec. 5-6: (Separate admissions) "Journey to Nowhere" (1986, Fernando Fernán Gomez; in Spanish), "The Truth About the Savolta Case," "The Animated Forest," and "Bajarse al Moro."
Dec. 7: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 8: (Separate admissions) "The Trout" (1977, José Luis Garcia Sanchez; in Spanish), "The Animated Forest," and "Poodle" (1978, Bigas Luns; in Spanish).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "The Bodyguard" (Mick Jackson), with Kevin Costner and Whitney Houston.
Theatre 2: "The Bodyguard."
Theatre 3: "Home Alone 2: Lost in New York" (†).

Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
Theatre 1: "Bram Stoker's Dracula" (†).
Theatre 2: "Reservoir Dogs" (†).
Theatre 3: "Malcolm X" (†).
Theatre 4: "Malcolm X" (†).
Theatre 5: "A River Runs Through It" (†).
Theatre 6: "Bram Stoker's Dracula" (†).
Theatre 7: "Jennifer Eight" (Bruce Robinson), with Andy Garcia.

Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 3: "Johnny Stecchino" (Roberto Benigni, in Italian). From Dec. 4: "The Distinguished Gentleman" (†).
Theatre 2: "Glengarry Glen Ross" (James Foley).
Theatre 3: "A Brief History of Time" (†).
Theatre 4: "Aladdin" (†).
Theatre 5: "Howards End" (James Ivory).
Theatre 6: "Becoming Colette" (Danny Huston), with Klaus Maria Brandauer.
Theatre 7: (Matinées only) "The Mighty Ducks" (Stephen Herek), with Emilio Estevez; and (evenings only) "Consenting Adults" (Alan J. Pakula).

19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "Bram Stoker's Dracula" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Bodyguard" (Mick Jackson), with Kevin Costner and Whitney Houston.
Theatre 3: "Jennifer Eight" (Bruce Robinson), with Andy Garcia and Uma Thurman.
Theatre 4: "Passenger 57" (Kevin Hooks), with Wesley Snipes.
Theatre 5: "Bram Stoker's Dracula" (†).
Theatre 6: "Aladdin" (†).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Flirting" (John Duigan).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Bram Stoker's Dracula" (†).

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: (Matinées only) "The Mighty Ducks" (Stephen Herek), with Emilio Estevez; and (evenings only) "Consenting Adults" (Alan J. Pakula), with Kevin Kline.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 3: "Gas Food Lodging" (Allison Anders). From Dec. 4: "The Distinguished Gentleman" (†).
Theatre 3: "Aladdin" (†).
Theatre 4: "Glengarry Glen Ross" (James Foley).

34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Malcolm X" (†).
Theatre 2: "Jennifer Eight" (Bruce Robinson), with Andy Garcia and Uma Thurman.
Theatre 3: "Passenger 57" (Kevin Hooks), with Wesley Snipes.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Last of the Mohicans" (Michael Mann), with Daniel Day-Lewis.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Under Siege" (†).

Sutton I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "Becoming Colette" (Danny Huston), with Klaus Maria Brandauer.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 3: "Consenting Adults" (Alan J. Pakula), with Kevin Kline. From Dec. 4: "The Distinguished Gentleman" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"The Last of the Mohicans" (Michael Mann), with Daniel Day-Lewis.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Reservoir Dogs" (†).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Passenger 57" (Kevin Hooks), with Wesley Snipes.
Theatre 2: "Passenger 57."

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Jennifer Eight" (Bruce Robinson), with Andy Garcia and Uma Thurman.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Hero" (Stephen Frears), with Dustin Hoffman, Geena Davis, and Andy Garcia.
Theatre 2: "Night and the City" (Irwin Winkler), with Robert De Niro and Jessica Lange.

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Aladdin" (†).
Theatre 2: "Bad Lieutenant" (Abel Ferrara), with Harvey Keitel.
Theatre 3: "Enchanted April" (†).

Art East Cinema, 1st Ave. at 61st. (644-1111)
"Venice/Venice" (Henry Jaglom).

First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)
Theatre 1: "Home Alone 2: Lost in New York" (†).
Theatre 2: "Home Alone 2: Lost in New York" (†).
Theatre 3: "Home Alone 2: Lost in New York" (†).
Theatre 4: "Traces of Red" (Andy Wolk).
Theatre 5: "Singles" (Cameron Crowe).
Theatre 6: "Mr. Saturday Night" (Billy Crystal).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Malcolm X" (†).
Theatre 2: "Malcolm X" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Husbands and Wives" (Woody Allen).

New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "A River Runs Through It" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Bodyguard" (Mick Jackson), with Kevin Costner and Whitney Houston.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Johnny Stecchino" (Roberto Benigni, in Italian).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Bram Stoker's Dracula" (†).

East 85th Street, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Jennifer Eight" (Bruce Robinson), with Andy Garcia and Uma Thurman.

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Home Alone 2: Lost in New York" (†).
Theatre 2: "Home Alone 2: Lost in New York" (†).

Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)
Theatre 1: "Malcolm X" (†).
Theatre 2: "Passenger 57" (Kevin Hooks), with Wesley Snipes.
Theatre 3: "The Bodyguard" (Mick Jackson), with Kevin Costner and Whitney Houston.
Theatre 4: "Malcolm X" (†).
Theatre 5: "Bram Stoker's Dracula" (†).
Theatre 6: "Bram Stoker's Dracula" (†).
Theatre 7: "The Bodyguard."

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 3: "Aladdin" (†). From Dec. 4: "The Distinguished Gentleman" (†).
Theatre 2: "Aladdin" (†).

Eddie Murphy in "The Distinguished Gentleman"

ROBERT DEMICHIELL

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 1: "To Render a Life" (directed by Ross Spears), a documentary. From Dec. 2: "Daddy and the Muscle Academy" (Ilppo Pohjola, in English and Finnish) and "Time Expired" (Danny Leiner).
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: "All About Eve" (1950, Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, Gary Merrill, and Thelma Ritter.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "The Last of the Mohicans" (Michael Mann), with Daniel Day-Lewis.
Theatre 2: "Of Mice and Men" (Gary Sinise), with John Malkovich and Sinise.

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Singles" (Cameron Crowe).
Theatre 2: "Night and the City" (Irwin Winkler), with Robert De Niro.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Damned in the USA" (Paul Yule), a documentary.
Theatre 2: "The Quarrel" (Eli Cohen); and "Van Gogh" (Maurice Pialat, in French), with Jacques Dutronc.
Theatre 3: "Husbands and Wives" (Woody Allen).
Theatre 4: "Bob Roberts" (†).

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "Under Siege" (†).
Theatre 2: "Reservoir Dogs" (†).
Theatre 3: "Traces of Red" (Andy Wolk).
Theatre 4: "Night and the City" (Irwin Winkler), with Robert De Niro.
Theatre 5: "The Last of the Mohicans" (Michael Mann), with Daniel Day-Lewis.
Theatre 6: "Home Alone 2: Lost in New York" (†).
Theatre 7: "Home Alone 2: Lost in New York" (†).
Theatre 8: Through Dec. 3: "Home Alone 2: Lost in New York" (†). From Dec. 4: "The Distinguished Gentleman" (†).
Theatre 9: "Glengarry Glen Ross" (James Foley).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Malcolm X" (†).
Theatre 2: "Malcolm X" (†).
Theatre 3: "Malcolm X" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Aladdin" (†).

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Bob Roberts" (†).
Theatre 2: "Traces of Red" (Andy Wolk).
Theatre 3: "Home Alone 2: Lost in New York" (†).
Theatre 4: "Husbands and Wives" (Woody Allen).
Theatre 5: "The Last of the Mohicans" (Michael Mann), with Daniel Day-Lewis.
Theatre 6: "Of Mice and Men" (Gary Sinise).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Mr. Saturday Night" (Billy Crystal).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Brother's Keeper" (Joe Berlinger and Bruce Sinofsky), a documentary.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Glengarry Glen Ross" (James Foley).

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "Flirting" (John Duigan).
Theatre 2: "The Efficiency Expert" (Mark Joffe), with Anthony Hopkins.

Fine Arts, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"The Lover" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Howards End" (James Ivory).

Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Crying Game" (†).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"Bram Stoker's Dracula" (†).

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Tous les Matins du Monde" (Alain Corneau, in French), with Jean-Pierre Marielle, Gérard Depardieu, Anne Brochet, and Guillaume Depardieu.
Theatre 2: "The Match Factory Girl" (Aki Kaurismaki).
Theatre 3: "Waterland" (†).
Theatre 4: "Intervista" (Federico Fellini, in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg.
Theatre 5: "Tous les Matins du Monde."
Theatre 6: "Close to Eden" (Nikita Mikhalkov, in Russian).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Home Alone 2: Lost in New York" (†).

84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "The Bodyguard" (directed by Mick Jackson), with Kevin Costner and Whitney Houston.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 3: "Jennifer Eight" (Bruce Robinson), with Andy Garcia, Uma Thurman, and Lance Henrickson. From Dec. 4: "The Distinguished Gentleman" (†).
Theatre 3: "Malcolm X" (†).
Theatre 4: "Passenger 57" (Kevin Hooks), with Wesley Snipes.
Theatre 5: "Aladdin" (†).
Theatre 6: "A River Runs Through It" (†).

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Howards End" (James Ivory).
Theatre 2: "The Last of the Mohicans" (Michael Mann), with Daniel Day-Lewis.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Under Siege" (†).
Theatre 2: "Consenting Adults" (Alan J. Pakula), with Kevin Kline.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Under Siege" (†).
Theatre 2: "Malcolm X" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Bodyguard" (directed by Mick Jackson), with Kevin Costner and Whitney Houston.
Theatre 4: "Passenger 57" (Kevin Hooks), with Wesley Snipes.
Theatre 5: "Malcolm X" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Bodyguard."
Theatre 7: "Passenger 57."

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
Through Dec. 3: "Jennifer Eight" (Bruce Robinson), with Andy Garcia.
From Dec. 4: "The Distinguished Gentleman" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "Sarafina!" (Darrell James Roodt).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 3: "Hero" (Stephen Frears), with Dustin Hoffman, Geena Davis, and Andy Garcia. From Dec. 4: "The Distinguished Gentleman" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 3: "Consenting Adults" (Alan J. Pakula), with Kevin Kline. From Dec. 4: "Jennifer Eight" (Bruce Robinson), with Andy Garcia.

Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Bram Stoker's Dracula" (†).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Home Alone 2: Lost in New York" (†).
Theatre 2: "Home Alone 2: Lost in New York" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Through Dec. 1: "No Way Out" (1950, directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Richard Widmark, Linda Darnell, and Sidney Poitier; and "Fury" (1936, Fritz Lang), with Spencer Tracy and Sylvia Sidney.
Dec. 2-3: "House of Strangers" (1949, Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Edward G. Robinson, Susan Hayward, and Richard Conte; and "Somewhere in the Night" (1946, Mankiewicz), with John Hodiak.
Dec. 4-5: "Suddenly, Last Summer" (1959, Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn; and "The Barefoot Contessa" (†).
Dec. 6: "Guys and Dolls" (†).
Dec. 7-8: "The Quiet American" (†); and Escape" (1948, Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Rex Harrison and Peggy Cummins.
From Dec. 9: "Manhattan Melodrama" (†); and "Mannequin" (1938, Frank Borzage), with Joan Crawford and Spencer Tracy.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Nov. 30: "The Seven Samurai" (1954, Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese).

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MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Dec. 1: "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying" (1967, David Swift), with Robert Morse, Michele Lee, and Rudy Vallée; and "The Producers" (1968, Mel Brooks), with Zero Mostel, Dick Shawn, and Gene Wilder.

Dec. 2: "Ministry of Fear" (1944, Fritz Lang), with Ray Milland, Marjorie Reynolds, and Dan Duryea; and "The Fallen Idol" (1948, Carol Reed), with Bobby Henrey, Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan.

Dec. 3: "Sudden Fear" (1952, David Miller), with Joan Crawford and Jack Palance; and "Harriet Craig" (1950, Vincent Sherman), with Crawford and Wendell Corey.

Dec. 4-5: "Fellini Satyricon" (†); and "Fellini's Roma" (1972, Federico Fellini; in Italian).

Dec. 6: "La Dolce Vita" (1960, Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg.

Dec. 7: "The Ritual" (1969, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish); and "After the Rehearsal" (1984, Bergman; in Swedish).

Dec. 8: "The King of Marvin Gardens" (1972, Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson, Bruce Dern, and Ellen Burstyn; and "Head" (1968, Rafelson), with the Monkees.

Dec. 9: "Murder, My Sweet" (1945, Edward Dmytryk), with Claire Trevor, Dick Powell, and Anne Shirley; and "The Brasher Doubloon" (1947, John Brahm), with George Montgomery.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—Nov. 30 at 2:30: "I'll See You in My Dreams" (1951, directed by Michael Curtiz), with Doris Day, Danny Thomas, and Frank Lovejoy. . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 3: *A program of short films by Jean-Luc Godard, 1982-90.* . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 6: "My Dream Is Yours" (1949, Curtiz), with Jack Carson, Day, and Lee Bowman. . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 6: "Scénario du Film 'Passion'" (1982, Godard; in French); and "Passion" (1982, Godard; in French). . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 2:30 and Dec. 4 at 6: "Wege des Schreckens" (1921, Curtiz; an Austrian silent film); and "The Road to Happiness" (1926, Curtiz; an Austrian silent film). . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 6 and Dec. 5 at 2: "Sodom and Gomorrah" (1922, Curtiz; an Austrian silent film, with German intertitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 2:30 and Dec. 5 at 5: "Moon of Israel" (1924, Curtiz; a German silent film). . . . ¶ Dec. 3-4 at 3 and 6 and Dec. 5-6 at 2:30 and 5: *Four different programs of films and videos on the subject of AIDS.* . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 5 and Dec. 4 at 2:30: "Fisker Nr. 13." (1926, Curtiz; a German silent film). . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 2 and Dec. 8 at 6: "Noah's Ark" (1929, Curiz), with Dolores Costello, George O'Brien, and Noah Beery. . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 5 and Dec. 7 at 2:30: "The Third Degree" (1927, Curtiz), with Jason Robards, Louise Dresser, and Costello. . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 6 and Dec. 8 at 2:30: "River's End" (1931, Curtiz), with Charles Bickford. . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 6:30: A program of films by Carolee Schneemann, who will be present.

WALTER READE THEATRE, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—Nov. 30 at 2: "Modern Times" (1936, Chaplin; silent), with Chaplin and Paulette Goddard. . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 3:45: "The Circus" (1928, Chaplin; silent), with Chaplin. . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 5:45: "The Gold Rush" (1925, Charlie Chaplin; silent), with Chaplin, Mack Swain, and Georgia Hale. . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 8: "The Great Dictator" (1940, Chaplin), with Chaplin, Goddard, and Jack Oakie. . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 2 and 6:30: "Limelight" (1952, Chaplin), with Chaplin and Claire Bloom. . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 4:45 and 9:15: "A Woman of Paris" (1923, Chaplin; silent), with Edna Purviance, Adolphe Menjou, and Carl Miller. . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 2 and Dec. 3 at 2 and 6: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs" (1978, Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere. . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 4 and Dec. 3 at 4

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and 8: "Hairspray" (1988, John Waters), with Divine and Ricki Lake. . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 2, 6, and 9:45 and Dec. 5 at 6 and 9:45: "My Own Private Idaho" (1991, Gus Van Sant), with River Phoenix and Keanu Reeves. . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 4 and 8 and Dec. 5 at 4 and 8: "Trust" (1992, Hal Hartley), with Adrienne Shelley and Martin Donovan. . . . ¶ Dec. 5-6 at 2: "Miracle in Valby" (1989, Ake Sandgren). . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 4 and 7: "An Angel at My Table" (1991, Jane Campion). . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 2 and 6:30: "The White Rose" (1983, Michael Verhoeven; in German). . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 4:30 and 9: "Metropolitan" (1990, Whit Stillman), with Edward Clements, Carolyn Farina, Christopher Eigeman, and Taylor Nichols.

Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—Tuesdays through Sundays at 2: "The Meeting" (1989, Bill Duke), with Dick Anthony Williams, Jason Bernard, and Paul Benjamin. . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 6: "Lemon Sky" (1988, Jan Egelson), with Kevin Bacon, Tom Atkins, Lindsay Crouse, and Kyra Sedgwick. . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 6:30: "True West" (1984, Allan Goldstein), with John Malkovich and Gary Sinise.

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Dec. 9 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "L'Élégant Criminel" (1990, Francis Girod, in French), with Daniel Auteuil.

Brooklyn Museum, 200 Eastern Parkway. (1-718 638-5000)—"Hollywood on Trial: Films from the Blacklist Era." Dec. 5 at 2: "Gun Crazy" (1949, Joseph H. Lewis), with Peggy Cummins and John Dall. . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 2: "Johnny Guitar" (1954, Nicholas Ray), with Joan Crawford, Sterling Hayden, Scott Brady, and Mercedes McCambridge.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A program of films by Jonas Mekas. Dec. 2 at 1: "Guns of the Trees" (1962), "The Brig" (1964), and three short films. . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 2: "Walden" (1969), and five short films. . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 1: "Reminiscences of a Journey to Lithuania" (1972) and "Lost, Lost, Lost" (1976). . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 1: "In Between: 1964-68" (1978), "Notes for Jerome" (1978), "Paradise Not Yet Lost" (1979), and two short films. . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 1: "He Stands in a Desert Counting the Seconds of His Life" (1969-85) and four short films.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—"The Legendary Film Scores of Bernard Herrmann." Dec. 5 at 2: "The Day the Earth Stood Still" (see below). . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 4: "All That Money Can Buy" ("The Devil and Daniel Webster"; 1941, William Dieterle), with Walter Huston, Edward Arnold, and Anne Shirley. . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 2: "Five Fingers" (†). . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 4: "Anna and the King of Siam" (†).

92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. (996-1100)—Dec. 2 at 7:45: "After Hours" (1985, Martin Scorsese), with Griffin Dunne and Rosanna Arquette. Mr. Scorsese will be present.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-0824)—Dec. 4 at 6:30: "Sanshiro Sugata" (1943, Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese). . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 8: "Sanshiro Sugata, Part II" (1945, Kurosawa; in Japanese). . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 1 and 3:15: "Akira Kurosawa's Dreams" (1990, Kurosawa; in Japanese).

MOVIES IN BRIEF

**SEE PRECEDING PAGES FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWEDIN "THE CURRENT CINEMA"
DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.**

Out of This World

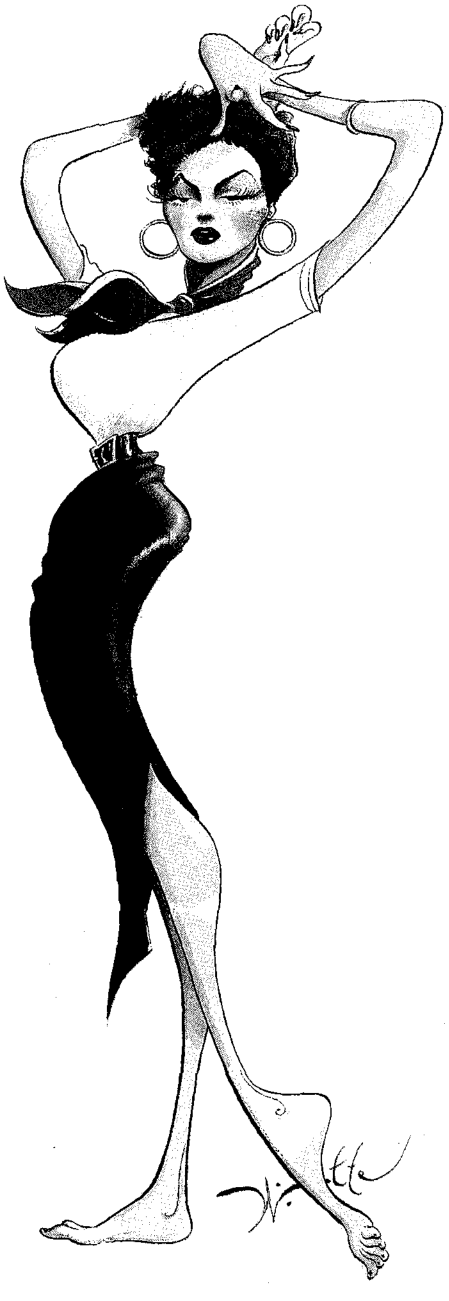
"The Day the Earth Stood Still" (playing December 5, at the American Museum of the Moving Image) shaped baby boomers' ideas of classy sci-fi. A theatrical hit in 1951, it reached big new audiences in the early sixties via NBC's prime-time movie showcase, "Saturday Night at the Movies." Edmund H. North's script tells what happens when an alien named Klaatu (Michael Rennie), accompanied by an eight-foot robot, Gort (Lock Martin), lands a flying saucer in Washington, D.C., and issues a warning: "Join us and live in peace. Or pursue your present course, and face obliteration." The director, Robert Wise, delivers the futuristic fantasy and Klaatu's benign yet stern message in a tense, realistic style, heightened by Bernard Herrmann's first sci-fi-thriller score. The combination of uplift and suspense must have influenced Steven Spielberg's friendly-alien spectacle, "Close Encounters of the Third Kind." (It also spawned the cheapjack 1954 British remake, "Stranger from Venus.")

The saucer's descent into Washington and the panicky confrontations that follow are shot and staged in brisk, momentous newsreel fashion. Rennie lends an otherwordly suaveness to Klaatu's quest for cosmic understanding, and the patch of light beneath Gort's visor is transfixing, like the single eye of a Cyclops. The human-interest subplot, entangling Rennie with a pert, throaty widow (Patricia Neal) and her open-minded son (Billy Gray), gives youthful believers in spacemen easy emotional access to the drama. In some boomer circles, Neal's command to Gort—"Klaatu baraada *nikto*"—is as beloved as "Here's looking at you, kid."

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow.)

Aladdin—What makes this animated feature such intense, giddy fun is the eruption of uninhibited parody that Robin Williams provides as the voice of the Genie in Aladdin's lamp. Williams turns the Genie into a quick-change artist and mimic: to express his darting thoughts, he does lightning impersonations of everyone from William F. Buckley, Jr., to Arsenio Hall. The animators' quick-draw craftsmanship keeps up with Williams' breakaway creativity—the Genie mutates into dozens of variations on himself. Williams' spieling and spritzing acquire a lickety-split clarity and gleefully explode the dimensions of the fable. The directors, John Musker and Ron Clements, who collaborated on the screenplay with Ted Elliott and Terry Rossio, streamline the traditional Aladdin story into a contest between the boy and a towering vizier-wizard named Jafar, Aladdin's rival for the hand of the Sultan's daughter, Princess Jasmine. The film is sturdy and contemporary enough to support a wisecracking rendition of the fairy tale, a sendup of the campy Arabian Nights of Hollywood, and a full-fledged homage to the great 1940 "Thief of Bagdad," which, like "Aladdin," featured a wicked vizier and a toy-loving Sultan. With the voices of Scott Weinger, Linda Larkin, Jonathan Freeman, and Gilbert Gottfried (who unexpectedly triumphs as Jafar's tough parrot, Iago); composer Alan Menken contributes six songs, with lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman.—M.S. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/30/92.) (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema I, 86th Street East Twin, Guild, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

Anna and the King of Siam (1946)—In this first movie version of Margaret Landon's account of the Englishwoman who went to Siam in 1862 to teach the multitudinous children of the barbaric king, Irene Dunne is Anna to Rex Harrison's king. Harrison wears a dusky makeup and a pair of short pants that wrap around his haunches, and he speaks in a quaint dialect—a sort of pidgin Piccadilly—but he's never less than magnetically ridiculous. You don't want to take your eyes off him—certainly not to watch Irene Dunne curtsying in her starched petticoats. It's pitifully unauthentic, and not a very good movie, either, but the story itself holds considerable interest. Linda Darnell is brashly American



Ava Gardner in "The Barefoot Contessa"

MICHAEL WITTE

but luscious as the king's favorite wife; with Lee J. Cobb, well-tanned, as the bare-chested Siamese prime minister, and Gale Sondergaard, Mikhail Rasumny, and John Abbott. Directed by John Cromwell, from the script by Talbot Jennings and Sally Benson; score by Bernard Herrmann.—P.K. (American Museum of the Moving Image; Dec. 6.)

The Barefoot Contessa (1954)—Writer-director Joseph L. Mankiewicz tries to tell all about Hollywood—where the men aren't men and the women are magnificent, frustrated animals. Flamenco dancer Ava Gardner is discovered in the slums of Madrid by a vicious millionaire producer (Warren Stevens), a gutless sycophantic press agent (Edmond O'Brien), and an alcoholic, broken-down director (Humphrey Bogart). She becomes a glamorous star but only feels at home with her feet in the dirt (symbolized by a guitar player, a chauffeur, and a gypsy dancer). The movie is so ornate and so garrulous about telling the dirty truth that it's a camp classic: a Cinderella story in which the prince turns out to be impotent. It's hard to believe Mankiewicz ever spent an hour in Hollywood; the alternative supposition is that he spent too many hours there. With Rossano Brazzi as the castrated Italian count, Marius Goring as a rich South American playboy, Valentina Cortese, Elizabeth Sellars, Franco Interlenghi, Bessie Love, Tonio Selwart, Enzo Staiola, and Riccardo Rioli.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; Dec. 4-5.)

Bob Roberts—Tim Robbins is the writer, director, and star of this mock documentary that style, the senatorial campaign of a young radical-right demagogue. Bob Roberts is a folksinger: instead of giving speeches, he picks up an acoustic guitar and invites his audiences to sing along with his reactionary "protest" anthems. He's Pat Buchanan in Woody Guthrie's clothing, and what's scary about the movie is that this grotesque coupling doesn't even feel like a stretch. Robbins tosses off nasty satiric riffs at a reckless, headlong pace, and the movie, even at its most chilling, is hilarious; its humor is both precise enough to deflate its targets and goofy enough to feel liberating. And his performance as smiling Bob, although it's conceived as a caricature, is never tiresome: it's too finely detailed, and too gleeful. This terrifically entertaining movie represents something very unlikely and very welcome: liberal humor with sharp teeth. Also with Gore Vidal, Alan Rickman, Giancarlo Esposito, Brian Murray, and Ray Wise.—T.R. (9/7/92) (Quad Cinema, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

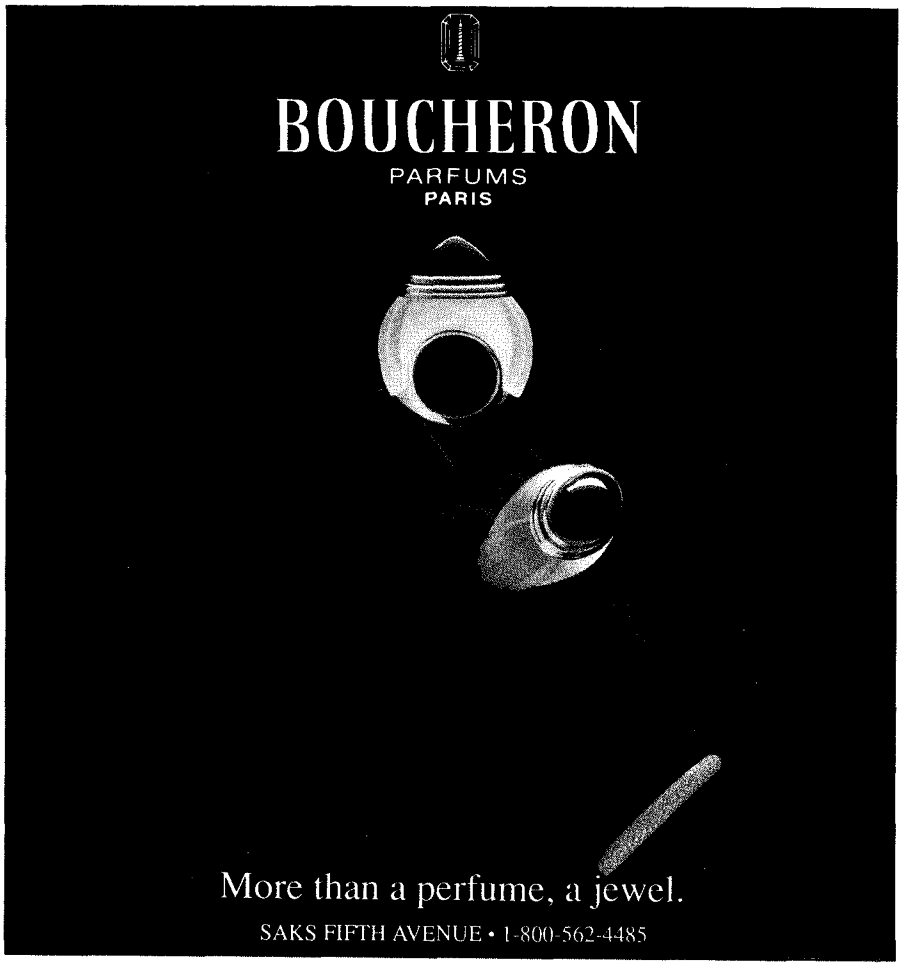
Bram Stoker's Dracula—The filmmakers can't put this fiasco off on poor Stoker. What makes the picture so peerlessly ridiculous is the style, not the story. The screenplay, by James V. Hart (co-author of "Hook"), embellishes a simple, classic tale with killer-diller thrills and special-effects opportunities; and the director, Francis Ford Coppola, executes every dreadful idea with ferocious, near-fanatical enthusiasm. The movie is an orgy of fake blood, opera-house décor, and delirious film-lab wizardry, and it sustains a hysterical tone for an ungodly two hours and ten minutes. It's conceived as a vampire saga in the modern, eroticized manner—horror to make women swoon like Victorian maidens—but it isn't very scary, and it isn't romantic. Gary Oldman, who plays Dracula, is perfectly opaque and remote in the seduction scenes: he has no sex appeal. (As the old Dracula, leering wrinkledly beneath a crullerlike coiffure, Oldman has his moments, though.) The picture just keeps coming at us indefatigably, unstoppably, as if it were pursuing us through eternity, and it leaves us feeling mysteriously drained. This is no ordinary movie: it has the appalling persistence of the undead. Also with Anthony Hopkins, Winona Ryder, Keanu Reeves, Sadie Frost, and Tom Waits.—T.R. (11/30/92) (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, Bay Cinema, Tower East, Orpheum VII, 62nd & Broadway, and Astor Plaza.)

A Brief History of Time—Errol Morris's inspirational documentary essay about the physicist Stephen Hawking is a cross between a puff piece and a gee-whiz science special. The movie is even more abstract than it has to be, and it's remarkably soft-edged. In the biographical sections, Morris sketches Hawking as a wayward boy wonder who focusses his talents only after he's stricken with Lou Gehrig's disease. As far as characterization goes, that's it. There's some curiosity but no depth in the director's depiction of eccentric British intellectuals; he treats his interviewees as if he were pinning them to specimen boards, except that he doesn't name or identify them. Morris presents Hawking's ironic contrasts between human mortality and the life span of the universe with such hushed awe that he robs them of their delectability. (The familiar ripple of Philip Glass's music doesn't help.) By the end, the film disappears into its own cranium.—M.S. (9/7/92) (Village East Cinemas.)

The Crying Game—This amazing new movie by the Irish writer and director Neil Jordan ("Mona Lisa," "The Miracle") has the sure grip and the unstoppable momentum of a dream. Jordan tells the story of Fergus (Stephen Rea), a troubled I.R.A. gunman who undergoes a thorough emotional metamorphosis, and he makes the hero's change of heart moving and persuasive; the film inspires an irrational sort of trust, a willing suspension of something deeper and more fundamental than disbelief. The script is full of reversals and abrupt dislocations and, halfway through, the movie springs a huge, jaw-dropping surprise. Disorienting us isn't the ultimate aim of Jordan's artistic strategy, though; he jars us out of our accustomed responses to prepare us for the purer, more penetrating ones he really wants from us. The picture is a contemporary romantic thriller whose values are, in the best sense, medieval. Every startling twist in the plot functions as a trial for the hero; and in the end Fergus, having come through the fires of battle and through enchantments that alter the appearance of the familiar world, achieves a knightly grace. But you're not likely to think of the film's mythic overtones while you're watching it. The story is so unusual and so involving, and Jordan's direction is so envelopingly sensuous, that you allow the movie simply to carry you along. It's a splendid entertainment—an elating, charmed sprint through all sorts of contemporary terrors. Also with Forest Whitaker, Miranda Richardson, Jim Broadbent, Adrian Dunbar, and a newcomer named Jaye Davidson, who is astonishing.—T.R. (11/16/92) (Angelika Film Center, and Columbua Circle.)

The Distinguished Gentleman—With Eddie Murphy, directed by Jonathan Lynn. (See illustration on page 36.) (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, Sutton, 86th Street East, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, Embassy 1, and Embassy; starting Dec. 4.)

Enchanted April—Adapted by Peter Barnes from Elizabeth von Arnim's 1922 novel, this period romance has a healthy sprinkling of bewitchments. The lead characters are two proper middle-class English ladies, played by Josie Lawrence and Miranda Richardson, who, partly to get away from their husbands, pool their resources to rent an Italian villa named San Salvatore for a month. They ultimately share expenses with an austere, cultured widow (Joan Plowright) and a gorgeous, bored aristocrat (Polly Walker). Italy awakens the women's sensuality and imagination, and gives them perspective; Lawrence and Richardson end up jolting their deadhead husbands (played by Alfred Molina and Jim Broadbent) back to life. The director, Mike Newell, handles the performers deftly and sympathetically, from the wonderfully ebullient Lawrence and the ravishing Walker to the robustly comical Plowright; Michael Kitchen contributes a tour de force of eccentric charm as the villa's owner. If the film, with its brittle, satiric London scenes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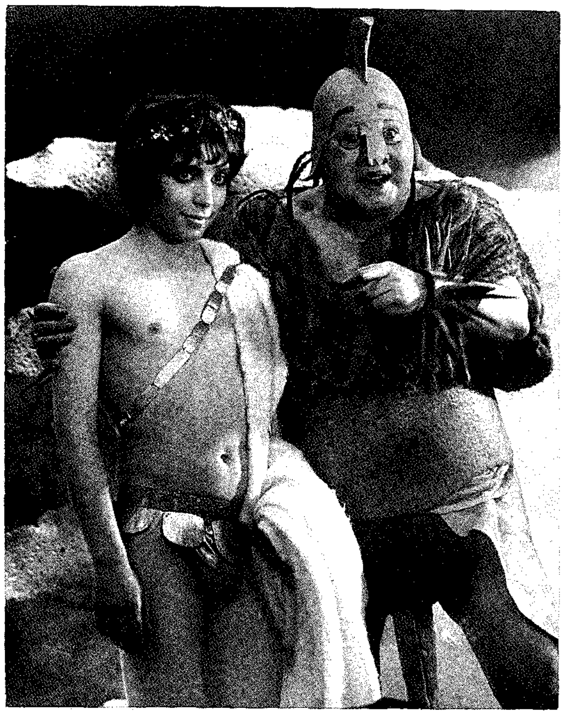
IN BRIEF–Cont'd

and its expansive Italian ones, breaks too distinctly into pieces, the magic of the sunnier locations seals the cracks.—M.S. (8/10/92) (Angelika Film Center, and Cinema 3rd Avenue.)

Fellini Satyricon (1970)—Fellini's big pagan ball, with the debauchery of the pre-Christian Roman world at the time of Nero as an analogue of the modern post-Christian period. In "La Dolce Vita," he used the orgies of modern Rome as a parallel to ancient Rome, and now he reverses the analogy to make the same point—that man without a belief in God is a lecherous beast. The film is full of cautionary images of depravity that seem to come out of the imagination of a Catholic schoolboy: an unconscionable number of performers stick out their evil tongues at us, and there are leering cripples, fat freaks with hideous grins, and so on. Fellini draws upon his master-entertainer's feeling for the daydreams of the audience, and many people find this film eerie, spellbinding, and even profound. Essentially, though, it's just a hip version of De Mille's "The Sign of the Cross" (also a photogenic demonstration of the highly dubious proposition that godlessness is lawlessness), and it's less entertaining than De Mille's kitsch—maybe because no one is given a role to play; Fellini is the only star. He uses Petronius and other classic sources as the basis for a movie that is one long orgy of eating, drinking, cruelty, and copulation. We seem to be at a stoned circus, where the performers go on and on whether we care or not, and, for a work that is visual if it is anything, the film leaves disappointingly few visual impressions. The fresco effect becomes monotonous; we anticipate the end a dozen times. There's a charming episode with a beautiful slave girl (Hylette Adolphe) in a deserted house, and some of Danilo Donati's set designs (a ship like a sea serpent, a building with many floors and no front wall) have a hypnotic quality. With Max Born as Gitone, Martin Potter as Encolpius, and Hiram Keller as Ascyltus; Mario Romagnoli as Trimalchio, Magali Noel, Alain Cuny, Capucine, Lucia Bose. Written by Fellini and Bernardino Zapponi. In Italian.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 4-5.)



Fanfulla and Max Born in "Fellini Satyricon"

PHOTOFEST

Five Fingers (1952)—The spy Cicero (James Mason), a valet at the British Embassy in Ankara, sells the Germans the plans for the Normandy invasion, but the Germans think the documents are false. This suspense thriller, directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, sticks closely to the facts of one of the great ironic spy stories of the Second World War, yet it isn't very exciting. Something seems missing—maybe from the character of Cicero himself; we don't have much involvement with him, or with anybody else. With Danielle Darrieux, Michael Rennie, Walter Hampden, Oscar Karlweis, Herbert Berghof, and Michael Pate. The script is by Michael Wilson, based on the book "Operation Cicero," by L. C. Moyzick; cinematography by Norbert Brodine.—P.K. (American Museum of the Moving Image; Dec. 6.)

Guys and Dolls (1955)—Samuel Goldwyn's big, beribboned version of the Broadway musical which Jo Swerling and Abe Burrows took from Damon Runyon's stories about lovable lowlifes, with a score by Frank Loesser. The director-scenarist Joseph L. Mankiewicz seems to have fallen in love with Damon Runyon's cute, stilted locutions; the camera stands still while the actors mince through lines like "This is no way for a gentleman to act and could lead to irritation on the part of Harry the Horse." Frank Sinatra is the crap-game proprietor who bets Marlon Brando that he can't lure straitlaced Jean Simmons, a mission worker, into going to Havana with him. Sinatra sings pleasantly, and Brando and Simmons are ingratiatingly uneasy when they burst into song and dance, but the movie is extended and rather tedious. The Broadway version is legendary; the movie provides no clue as to why. With Vivian Blaine, Stubby Kaye, Sheldon Leonard, and the Goldwyn Girls. Michael Kidd did the choreography, Oliver Smith the self-conscious sets.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; Dec. 6.)

Home Alone 2: Lost in New York—The director, Chris Columbus, and the producer-writer, John Hughes, use the first "Home Alone" as a template. Leaning hard on the sensitive-brat charm of the eleven-year-old Macaulay Culkin, they duplicate and exaggerate every laugh-getting, tearjerking separation and reunion, every crowd-pleasing gibe and gambit. This time, young Kevin McCallister mistakenly boards a plane to Gotham while his folks fly off to Miami for their Christmas vacation. The filmmakers pump up the volume on the schmalz and sadism, hoping to attain a hyperbolic balance. What they achieve is double overkill. Culkin is directed as if he were an animatronic doll. He screams, he pouts, he proclaims "Yes!" Either you're captivated or you want to muzzle him. The new characters include Brenda Fricker as a homeless woman who devotes herself to pigeons, and Tim Curry, Dana Ivey, and Rob Schneider as nincompoop hotel workers. The repeat performers include Catherine O'Hara and John Heard (as Kevin's parents), and Joe Pesci and Daniel Stern (as Kevin's slapstick nemeses).—M.S. (11/30/92) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, First & 62nd Cinemas, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, Regency, and National Twin.)

The Lover—Jean-Jacques Annaud's version of Marguerite Duras's autobiographical novel, about her sexual coming of age in 1929 Saigon, is a singularly empty moviegoing experience. Annaud simply illustrates the love story of the Young Girl (Jane March) and the Chinese Man (Tony Leung), and uses Duras's narration (spoken by Jeanne Moreau) whenever he's absolutely pressed to articulate what's happening. The director's point of attack isn't acute enough to clarify the tensions in the Girl's family and the chaos of colonial Indochina; as the Man proclaims his love and the Girl tries out her budding wiles on him, the film becomes a game of "She loves me, she loves me not." Although the stars expose their bodies with aplomb, Annaud stages their grappling so self-consciously, with so few undercurrents to carry you along, that you tire of their flesh. Screenplay by Annaud and Gerard Brach.—M.S. (11/16/92) (Fine Arts.)

MALCOLM X—There's a great deal of passion in Spike Lee's three-hour-and-twenty-minute adaptation of "The Autobiography of Malcolm X," but it's not an artist's passion; the responses Lee aims for are the clear, pedagogically effective ones rather than the disturbing, irresolvable ones that Malcom's own account evokes on almost every page. Malcolm, who achieved fame in the early sixties as a compelling spokesman for the black-pride philosophy of the Nation of Islam, is an unlikely hero for a big-studio prestige picture: he begins as a predatory street criminal, becomes a studious Muslim ascetic, and fulfills himself as a scourge. The movie is disappointingly impersonal; it doesn't provide readers of the autobiography anything like a fresh vision of its remarkable subject. Lee assumes Malcolm's greatness and then simply illustrates it. His approach isn't radical enough to give shape and coherence to Malcolm's internal conflicts; and the ponderous rhythms of the great-man bio-pic only emphasize the impossibility of rendering this story with conventional movie-narrative means. Denzel Washington's performance as Malcolm gets off to a rocky start—for the first hour, he's required to play the hero as a teen-ager—but it gains authority as the movie goes along. This film's Malcolm isn't so much a character as an image: a statue for us to look up at in wonder. Also with Angela Bassett, Delroy Lindo, Albert Hall, Spike Lee, and Al Freeman, Jr. (a wonderfully sly turn as the hero's mentor, Elijah Muhammad). The script, credited to Lee and Arnold Perl, incorporates (haphazardly) scenes and ideas from a scenario written more than twenty years ago by James Baldwin. The original score, by the jazz trumpeter Terence Blanchard, is brilliant.—T.R. (11/30/92) (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, Orpheum VII, 23rd St. West Triplex, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

MANHATTAN MELODRAMA (1934)—The film made famous when Public Enemy No. 1, John Dillinger, went to see Clark Gable in it (as Blackie, a gangster who strode to the electric chair with a smile on his face) and was shot down as he emerged. It's a deluxe melodrama. Gable and William Powell play boyhood friends from the slums who grow up on what Hollywood writers used to call "opposite sides of the law." In the climax, Powell, the District Attorney, must prosecute his old friend, who gallantly dies rather than allow Powell to jeopardize his career. Despite the heavy moralizing tone, the picture holds one's interest; Powell manages to get his conflicting emotions across, and he has an unusual rapport with Myrna Loy, the woman both men love. (Powell and Loy were then teamed and made "The Thin Man" later that year.) Produced by David O. Selznick and directed by W. S. Van Dyke, it was originally released by M-G-M as one of their Cosmopolitan Productions (which meant a William Randolph Hearst production), but after the Dillinger shooting, Hearst, who was sensitive to any hint of scandal or notoriety, had the Cosmopolitan credit deleted. The cast includes Leo Carrillo, Isabel Jewell, and the one-man goon squad Nat Pendleton, Leonid Kinskey playing a Trotskyite, and Mickey Rooney playing Clark Gable as a twelve-year-old. The screenplay involved at least four writers (Oliver H. P. Garrett, Rowland Brown, Joseph L. Mankiewicz, Pete Smith), working from Arthur Caesar's Academy Award-winning screen story. Cinematography by James Wong Howe; Shirley Ross

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appears in a set that is meant to represent the Cotton Club, singing "The Bad in Every Man"—a song by Rodgers and Hart that later got new lyrics and became "Blue Moon."—P.K. (Film Forum 2; starting Dec. 9.)

My New Gun—The heroine of Stacy Cochran's movie is a young New Jersey housewife named Debbie Bender (Diane Lane), whose husband buys her a revolver she doesn't want. This husband, Gerald (Stephen Collins), is a smug radiologist who dominates his wife completely: when he announces that the Bender household—a condo overlooking a golf course—needs a firearm, that's it. The gun itself is a little more than a pretext and a lot less than a symbol: it serves mostly to get her involved in the mysterious life of her across-the-street neighbor, Skippy (James LeGros), a scruffy, shifty-eyed young man who has a big crush on her. LeGros is wonderfully sly and seductive, and Diane Lane's delicately funny performance conveys the movie's exploratory sensibility with thrilling clarity: she makes us feel the risky joy of venturing beyond your own narrow plot and becoming a part of someone else's story. Cochran—a recent film-school graduate—gives the dull suburban setting a surprising richness and beauty. Her condoland isn't a satirist's world, or a cartoonist's, or a fairy-tale teller's; it's more like a novelist's. Yet the sort of liberation that this picture proposes, and embodies, is the product of a true film-maker's vision. Also with Tess Harper, Maddie Corman, Bruce Altman, and Bill Raymond. Ed Lachman's cinematography is terrific.—T.R. (11/2/92) (Angelika Film Center.)

The Quiet American (1958)—It was a commercial failure, and it's also an artistic failure, but the theme and the principal characters are of such immediacy and interest that it's far more absorbing than many successful movies with a more conventional subject matter. Graham Greene's 1956 novel was based on his experiences as a correspondent in Indo-China, and Joseph L. Mankiewicz, who adapted the book and directed the movie, shot most of it in Saigon. It is a study of the American (Audie Murphy) as do-gooder, and of the harm that innocent and crusading idealism can do, and it is a study of the Englishman (Michael Redgrave) as cynical, convictionless neutralist. There are so many fine things in the film (especially Redgrave's portrait of a man whose cold exterior is just a thin skin over his passionate desperation) that perhaps one can put to the side the offending compromises by which Mankiewicz turned Greene's novel upside down and made the American heroic. With Claude Dauphin, Georgia Moll, Kerima, Richard Loo, and Bruce Cabot. The cinematography is by Robert Krasker (who also shot "The Third Man") and the film has a great deal more visual richness and style than most Mankiewicz films. This one moves with an almost documentary freedom.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; Dec. 7-8.)

Reservoir Dogs—Most of the action in Quentin Tarantino's pulp crime movie takes place in a cavernous warehouse, to which the surviving participants of a botched jewelry heist have repaired to lick their wounds. The crooks amuse themselves by accusing each other of treachery (*someone* tipped off the police), waving their guns, screaming obscenities, and torturing a cop whom one of them has captured. This is, explicitly, a man's world. Tarantino emphasizes the characters' absurdity; they're all presented as demented children, little boys with big guns. He wants us to feel as if we had crash-landed in an alternate universe: the Planet of the Goons. The movie runs on film-school cleverness—a homemade pharmaceutical cocktail of pop music, visual jolts, and allusions to Scorsese and Peckinpah. As supercool young directors go, Tarantino (whose first film this is) is fairly engaging: his nihilism is antic and oddly cheery. But the picture is less than the sum of its outrageous gags and inventive bits of business. This is a reasonably lively picture about nothing, and that's apparently just what it was meant to be. With Harvey Keitel, Tim Roth, Steve Buscemi, Michael Madsen, Lawrence Tierney, and Chris Penn.—T.R. (10/19/92) (Village Theatre VII, Plaza, and Chelsea Cinemas.)

A River Runs Through It—Robert Redford's movie of Norman Maclean's lyrical novella about fly-fishing and family loyalty in Montana is serene, lulling, tranquil—no, it's dead dull. Maclean's story traces the history of its narrator's relationship with his self-destructive kid brother, Paul, through detailed descriptions of their fishing trips; the narrative is driven by the tension between what it's telling us and what it's leaving out. Disastrously, Redford and screenwriter Richard Friedenberg open up the story. They show us too much of what's happening offstage—that is, away from the river—and thus allow the real source of the story's emotions to dissipate. With a delicately balanced narrative like this one, more is inevitably less. The movie is ravishingly shot (by Philippe Rousselot), but it's lifeless, because it lacks the vital spirit of Maclean's writing: the precision and grace that he seems to have learned, in part, from fly-fishing. Redford and Friedenberg try to catch the story's elusive meanings by lobbing grenades into the river and blowing everything in it out into the light of day. With Craig Sheffer as the narrator, Norman, and Brad Pitt (who looks like a young Redford and gives a lightweight performance) as Paul. The supporting cast includes Emily Lloyd, Tom Skerritt, Stephen Shellen, Nicole Burdette, Brenda Blethyn, and Susan Traylor.—T.R. (10/19/92) (Village Theatre VII, New York Twin, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

Under Siege—Steven Seagal clips off his trademark ponytail to play a dangerous Navy cook—a former SEAL—in this slapdash seafaring adventure, directed by Andrew Davis and written by J. F. Lawton ("Pretty Woman"). Although the movie strives for the humor and sophistication lacking in previous Seagal vehicles, the main difference between this and Seagal's earlier hits is that he spends much of the running time offscreen. Tommy Lee Jones, as the renegade C.I.A. operative who commandeers Seagal's ship (the U.S.S. Missouri), comes up with a comic surprise or two. Too bad the plotting and the staging are so limply cartoonish that Jones and Seagal don't even engage in a satisfying bout of duelling eyebrows. With Gary Busey.—M.S. (11/16/92) (Eastside Cinema, Chelsea Cinemas, Olympia, and Criterion Center.)

Waterland—Tom Crick (Jeremy Irons), the protagonist and narrator of Stephen Gyllenhaal's film, is a middle-aged history teacher immobilized by his own past—by the dire events of his wartime adolescence in the fen country of East Anglia. The 1983 novel, by Graham Swift, from which the picture has been adapted is a determinedly inward-looking work: unpromising material for a film. And this hero—a hopeless, defeated, rumpled-corduroy man, marking time as he slides inexorably toward decrepitude and merciful oblivion—isn't the sort that movie audiences tend to clasp to their bosoms. Yet the picture is, in its gray way, absorbing and often moving. The screenwriter, Peter Prince, has streamlined the novel's twisty narrative very intelligently. (He retains the book's juiciest, most lurid episodes.) Gyllenhaal's direction is occasionally too studied, but it has some drive. And the actors are awfully good. Grant Warnock and Lena Headey, the young performers who play Tom and his wife-to-be in flashback sequences, bring a convincing and touching adolescent gravity to their roles. Irons imparts a whiff of something like madness to his character's middle-aged desperation, and thus saves it from seeming just another incarnation of the dull, low-horizon resignation familiar to audiences of English films and fiction about educated losers. His performance lifts the movie to the top of the rueful-retrospection class.—T.R. (11/2/92) (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

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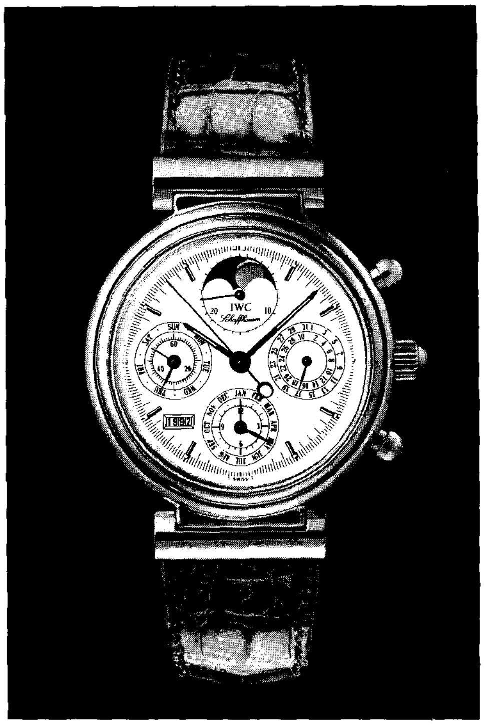

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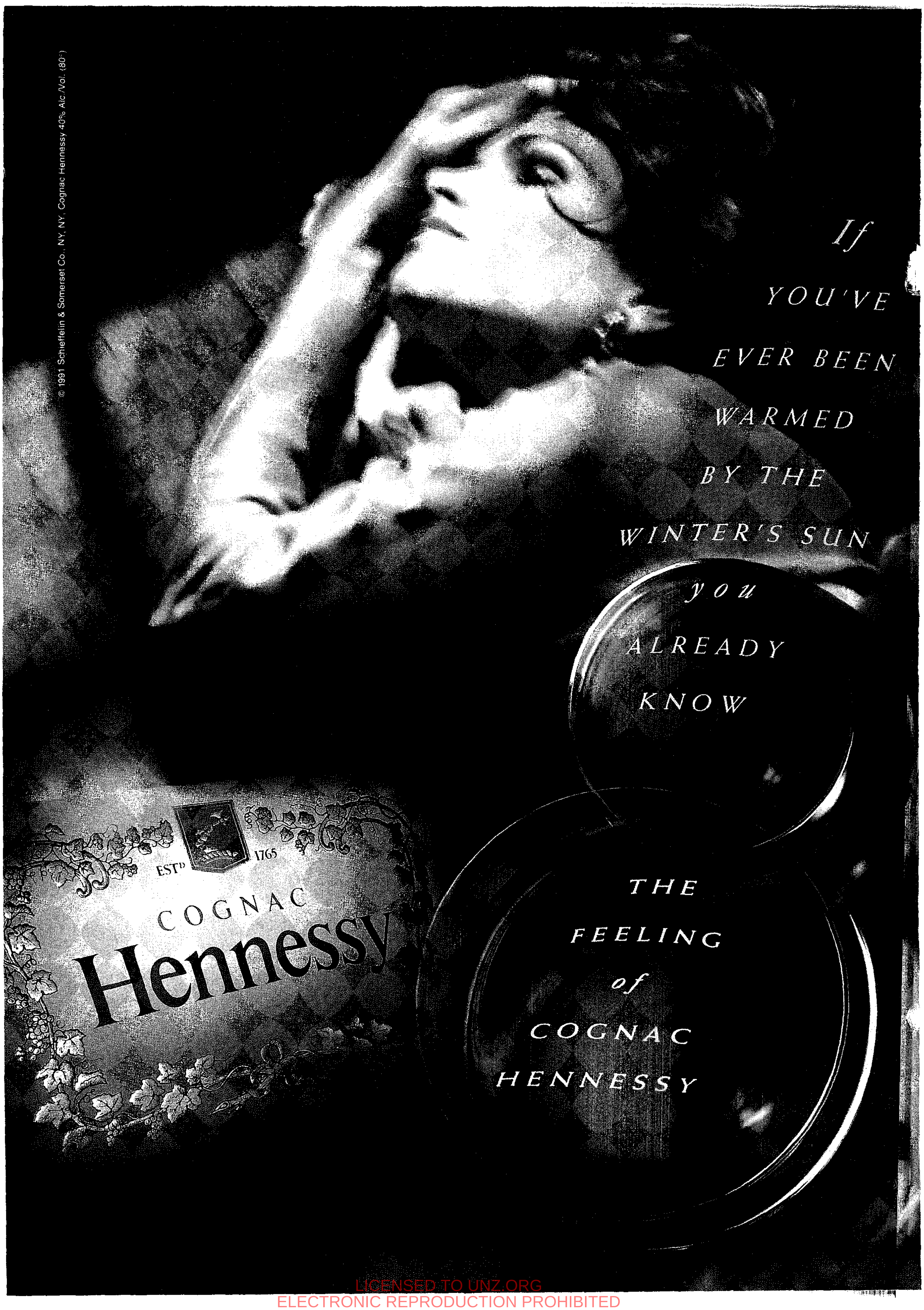
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

REALLY SOMETHING

If the end of George Bush's Presidency marks a generational shift in American politics—the last time the office will be held by someone who fought in the Second World War—his mother's death could be said to mark the passing of an American era, all the more poignantly for her having died so close to the precise moment when the baton was passed. Dorothy Walker Bush died at her home in Greenwich, Connecticut, just after five o'clock on the afternoon of Thursday, November 19th. She was ninety-one years old. Since Mr. Bush had lost the election little more than two weeks earlier, it was not surprising that he should say, when he spoke to us by telephone from Camp David the day before the funeral, "Well, it's been a kind of emotional time for all of us."

Much has been said and written about the way young George Bush strove to live up to his father, the late Senator Prescott Bush. Yet, by all accounts, Dorothy Bush was a much more dominant force in his life. Barbara Bush once told an interviewer that her mother-in-law had "ten times" the influence on her son that his father had.

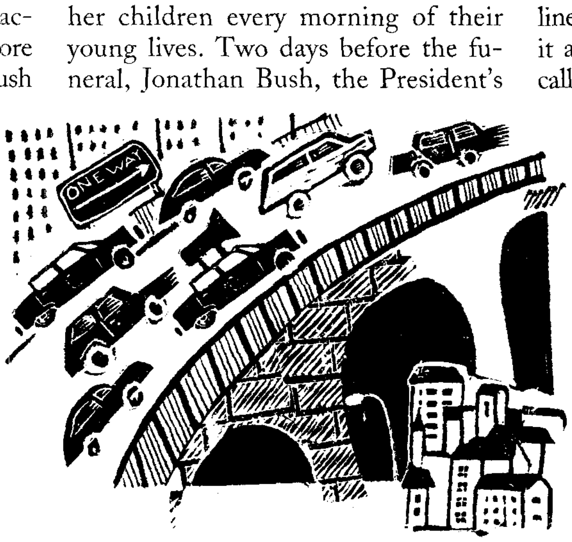
Dorothy Bush was the daughter of Loulie Wear Walker and of George Herbert Walker, a well-to-do Midwestern investment banker named for the seventeenth-century metaphysical poet and Anglican priest George Herbert. She grew up in St. Louis and attended finishing school at the Farmington School Academy, in Connecticut. At Kennebunkport, Maine, in 1921, she married Prescott Bush, a handsome young Yale man, who went on to become a partner in Wall Street's extension of Skull and Bones—Brown Brothers, Harriman & Company—and, in 1952, United States Senator from Connecticut. She reared three sons and a daughter, was active in civic and volunteer work, excelled at sports and games, and divided her time—as they say of those who have more than one house—between Greenwich, Kennebunkport, and Jupiter Island, in Florida. She was a matriarchal American aristocrat.

The impulse toward what her President son once referred to as "noblesse noblige" came, perhaps, from her faith. Her father was an Episcopalian, her mother a Presbyterian. She herself was an Episcopalian—indeed, so much of one that the designation "Anglican" seems almost more appropriate. Dorothy Bush was a deeply religious woman, and she read from the Bible to her children every morning of their young lives. Two days before the funeral, Jonathan Bush, the President's younger brother, recalled, "She went through life with Dad and Christ. Those were her two great companions, and she believed that all things were possible with prayer."

On the phone, the President said, "She led a life of faith. She was totally convinced—not just in her further-along, advanced years—of the life hereafter, and of God's love: all those principles that for us her life really epitomized. She was something. She was really something. She became after Dad's death the leader of our family. All the cousins and aunts, you know, I'm sure loved their mothers, but would cite Mother as the perfect example of the giving, caring person."

The President has often told a story about one morning at Christ Church in Greenwich, where the Bush family attended services ("*every* Sunday," her daughter, Nancy Ellis, groans, "*never* missing a Sunday"). The minister, descanting on Song of Solomon 2:5, got carried away and kept shouting out the line "Comfort me with apples." "He said it about three times," the President recalls. " 'Comfort me with apples! Comfort me!' Pressie"—the eldest brother, Prescott Bush, Jr.—"and I burst out laughing. Mum was giggling, and the old man threw us out. He pointed—*out*. We couldn't contain ourselves. There were a lot of incidents like that with her." "The pew shook," Nancy Ellis says. "She got the giggles. She was a person who got the giggles. She was fun."

Mrs. Ellis also says, "An *enormous* athlete, Mother. A beautiful shot and a good horsewoman and



GRAHAM EVANS

a fabulous swimmer—and tennis, and golf, and paddle tennis. And a fantastic game player. Bridge, Scrabble, anagrams, backgammon, Peggoty, gin rummy, Sir Hinkam Funny-Duster—marvellous card game, Mother was a champ at it. Russian bank, tiddledywinks. No wonder George runs from horseshoes to the golf course."

For such a competitive woman, Mrs. Bush was remarkably—indeed, legendarily—adamant that her chldren not boast of their prowess on the playing fields. Vic Gold, the co-writer of the President's 1987 campaign biography, "Looking Forward," has come up with a scene that his editor cut from the book: "He"—the President—"was eleven years old, and just coming off the tennis court, and he said, 'My game was off.' And his mother said, 'Young man, you don't have a game.' And he told me, 'Right then and there is where I learned the idea of humility.' She had this basic code of American sportsmanship." Mrs. Ellis echoes the thought: "She hated that expression 'my game.' "

The President recalled in conversation with a friend, "She was always right in there. 'I got three goals in soccer!' 'But how did the *team* do?' She was . . ."

"Tough?"

"Oh, yeah, and a great competitor. In all the athletic events and stuff, she was unbelievable. But there was always this message: good sportsmanship, caring, don't ever humiliate the other guy. She just lived all of that."

Mrs. Bush's other pet peeve was self-obsession, or anything even faintly resembling it. During her son's first run for the Presidency, in 1979, she called him after hearing him on television and said, "George, you're talking about yourself too much." Alixe Glen, a longtime family friend and aide to the President, thinks that the mother's lessons may ultimately have cost her son the Presidency. "Mrs. Bush hammering that into him—'I don't care how many home runs you made, it's how the team did'—for *so* many years, even as an adult, is what made him unable to brag about himself as President, which many people, myself very much included, feel was part of his demise."

Despite her intervention in 1979, Mrs. Bush made few calls to the White House. "But," the President said, "she did have the marvellous one when she called me early on when I was Vice-President. She said, 'George, I just noticed how wonderful it is that Ronald Reagan *waits* for Nancy coming off the helicopter and holds her by the arm and is *unfailingly* polite.' I said, 'Mom, is there a message in this here? Are you trying to—' She said, 'No, I just mean that he ne*ver* walks ahead of her and he *never* is anything other than totally considerate.' And so"—he laughed—"I got the message loud and clear."

He also recalled another matter she once phoned him about. While watching Ronald Reagan give his State of the Union address, she noticed that her son, sitting behind the President, seemed not to be paying attention. "I've seen it in print, but it's true," the President said, wryly. "She told me I shouldn't be looking at the papers, you know, sitting, Tip O'Neill and I. That was really funny. I said, 'Mom, I'm just following the text.' 'I know, but you just listen to what he's saying and then you won't need to follow it.' She was great."

Dorothy Bush's health began to fail at about the time her son became President. The photographs of her at the swearing-in, on the West Front of the Capitol, show a frail but sprightly woman—deep in prayer, it appears—holding the hand of Marilyn Quayle as the oath of office is administered to her son. Afterward, she watched the Inaugural parade as she sat in her wheelchair, pushed up to a window in the Queen's Bedroom, looking down on Pennsylvania Avenue. Mrs. Ellis recalls, "Things got confusing for her in the last years. The last time she went to the White House, I said to her afterward, 'Oh, Mother, wasn't it lovely, the Queen's Bedroom?' And she couldn't remember that she'd been there."

The family is not sure whether she understood that her son had lost the '92 election. "I don't know," the President told us. "I talked to her after, but I couldn't really tell. I think she probably did. My brothers, they think she did, but I would call her, and 'Oh, how sweet of you to call, this is the *nicest* thing in my life, *oh*, I'm so pleased,' you know, and I'm sure she did the same thing to the next cousin who checked in." He laughed. "But she was awful close to us, to Barbara and to me. She made all of us feel that way."

Two weeks after the election, Mrs. Bush had a stroke, at her home in Greenwich. The morning of the day she died, Mrs. Ellis called the President, and he left Washington for Greenwich at 8:35 A.M. on a small Air Force C-20, accompanied by his daughter Dorothy Koch (Doro), who was named for her grandmother. The three of them were "the Bawl Brigade," Mrs. Ellis says. "We'd sit there holding her hand, then we'd get all weepy and leave the room. She was so adorable, and she was so frail at the end, like a little bird in your hand."

"Doro had joined the Brigade in Houston," on Election Night, the President said. "Then her brothers also became members, all of them. So on this little trip to Greenwich, I have to admit, I could well have been elected president of the Bawl Brigade. 'Cause we were awful close. She was struggling. Boy, she was struggling. I couldn't tell how much she knew that it was me and Doro there. I like to feel she knew we were there, and who we were, but Nancy has that very generous interpretation on it"—that Mrs. Bush was holding on until he arrived to say goodbye—"but I couldn't tell that, to be candid. She just opened her eyes and looked over at us, and Press said, 'It's George, Mom, it's George and Doro,' and she kind of looked over and there was some glimmer of recognition, but not her typically warm smile. She'd had a stroke, you see."

The President and his daughter stayed with her for about an hour and then flew back to Washington. Dorothy Walker Bush died at 5:05 P.M. Mrs. Ellis called the President, and got his secretary, who told her he was in another part of the White House, accepting ambassadorial credentials. "He called back about suppertime," Mrs. Ellis says.

Was he devastated?

"I'm sure he was. It's always that fresh sense of loss you have with death, even though you're expecting it and the person is ninety-one. But I talked to him that night, and, you know, he's strong. He said, *'Oh, gee whizz.'* "

On the morning before the funeral,

the President said that he had no plans to give a eulogy the next day: "God, no, I couldn't do it. I would choke up. I would be permanently ensconced as a member of the Bawl Patrol. I can't. I'm *terrible* at those things. I've had trouble paying my respects to the fallen soldiers on the Iowa, or the dead out of Desert Storm, without getting emotional. I'd love to, but I know my limitations. I even got choked up here at Camp David last night. We had our choir singing. We had a little vespers program with Amy Grant. It was so beautiful, and I found myself choking up. We had a bunch of friends up here, and 'Oh God,' I said, 'please hold back the floods.' "

BURNING QUESTION

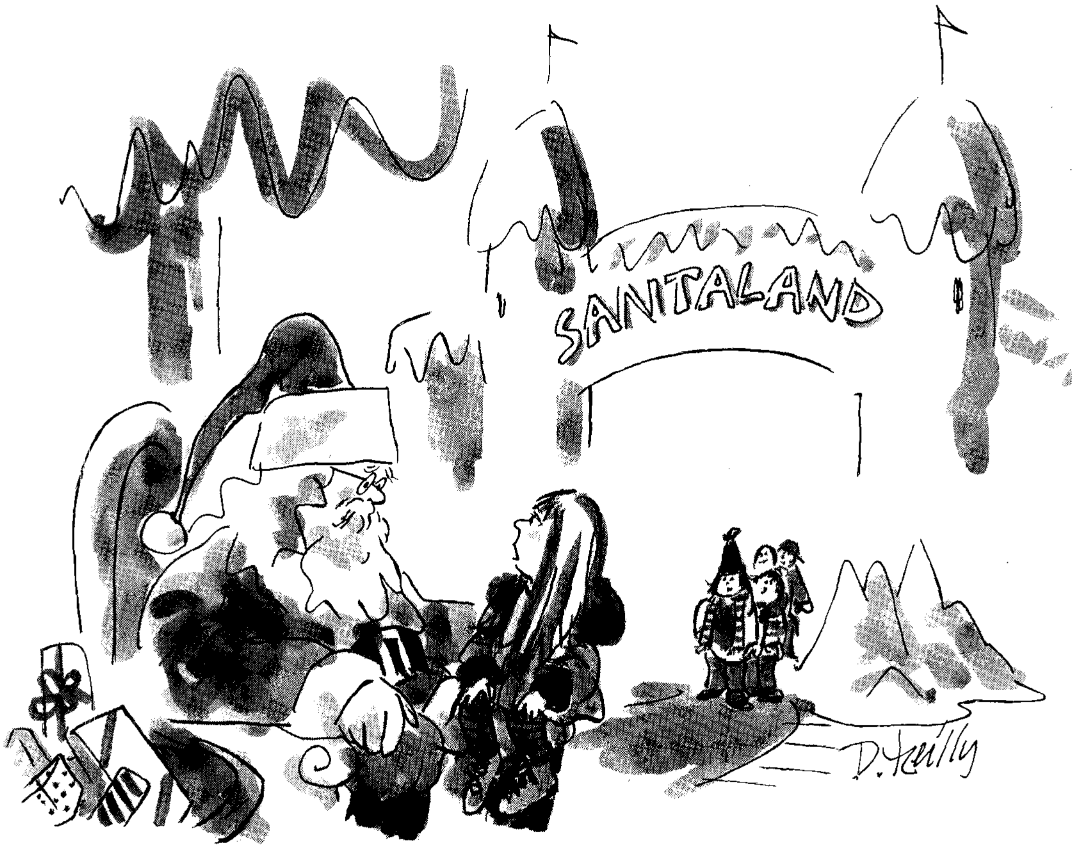
In the middle of the evening of Friday, November 20th, several hours after the fire had started and while smoke was still pouring out, a uniformed fireman walked into the Upper Yard—the principal courtyard—of Windsor Castle, carrying a cup of coffee and a camera. He strode with some excitement toward the smoke and flames, stepping over cables and firemen's hoses. Was he some sort of archivist—the fire service's photographer, perhaps? No, he said. The camera was his own, and this was his hobby—he was adding to his collection of photographs of fires.

The Queen's castle was burning, and everyone was taking pictures. Inside the courtyard was the world's press. Outside, marching up the hill from the railroad station, were amateur photographers carrying tripods. It was, as one of them said, "a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity." Everyone was filming, and no one was weeping. Long before the fire was extinguished, it became clear that the people of Windsor—perhaps of Britain—had decided what was important. In their minds, the issue was not a lost heritage or ruined paintings of men on horses; it was who would pay for the repairs. "I don't live in there," said a man in Ye Harte and Garter pub, just outside the main gate of the burning castle, where people were singing along lustily to a Karaoke version of "Yellow Submarine." "So I'm not paying for it, am I? It's the Queen's house."

Although the fire was called "a nightmare" by Prince Charles, "a national disaster" by Peter Brooke, the Heritage Secretary, and "a national tragedy" by Jeffrey Archer, the recently ennobled novelist and prime-ministerial confidant, the nation appeared indifferent. This was partly because, in the end, the losses were unimpressive: no one died, no corgis were scorched, no really spectacular painting was lost. But it was also because of the British economy: this tragedy was hit by recession. In 1986, another of the five royal palaces, Hampton Court, was severely damaged by fire, and nobody complained when the Government provided twelve million pounds for its restoration. Now people are poorer, though, and are acutely aware that the Queen is rich and doesn't pay income tax. As estimates of repairs reached sixty million pounds, Britain's biggest-selling tabloid, the *News of the World*, invited its readers to participate in a telephone vote: call one number if you think "we should pay"; call another number if you think "she should pay." There were sixteen thousand callers, and fifteen thousand thought she should pay.

While money was the main issue, at least one brave effort was made to find a deeper meaning in the fire. In a rare front-page editorial, the deeply conservative *Sunday Telegraph* argued that "damage to the fabric"—of the castle—"serves as a metaphor for damage to the royal family and for the threat to the constitution." The fire, the newspaper suggested, served to remind the British people of what they were in danger of losing by other means. This was an interesting idea. It carried the possible implication that, piqued by the people's prurience over its matrimonial scandals, the royal family had set fire to itself as a kind of warning: one step closer, it was saying, and we will spontaneously combust.

The fire left the royal family looking



"I really don't have any special requests. I just wanted to write about the experience."

even more vulnerable: weaker, less certain to survive its troubles. It was as if the family were being punished for having a house that had caught fire. In the midst of the great spectacle that Friday night, a group of teen-age boys was shouting affably "Burn, Windsor, burn!" and the fireman with the camera was making his way through the brilliant artificial lights and into the smoke, smiling.

RULES OF THE GAME

When "The Crying Game" was shown at the New York Film Festival in September, a three-sentence appeal was handed out to journalists and critics as they left the movie. It read, in part, "The producers and director of 'The Crying Game' would like to formally request that you do not reveal all of the plot details and twists contained within the film." The plot of the movie, which is about a particularly knotty love affair between a displaced I.R.A. terrorist and an enigmatic London hairdresser, does indeed hinge on one startling revelation, which occurs about halfway through. After the September showing, "The Crying Game" was widely (and, for the most part, enthusiastically) reviewed, and most critics were models of discretion and obliquity.

All the same, when the movie was screened for the starrier elements of the New York film community last Sunday—two shows framed a buffet dinner in a private room above the Tribeca Grill—its producer, Stephen Woolley, delivered prefatory remarks in which he urged those in attendance not to "tell your friends" what it was really about. And there was some mild concern among the members of three separate public-relations staffs present (handling the distribution of the film, the press coverage, and the party itself) about whether it was a good idea to mix those who had seen the movie before the dinner with those who were going to see it afterward.

The focus of the evening—whose hosts were the novelist Richard Price, the directors Brian De Palma and Paul Schrader (who all showed up), and the actor Robert De Niro (who did not)—was the film's creator, Neil Jordan, the forty-three-year-old Irish romanticist who also made "Mona Lisa" and "The Miracle." The director had a rumpled, melting look and an air of shell-shocked calm, which were probably less a consequence of a rainstorm raging outside or of the social stampede inside, than of his having been through close to fifty press and television interviews since he arrived in New York, three days earlier. After murmuring a brief introduction of his own to the second screening's audience—in which he described the movie, a bit disingenuously, as "a simple little tale"—he settled down to discuss "The Crying Game" once again, with the obliging stoicism of a much milked dairy cow.

Actually, he said, he was grateful for all those interviews, particularly since he had been told that "it is an impossible movie to promote, because there are so many elements in it that you can't tell people." To be sure, advertising campaigns for films had often been built around the promise of a joltingly unexpected ending, Jordan admitted, but the process became more complicated when it was a question of "not revealing the *middle* of the film." Not that, ultimately, it made all that much difference, he added. "I mean, I watch 'Psycho' now, and I think, How can you get rid of your central character that early? It *still* shocks me, that shower scene. I suppose if there's an art to it, that's the art, isn't it?"

"The Crying Game" had opened in England and Ireland several weeks earlier, and there had been only one spoiler among the reviews there. It appeared in London's *Financial Times*, which is, Jordan noted, "a very conservative institution." He went on to say, "In England, it's been difficult to get the kind of coverage we need through the magazines, because the movie starts with a sympathetic I.R.A. killer. I mean, that strikes fear to the hearts of all those Tory editors, you know."

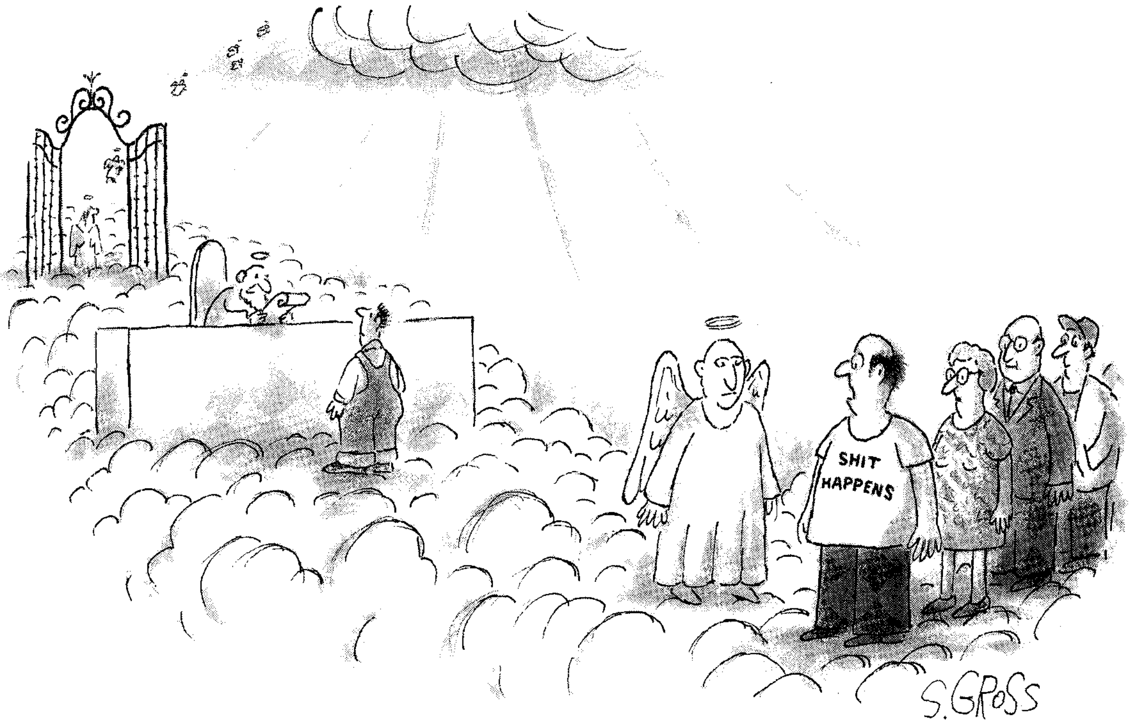
Eve Olitski

In the States he had found the reaction to be "far more generous, far more excited, too," he said. "I mean, America's a very interesting place, because when something doesn't work here you know it so rapidly, and it's a hellish experience. But when something does work the emotionalism of the response is wonderful." The day before the party, he had sat through nearly thirty television interviews for an out-of-town-press "junket," a phenomenon he described as "a strange institution." He said, "I'd like to make a movie about it, because each guy that comes in has his own agenda. Some people say to me, 'How can you make a film that's so sympathetic to the I.R.A.?' And then other people say to me, 'How can you make a film that's so unsympathetic to the IRA?' And I say, 'I plead guilty on both counts.' I mean, everybody tells me what they think the movie is about. They just come out and say, 'Well, this film is about this-and-this.' I say, 'Yes.' So, actually, the press has been easy. I think films *should* be uninterpretable, to a certain extent. They should not be reducible to verbal explanations. Otherwise, they wouldn't be films."

Jordan said that making the film had been a process of "developing an obsessional love story that actually cuts through all our prejudices and definitions, like cutting through an onion—you peel away, and peel away, and peel away. And in the end you're just left with a lot of bare human facts" (none of which, of course, will be revealed here).

PIPE DREAMS

On the afternoon of the American Cancer Society's Great American Smokeout, almost everyone in Lucky Strike, a restaurant in SoHo without a no-smoking section, was smoking. Jimmie Durham, an artist and sculptor who has done a painting of poppies with what appears to be a cigarette burn in it, smoked half a pack of Camels without remorse. When he was asked what he thought was the most fun about smoking, Mr. Durham said, "I think just the narcotic. It keeps me on an even keel.



"I'd like to go back and change my shirt."

• •

When I quit smoking, I have too much energy. What is the very most fun is to quit for three weeks and then smoke a cigarette. You get a beautiful rush." Mr. Durham, who grew up in Arkansas and Oklahoma and now lives in Cuernavaca, Mexico, is a Cherokee Indian. He has a lot of hair that is somewhat gray, and blue eyes that can make people bashful, uneasy. It's safer to watch how he punctuates what he says with his Camel.

Did he remember his very first cigarette?

"It doesn't work that way with us," Mr. Durham said, flicking a violet plastic lighter and lighting up. "Tobacco is a sacrament, and you grow up using tobacco for everything and using it constantly." He took a drag. "The first thing you do when you go fishing—I think you can go fishing when you're four or five as a person instead of as a baby—is light a cigarette and pass it around, and everybody smokes a puff of smoke to the world of fishing, not just to the fish. Primarily to the fish, but to that sphere of things that's not your normal place. And then, when you've passed the cigarette around, you put it out and tear it open, and everybody chews some of it and spits the juice into the water and also spits the juice onto the bait."

Did girls do that, too?

"Girls do that, too. In my father's lifetime, there just weren't any what you call real peace pipes around, but a pipe ceremony was still very important. You can see old Cherokee guys today in their seventies and eighties and they make a little pipe ceremony. They take out a Camel cigarette, like this"—Mr. Durham took one out of his shirt pocket, like a cowboy—"and they treat it just as if it were a peace pipe. They offer it to the sky, offer it to the earth, offer it to the four directions. They treat it like a sacred object. They light it up and pass it to everybody, everybody smokes it just as though it were a peace pipe, and it's just an old Camel." He laughed.

Mr. Durham, who looks the way James Dean might have looked if he'd lived, pointed to his ashtray. It contained a kind of art work: a wet caramel-and-black design. "I made a disgusting little puddle of sugar and coffee in the middle of my ashtray," he said. A block and a half away, at the Nicole Klagsburn Gallery on Greene Street, along with the burned poppies, was a very red fish made of wood in the middle of the floor and, on one wall, a fishing rod whose butt looked like a gun butt. The bait dangling from it was pastel Lucite charms.

It was an irresistible temptation to ask Mr. Durham what he thought about Marlon Brando and his pro-Indian crusade.

"He's not a phony. And of that crowd—that Hollywood crowd of Indian supporters—he's the only one I've seen with no ulterior motive. But even a whole bunch of actors talking isn't going to make a drastic change. It might make more bad movies. Say Hitler had won and we still had to live on a little Jewish reservation, under a more benevolent Nazism. You would want all of Germany to know what happened. Then, two hundred years later, people would think, Well, Kevin Costner made a movie out of it, so it's O.K. What we get from 'Dances with Wolves' is that we can be friends with Indians and everything is a little sad but O.K."

Jimmie Durham laughed, and smoked some more, and talked about his dead cat. "I used to have a cat that would sit and think when I was sitting and working. I took him to Mexico, and he became a scorpion addict. He wanted every one. He liked to play with scorpions. And he liked for them to sting him. I got stung by a baby one in Mexico, just on the finger, and it was very, very painful. But it was a very sexy drug." Mr. Durham was eating an omelette and pale French fries. He lit another Camel with his violet lighter. A young man at a table nearby had been lighting each new Marlboro off the previous one. Mr. Durham had given his smoking a forty-five-second rest. He went on, "You could watch him. He'd have a scorpion hanging from his nose by the stinger and stuck on his paw, like this, and then he would shake around and shiver and look for another scorpion. He liked the excitement of being stung. But it had an accumulative effect." ♦

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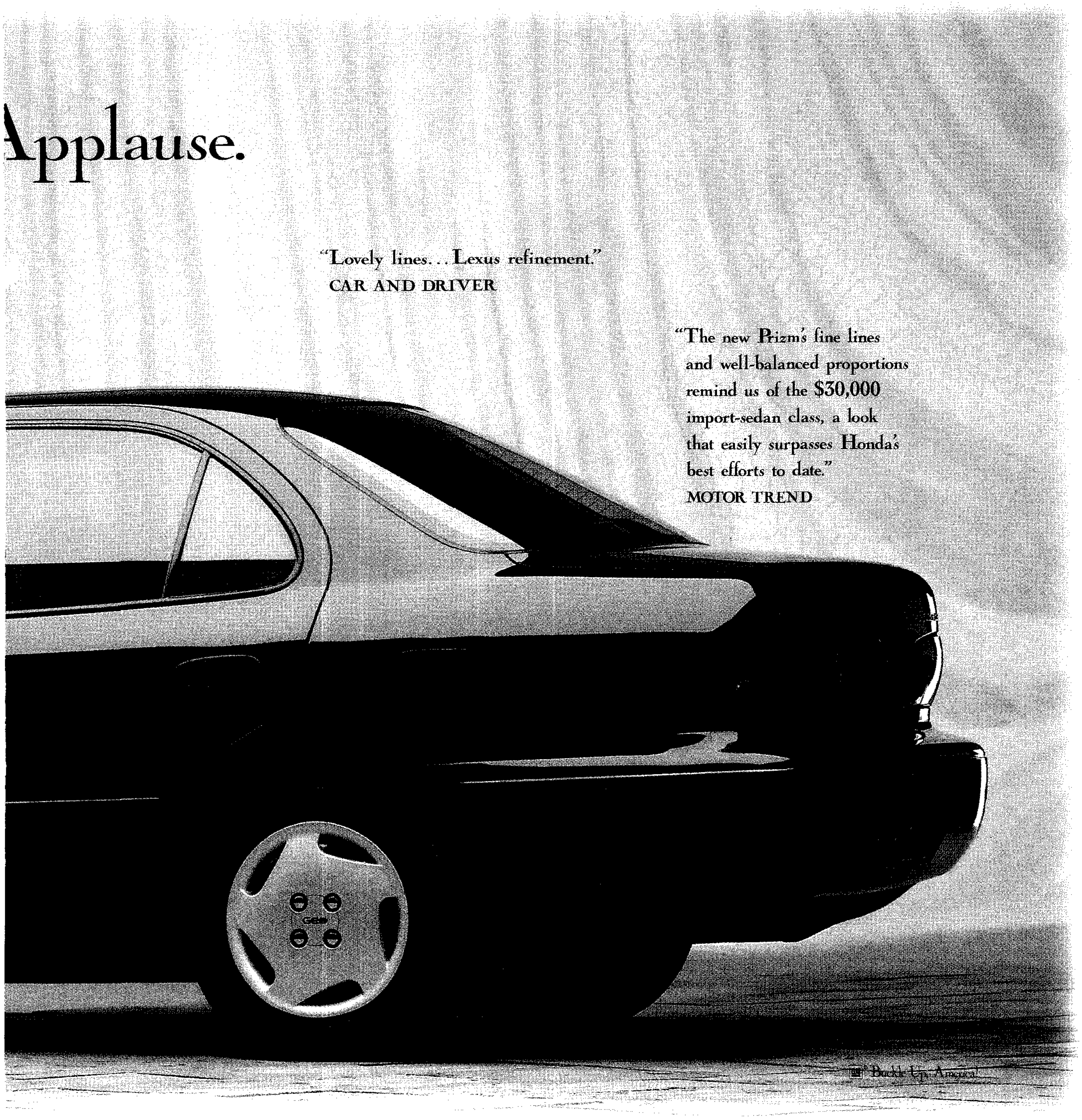

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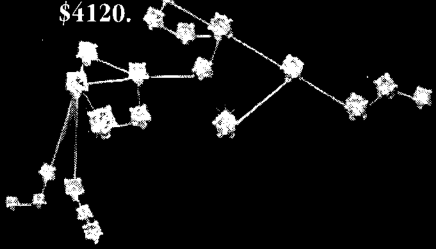
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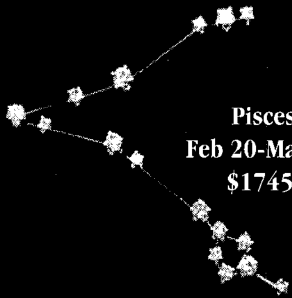
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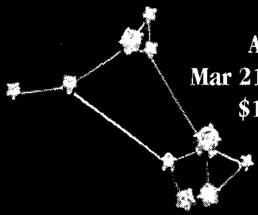
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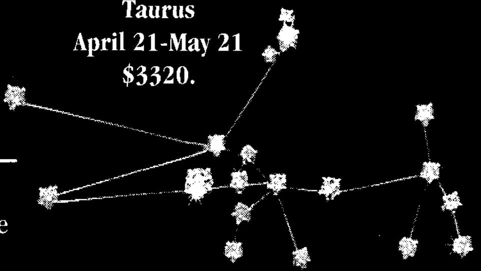
Taurus
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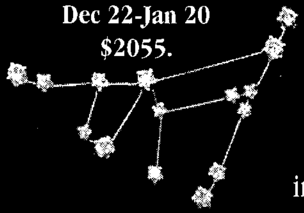
$3320.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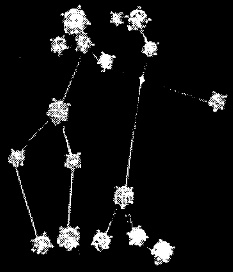
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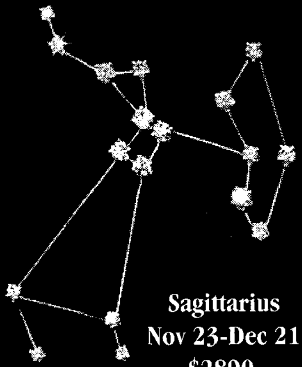
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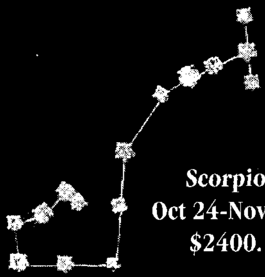
Scorpio
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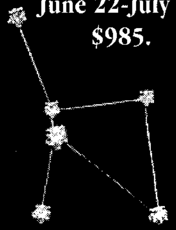
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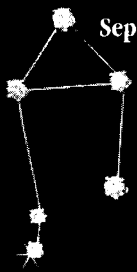
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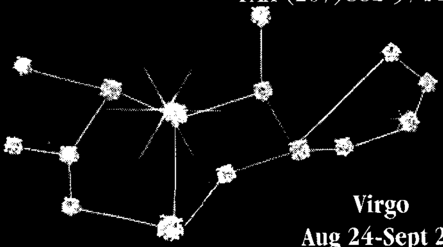
Virgo
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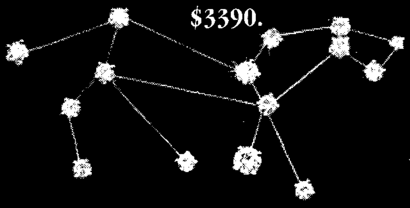
Leo
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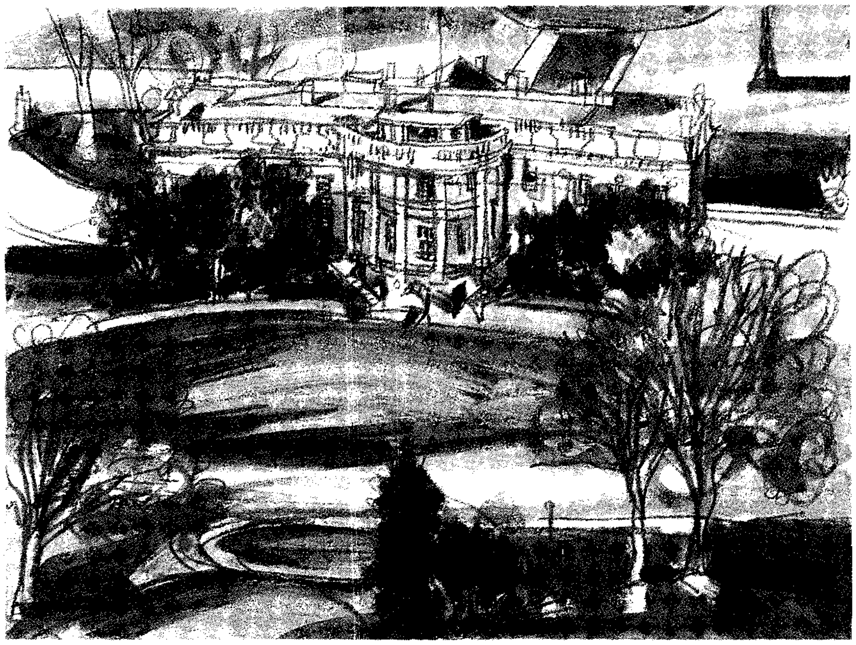
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

THE ORDER OF THE BOOT

by Sidney Blumenthal



LYNN PAULEY

ON Election Morning, November 3rd, the British Foreign Secretary, Douglas Hurd, sent a private cable to his former counterpart James Baker, who eleven weeks earlier had left the State Department to make one last, heroic effort to save the flailing Presidency of George Bush. Hurd's message had the gruff intimacy of one gentleman sportsman to another. "You will be very much in my thoughts today," he wrote. "May you bring down every duck in the last flight of the shoot." Within hours, the exit polls, leaked from the networks, were handed to Baker. Some duck. Some shoot.

Hurd's communiqué was sent despite the unexceptionable judgment of the British Embassy in Washington that Bush was finished. Back in London, an imperative quite different from diplomatic disinterest was at work. On one level, Hurd's cable was a nice little note. Hurd is a cultivated man, whose hobby is writing spy novels; no doubt he felt his touch of melodrama would not be out of place. He is also an old-line Tory and, for precisely that reason, had lost his bid for the leadership spot to John Major. Yet Hurd's cable was not simply an act of sentiment.

In 1962, Dean Acheson remarked, "Britain has lost an empire and has not yet found a role." In 1992, the ruling Tories found one: campaign consulting. The alarm finally sounded, eight weeks before the Presidential election, at the Conservative Central Office, and strategists armed with videos, posters, and tactical gimmickry were dispatched to Washington. While George Bush was excoriating Bill Clinton for having demonstrated, twenty-three years before, on the foreign soil of London's Grosvenor Square, John Major's political lieutenants were polishing Bush's lines at campaign headquarters on Fifteenth Street. What had worked in April in Britain could work in November in America, and preserve the special relationship that had existed between Conservatives and Republicans throughout the nineteen-eighties—the blue international.

"The President's men should have concentrated on their campaign rather earlier," Sir John Lacy, one of the Conservative strategists who flew to Washington, told me recently. "But the consensus had been that the President was so far ahead after the Gulf War, there was no problem going for a second term." After one side put out the call to London for aid, the other did the same. So during the climactic month of the campaign a Labour Party strategist, Philip Gould, was summoned to the

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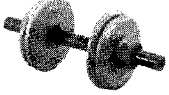
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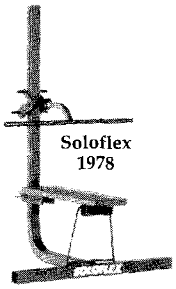
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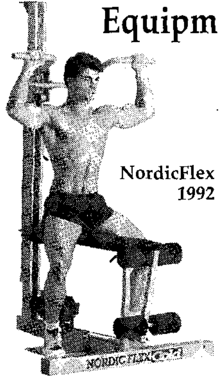
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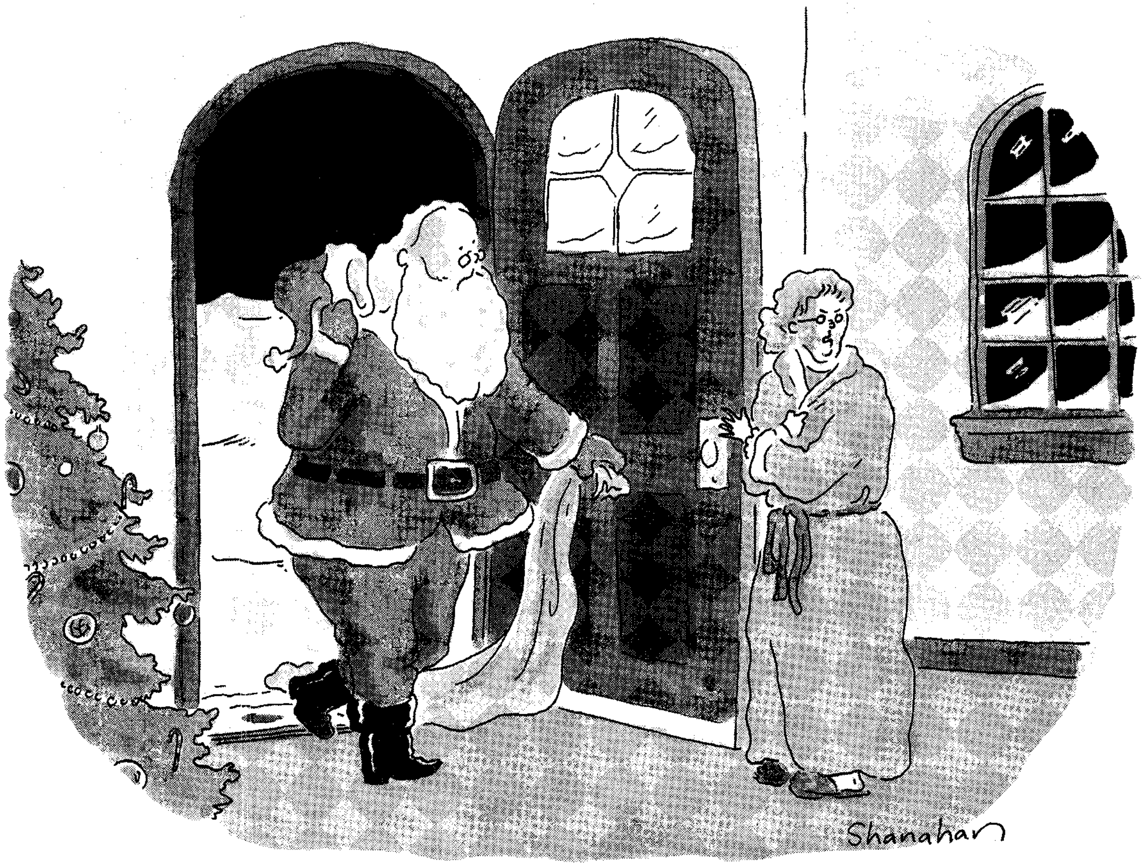
"war room" in Clinton's Little Rock headquarters. "I say this was extra time in the British election campaign," Gould remarked to me a couple of weeks ago. "There was a mutual dependence between Major and Bush, weak leaders after strong leaders. This blue-international collusion was really important for them. The campaign was replicated across the board. What an act of folly by John Major!" Thus the war between Tory and Labour was refought in the New World, largely in shadow.

THE most recent phase of the special relationship between Britain and America opened in 1975, when a former governor of California, Ronald Reagan, went to London to visit the newly elected Conservative Party leader, Margaret Thatcher. For a fervent hour, the grocer's daughter and the salesman's son shared ideological tenets. When Thatcher rose to the Prime Ministership, in 1978, and Reagan to the Presidency, in 1980, conservatism looked like the wave of the future. Perhaps the high point of their relationship occurred in June, 1982, during the Prime Minister's ordeal by fire, the Falklands War, when the President addressed Parliament, pledging his support and proclaiming that the Soviet Union would end up on "the ash-heap of history."

When George Bush replaced Reagan, Thatcher feared he might plop over the wet edge. In private, she suggested that Bush lacked "bottom"—that, unlike Reagan, he was not a "conviction politician." Bush was by breeding and temperament a country-house Tory—the sort Thatcher had bested in intra-Party conflicts for years. During her Prime Ministership, her way of dealing with such fellows was often an exhibition of contempt followed by the sack. She hovered over Bush because she didn't fully trust his instincts. She lectured him at an economics conference in Aspen, the day after Saddam Hussein invaded Kuwait: "George, this is no time to go wobbly." Afterward, a senior Thatcher aide informed British reporters, "The Prime Minister has successfully performed a backbone transplant." Desert Storm—Bush's "defining hour," as he called it, in a Churchillian phrase—was initially defined by Thatcher, his Churchill surrogate.

In November, 1990, during the build-



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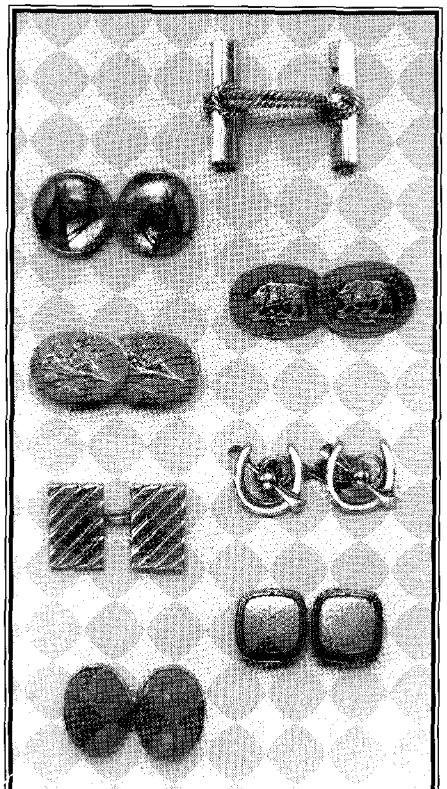

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up in the Gulf, the Iron Lady was deposed from power after twelve years. The succession struggle was won by John Major, a generation younger, who claimed to be a true Thatcher legatee. Major, unlike the traditional Tories, who had from the start opposed Thatcher and her "ism," traced his ancestry neither to the gentry nor to the postwar Tories who, like their hero R. A. Butler, accommodated themselves to the welfare state. Major was a new man, a product of Thatcher's long tenure. His class origins were even humbler than hers: he was the son of a circus roustabout. But he was not one for the flying trapeze. Rather, he was a drab consolidator of a status quo on the downslide. Soon he became the object of Thatcher's wrath as a wet in disguise—the betrayer.

With Bush, Major played the junior partner during Desert Storm, a brief and glorious reënactment of the wartime alliance. Bush, for whom foreign policy was in great part a matter of personalities, had disliked being hectored by Thatcher. He much preferred the easygoing Major. For both, conservatism was less a crusade than a burden handed down to them—a stewardship.

Major was the first of the two to face an electorate angry about a recessionary economy, presumably the legacy of conservative policies. He was lashed by his right as an insufficiently zealous defender of the faith. And his defeat seemed foreordained. His campaign strategy was to deflect blame. What had brought on Britain's recession, he argued, was the global economy, not anything that might be traced to the Tories. The "green shoots" of recovery, however, were already visible—and these could all be attributed to him. Only the menace of Labour threatened the otherwise inevitable upturn. Major's negative campaign was distilled to two potent themes: "trust" and "taxes." "Dare you trust your home, your pension, your savings, your shares, to the Labour Party?" Major demanded, condensing the themes into one sentence. Billboards featured two boxing gloves, "Labour's Double Whammy"—the right glove labelled "More Taxes," the left "Higher Prices." Early in the campaign, the Labour Party released an alternative budget, and it became a Conservative weapon. A series of newspaper advertisements asked "How Much Extra Would Labour Tax You?": "Receptionist, Single, £1171 extra under Labour . . . Accountant, married, mortgage, £3308 extra under Labour . . . Head Teacher, married, 2 children, mortgage, £3631 extra under Labour."

Every day, the Conservative attack dominated the discourse, with the indispensable help of a press overwhelmingly and unashamedly Tory. The headlines savaged Neil Kinnock, the Labour Party leader: "THE KINNOCK MASK SLIPS" (*Daily Mail*); "KINNOCK'S MIDDLE-INCOME MASSACRE" (*Daily Express*); "NIGHTMARE ON KINNOCK STREET" (*Sun*). The "trust" theme even cast Labour as the Red wolf in sheep's clothing. The *Sunday Times* blared, "SOVIET FILES REVEAL LABOUR'S PRIVATE DIALOGUE WITH KREMLIN." The newspaper's posters blanketed the country: "OFFICIAL: KINNOCK'S KREMLIN CONNECTION." The exposé was a sinister interpretation of diplomatic amenities.

If the smears worked, it was because Labour still bore a fairly close resemblance to the party that had been rejected throughout the nineteen-eighties. Neil Kinnock remained Neil Kinnock, who had lost in the previous outing. Shortly before the election, Labour staged a wildly impolitic celebration of victory at a slickly choreographed rally in Sheffield. In that ancient Party stronghold, the old banners were unfurled, the old slogans shouted. More vividly than its enemies could have hoped, Labour's primal scream depicted it as the party of the past. On April 9th, Major, who a week before had been seven points behind, won decisively. At the Conservative Central Office, there was much gloating over the success of the narrow strategy. And Bill Clinton's prepared statement hailing the end of the conservative era was lost to history.

ON September 9th, Sir John Lacy, who was General Director of Campaigning, and Mark Fullbrook, Campaigning Assistant, landed in Washington. They found themselves in the center of a political vacuum. Since the beginning of the year, Bush had been seeking a deus ex machina. The recently concluded Republican Convention in Houston had not been the saving event he hoped for; on the contrary, he had allowed and even encouraged it to become a Mardi Gras of right-wing fundamentalism. The disaster was the culmination of his long-standing fearful impulse, when in doubt, to cave right, to compensate for the taint of his Eastern-establishment identity. Nothing the Party's formidable corps of consultants could do seemed to give flavor to Bush's flat Perrier. Many of these political entrepreneurs were already positioning themselves with Presidential clients for the post-Bush era. It was easier for them to imagine a world after Bush than a way for Bush to win. So the President had to beseech the friend who had guided his career since 1980, James Baker, to leave his beloved job as Secretary of State to be Bush's handler again.

The task confronting Baker, if only he had known it, was similar to the one he had faced in the first Presidential campaign he directed—Gerald Ford's, in 1976. Like Ford, Bush was extremely well known, and could not be convincingly repackaged as new. He needed his campaign to take what was known about him and tell the voters that this was what they wanted in a President. The unimaginative and unoriginal Ford had become the stable and reliable Ford, and his opponent, Jimmy Carter, a strange, unpredictable loner. But for Ford the essential work of image-crafting had been accomplished by the time Baker came on as campaign chairman. Baker's skills were to make the trains run on time, to keep the candidate rigidly on track and hurtling past the switchmen of the press. Baker was not a conceptualizer but an implementer and dealmaker. When he rose to the Reagan White House as chief of staff, the lessons of the Ford campaign were imposed. But when he arrived at the Bush White House, demoted to chief of staff, he discovered that there was no concept to implement, no deal to cut. Even if he could have hired the talent, there was not enough time for a Bush makeover. Baker was known as the Miracle Man, but now he needed a gift to fall from the sky.

The visit of the Tory strategists was arranged by Representative Newt Gingrich, Minority Whip of the House, tribune of the right, and frequent antagonist of the White House. Whenever the Administration deviated from conservative orthodoxy, Gingrich accused it of duplicity and weakness. His close relationship with the Conservative Central Office dated from the great days of Reagan and Thatcher. He maintained the tie through his political-action committee, known as GOPAC.

When GOPAC's director, Jeff Eisenach, suggested on the telephone to Sir John Lacy that he might help the floundering Republicans by flying to Washington to explain the means of the Tory victory, Lacy replied that he could come in late October. "That's too late," Eisenach says he implored. "This is so compelling and has such a clear application." For months, Gingrich had been trying to induce panic in the Bush campaign, to provoke it to take a more sharply conservative line. In early June, he had sent a memo to the White House, and leaked it to the Washington *Post* to insure that it received attention. "Normal, traditional consultants," the Gingrich memo complained, "keep applying their knowledge of the normal in a year that is unique." And it was indeed, as the

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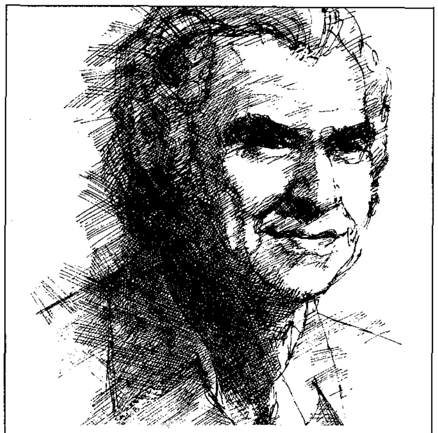

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President himself put it, "a weird, weird year."

On September 9th, at the first stops on their tour—the Heritage Foundation and Free Congress Foundation, two shrines of Washington conservatism—Lacy and Fullbrook told the tale of the Tory triumph. The word spread quickly that Rosencrantz and Guildenstern were in town, and they next found themselves speaking to more than a dozen members of the campaign's research-and-policy staff. A faction there was already pressing for a harsh attack on Clinton's tax program as radically confiscatory. "We had difficulty getting the White House to use anything," a staff member who was involved in the effort told me recently. The Brits were embraced as allies.

Then they were ushered to a hastily arranged lunch with Bush's senior advisers. Robert Teeter, Charles Black, James Lake, and Fred Malek listened intently, and Richard Darman, the budget director, furiously took notes. The visitors "were very simple in their argument," said a high official who was present. "Do exactly what they did. Mount a one-hundred-per-cent-negative campaign, with a radically simplified message: 'You can't afford Labour,' 'You can't trust Labour.' The parallels going into the election were striking—Major down in the polls, a continuing recession, in too long, time for a change."

Lacy told me how he had instructed the President's handlers. "In an unhappy electorate, messages need to be simple and direct—which is to say, you can't bury people with too much information. The information has to be in the most black-and-white form. So I said, 'We fought a campaign on taxation and trust.' And I showed a lot of materials. I brought over one tool, which was a slide rule you could pull out—how much income you made, how much taxes you'd pay under Labour. Teeter handed it off, saying, 'Make sure this gets done.' "

After Tory television ads were played on a VCR, Teeter arranged for the strategists to brief the campaign's advertising team, the November Group, the next day. Lacy muttered as this phalanx filed into a room, "Isn't that a lot of creative people for an advertising campaign?" For all the dozens of aides, senior advisers, and media wizards, what most impressed the Tories was that no one seemed to be in charge. Drift had filtered down from the top to become the essential process. "There wasn't a clear view among the people we were talking to about where they should go," one of the Tories observed. The Bush high command struck them as blinkered clods, treading with heavy steps toward nowhere. "They had to get their priorities straight, going in the same direction," Lacy said.

The G.O.P. had, of course, raised the themes of trust and taxes before the Tory consultation—just as it had raised a hundred issues, from Hillary Clinton's motherhood to Woody Allen's fatherhood. But, without focus, the campaign was at the mercy of those who, like Patrick Buchanan, could bull their way to a podium. The simplicity of the Tory plan had more than a superficial political utility. Adopting it not only would provide consistent lines of attack against Clinton but also might help Bush pacify the restive right, which, even after his self-destructive concessions at the Convention, continued to assail him. His confusion was seen as further proof of his abandonment of Reaganism. If he were a true Reaganite, after all, he would not be searching for themes but reiterating dogma. The history of Cold War conservatism could be summarized in a series of rhetorical questions raising the spectre of betrayal: Who lost Eastern Europe? Who lost China? Who lost Vietnam? And now: Who lost Reagan?

The Tories could sense the desperation of the Bush handlers, hanging on every word. "We felt at the time that we had impact on the people we were addressing," Mark Fullbrook said. "The question that interests me is, Had they not done tax and trust, what would they have done? If we hadn't given them the focus, what was there?" The scenario, whatever the dissimilarities between British and American conditions, had the virtue of having already resurrected a campaign all but lost. Perhaps most important, the plan was prepackaged, requiring no original thought. "What it helped do was force a decision," said a top Bush aide. The campaign, Baker now commanded, would be fought on trust and taxes. "To the extent they tried to have a consistent theme after September 9th," said Jeff Eisenach, who was present at the meetings as the Tories' escort, "that was it." An order came down almost immediately to the November Group to produce a television spot based directly on the Tory ad frightening voters about extra taxes if Labour won. Back in London, Lacy explained to Sir Norman Fowler, Chairman of the Conservative Party, the dire threat to the natural transatlantic order. Continuing assistance to the beleaguered Republican campaign was "official," according to Fullbrook. "Was there any problem with that? No, of course not."

THE Clinton campaign prided itself, above all, on "rapid response." The memory of the sluggish Dukakis was a constant spur. No Republican attack must pass unanswered. Even in the still of the night, sentries were posted at the phones and faxes in the war room, vigilant for the slightest quiver of Republican movement. As soon as conservative columnists reported on the visit of the Tories to G.O.P. headquarters, James Carville, Clinton's chief strategist, assigned an aide to produce a memo on the British Conservatives' tactics.

"There has been a striking historical tendency for American elections to follow British results closely," wrote the aide, Bennett Freeman, on September 26th. Freeman—who had studied at Balliol College, Oxford, had served as a speechwriter for Walter Mondale, and now was working in Little Rock on debate preparation for Clinton—had been in Britain during the recent campaign. His memo listed "key similarities and differences between last spring's British election and our campaign as it now stands." The key difference was in the candidates: Clinton was new, Kinnock was old; Major was new, Bush was old. Yet Freeman was hardly complacent. He noted "warning signs": "Stepped-up late, direct personal attacks on the opposition leader as untrustworthy, smug and slick—all charges flung at Kinnock," and "Mispresentations, distortions and outright lies on taxes beginning to stick just when it was too late to correct the facts and undo the perceptions."

Four days later, the Bush campaign made a huge media buy, nationally and in eleven swing states, for a new commercial. "Here's what Clinton economics could mean to you," went the voice-over as the alleged new taxes to be imposed on a steamfitter, a sales rep, and a scientist flashed on the screen. "You can't trust Clinton economics. It's wrong for America." As soon as Bennett Freeman saw the commercial, he phoned a friend in London whom he had been calling on for advice—Geoff Mulgan, the senior adviser to Gordon Brown, the Labour Shadow Chancellor. "You're not going to believe this," Freeman told Mulgan. "Here we go!"

The next morning, Clinton launched his counteroffensive, calling Bush's ad "a disgrace . . . baseless . . . shameless . . . false. . . ." By the end of the day, the Clinton campaign had two new TV ads on the air, one of which showed Bush at the Republican Convention: "Read my lips, no new taxes." The second commercial charged that Bush would grant "a hundred-and-eight-thousand-dollar tax break to millionaires. . . . Guess who's going to pay?"

Five days later, the Bush campaign shot out faxes accusing Clinton of not divulging the real story behind his trip to Moscow in 1969: "Once again the wheel turns, and this time it lands on Moscow." On October 7th, on CNN's "Larry King Live," the President himself, while admitting that he didn't "have the facts," said, "But to go to Moscow one year after Russia crushed Czechoslovakia, not remember who you saw, I think—I really think the answer is: Level with the American people."

"Last week, it was the Bush tax ad . . . which seemed to have been lifted and modified from the Tory campaign last spring," Freeman wrote in a memo dated October 6th. "This week, it's the media attention to the alleged Soviet connections of Bill Clinton—which seems uncommonly similar to attention paid to Neil Kinnock's Soviet connections in February 1992." After chronicling in detail the Tory press assault on Kinnock, the memo observed of the Republicans, "They have run out of approaches, and are looking across the Atlantic in a desperate effort to find out what to try next. What's next—a call for a vote of 'no confidence' in Bill Clinton? An attempt to declare George Bush of royal blood?"

Some senior Clinton advisers suspected that there might be more to the

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transatlantic traffic than a lend-lease of tactical advice. For several weeks, Bush campaign operatives had been passing rumors to the press that Clinton, when he was engaged in anti-Vietnam War activities at Oxford, had applied for British citizenship. Some of Clinton's aides wondered if the Administration had requested help from the British government to find—perhaps even to forge—documents that would prove the rumor. When it was revealed, toward the conclusion of the campaign, that the Assistant Secretary of State for Consular Affairs, Elizabeth Tamposi, had ransacked the passport files of Clinton and his mother in a search for unspecified damaging material, the Clinton campaign was not especially surprised. Nor was there much astonishment in Little Rock when a government investigation disclosed that Tamposi had called upon the United States Embassy in London for assistance with her furtive campaign work.

"I've got the man for you," Mulgan had told Freeman. He was thinking of the crack Labour strategist Philip Gould, whom he called immediately. "It became clear that the campaign was being recreated in America," Gould told me. "I flew straight out." The night he arrived in Little Rock, in early October, he was taken directly to a meeting with Carville and George Stephanopoulos, the communications director. Gould prepared a memo, adducing the direction of the Republican campaign from the Conservative one. "There is absolutely no doubt that the Bush campaign is borrowing heavily from the Conservatives," he wrote. His central strategic advice was:

•Forget the plaudits, concentrate on the smears

•Fear builds slowly, is hidden, and only shows in the vote

"Philip helped give texture to things we knew only superficially," Stephanopoulos said recently. "What he was especially helpful on were flaws in the Labour strategy. Kinnock at the end had no message besides coasting to victory—a trap we almost fell into." According to Stephanopoulos, Gould's memo was read closely by Clinton, and Gould's constant advice "reinforced our instinct to stay on the attack on the economy."

In the end, the British tutelage did not provide Bush with his reëlection. He compared himself to Churchill: "He said, 'I have been given the order of the boot.' And that is the exact same position in which I find myself today." From the point of view of the visiting Tories, Major's successful campaign had been poorly replicated. Part of the problem was the political character of the candidate. "If you're middle-of-the-road ordinary, the incumbency is not a big plus," Lacy lamented. "In American politics, incumbency used to be worth a lot." But the main complaint of the Conservatives was that Bush and his operatives failed to follow the formula with sufficient exactitude. "We didn't do it monomaniacally," a high Administration official admitted to me after the election. Mark Fullbrook said, "They did it, but they didn't do enough of it. When they took the lines we gave them, it worked. They had a couple of good days. Personally, I believe it didn't work because they didn't play

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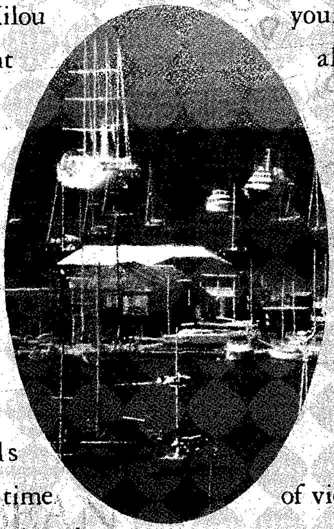
the cards long enough and hard enough."

But if Bush had truly adhered to the Tory strategy, his first act would have been to withdraw as a candidate. The premise of the Conservative campaign was the fresh face. Bush could not redefine himself merely by attacking his opponent. While Bush was assailing Clinton's "character," Clinton was redefining the twelve years of Republican policymaking. He recast laissez-faire economics, celebrated by Thatcher and Reagan as the road from serfdom, as a crippling anachronism. With Clinton's victory, his interpretation prevails.

Undoubtedly, Major and Clinton will do their best to insure that diplomatic relations between Britain and the United States remain virtually unaffected. Nations have their reasons. A senior aide says that in Clinton's first telephone conversation with Major, the day after the election, Clinton deliberately refrained from bringing up the Tory contribution to Bush's campaign. But ideologically and politically the American Presidential campaign was the closing chapter of the special conservative relationship. "I would think Major wouldn't be pleased," a rueful member of Bush's Cabinet remarked. "A conservative club is breaking down."

In the late nineteen-seventies and early nineteen-eighties, transatlantic conservatism took power against a common vision of the foe. "The image of the enemy is the most serious and revealing element in a political persuasion, providing us with the best means for linking widely separated political movements," the historian Robert Kelley wrote, in his 1969 book, "The Transatlantic Persuasion: The Liberal-Democratic Mind in the Age of Gladstone." In 1992, the Republican and the Tory political directorates merged in the effort to retain the power of the Presidency. Against this juggernaut the Democrats hastily summoned to the battlefield Labour allies, whose special insight was into the secrets of defeat. On the night after Election Day, the veterans of the war room partied in the back room of Doe's barbecue restaurant in Little Rock. A toast was proposed to Philip Gould, who was already contemplating how the lessons of the campaign might be applied in Britain. As the glasses were raised, a Clinton staff member cried, "We won this one for you guys, too!" ♦



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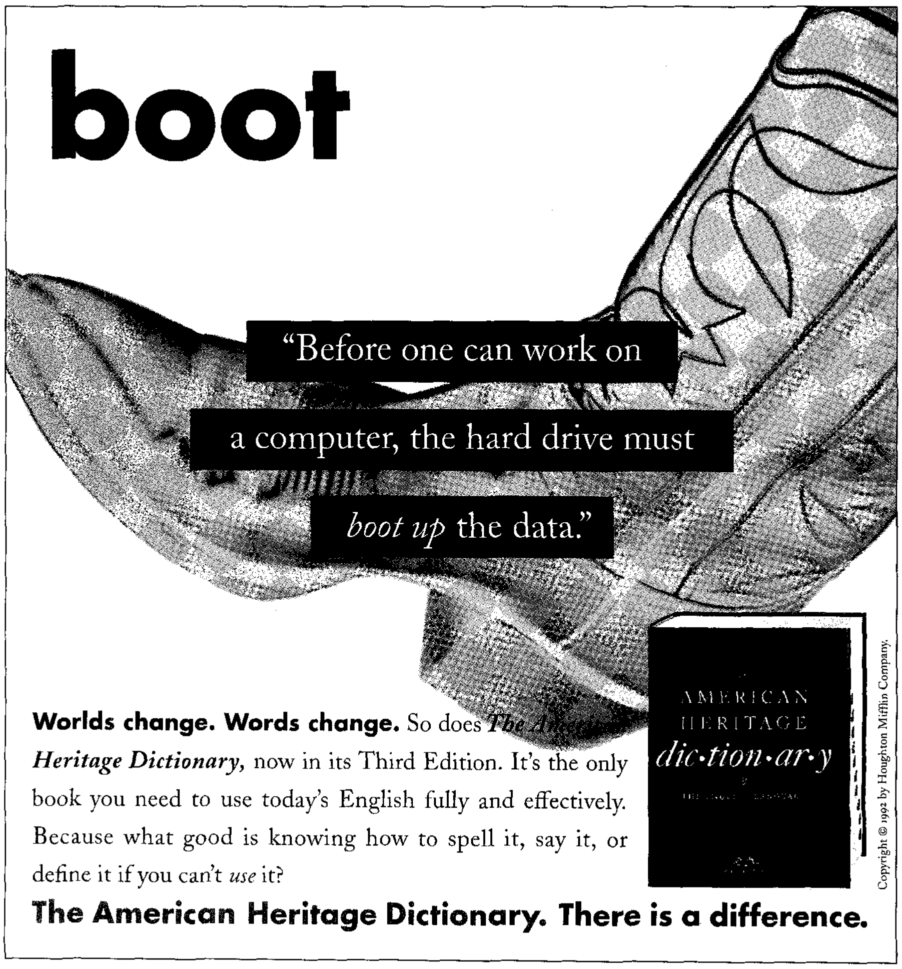

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CASUAL

ARTICHOKE

by Polly Frost

At forty, I'm finally in control of my sexuality. Now it's time to market it. My next book will be a foray into today's relationships between men and women, with a lot of descriptions of me having sex. I don't intend to titillate my readers, but no doubt that will be unavoidable. As long as they don't miss the point of the book: how my sex life defines the nineties.

• • •

Adultery's a good subject for a long work. I remember the first time I cheated on my ex-husband, Derek. The whole way up to the hotel, I kept imagining Derek and how contorted with pain his face would be if he knew that I was hurrying to meet my lover, Kurt. That vision of Derek's pained face hovered over Kurt and me the entire time, ruining my moments of ecstasy.

I felt so terrible that I went back into therapy. After a forty-five-minute session I emerged a new woman, who felt entitled to her own sexual needs.

So I didn't feel bad for telling Derek that I'd bought all our groceries that week at Dean & DeLuca, when in fact I'd picked them up at the Red Apple.

"Iceberg lettuce?" Derek asked, when he looked in our refrigerator. "I didn't think Dean & DeLuca stooped to iceberg lettuce."

"This is organic baby field iceberg lettuce," I said. Before, I'd always felt bad about lying to Derek. Now I knew better. It's his problem if he thinks I tell him the truth.

I used the money I saved to book a suite for Kurt and me. Later that day, I was in bed with Kurt. For the first time I could see him without the spectre of Derek blocking his features. Had that ugly mole by his nose always been there? I decided to let myself think about my husband. I imagined Derek's face racked with pain and anguish again. Seconds later I reached my climax.

My book will save my women readers the time I spent in therapy. They'll realize they won't need to get rid of their guilt but, rather, use it for their own pleasure.

• • •

Before we were divorced I tried to renew my love-trust for Derek by going through his files to make certain he wasn't cheating on me. I discovered a stack of magazine photographs he had secretly filed away. He had carefully clipped and saved pictures of Cindy Crawford, Rebecca De Mornay, and several Ferraris. There were even photos of women who were sloppy and overweight.

This was much worse than any affair. I had always suspected that he was subjecting me to his rigorous male standards of looks. I worked out and worked out, just trying to measure up to what I felt sure was his pickiness. To find out that he had no standards at all! What hurts most is that when I was married to him I tried to see him as the fairly presentable human being I thought he had it in him to become.

• • •

I've been thinking about whether or not to have a book-jacket photo. Naomi Wolf didn't have one on "The Beauty Myth," and it hasn't kept her readers from knowing how good she looks. In fact, in an article called "Radical Heterosexuality," in *Ms.*, she wrote about how she can't walk down city streets without hearing comments about her looks. I'm confident I endure many more degrading kissy sounds about my thighs than she does. I suppose these construction workers think I pump Nautilus and wear a miniskirt just to brighten up the years they spend repairing the same pothole on Sixth Avenue.

Also like Naomi, I find that my male companions are oblivious of this harassment. "Did you hear that?" I asked Thomas, a male. "That man just said, 'What a babe!' "

"A babe?" Thomas said, his head swivelling. "Is there a babe around? Ow! You hit me!"

This is why I lift weights.

• • •

In my book I will tell my sisters the

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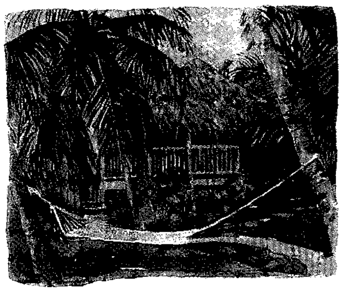

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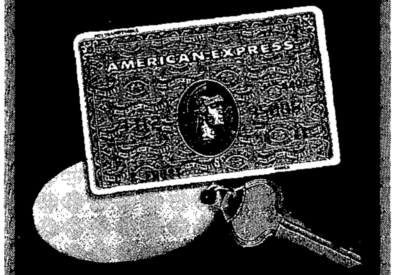

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real truth: You don't have to love the man you're having sex with. In fact, if you wait until you love a man to have sex with him, it may not happen very often, especially if you and he are married.

I need to spend several chapters detailing the erotic possibilities I have discovered in annoyance and frustration.

• • •

I stay in bed while Hank, a holding-pattern relationship, adjusts the TV unit. "As long as you're up," I say, "could you go to the store and pick up some cookie-dough ice cream? I'll let you have the ice-cream part after you pick out the cookie-dough pieces for me. By the way, I noticed that you're out of condoms. I consider it my responsibility to pay for half of them and yours to pay for the other half and do the footwork. Just put what I owe on my tab."

I have moved past Radical Heterosexuality to Radical Princessdom.

• • •

Richard (divorced for ten years and still needing his space) and I were lying on his bed. I had been encouraging him to acknowledge my existence after intercourse. It was retro, but it was working; Richard talked and talked. The only problem was that all he would talk about were his favorite passages from Camille Paglia.

I couldn't take any more and went to the bathroom to give him a sign I was bored. He just talked louder. And then I spotted it—another woman's nipple ring near his Interplak. How was I supposed to respond to this?

The next day I sent Richard a package with this note: "Enclosed you will find one pair of my panties. Was I thinking of you when I wore them, *or somebody else?*"

I will take my female readers beyond rewards and punishments to torture. It may not do much for relationships, but it will do a lot for women.

• • •

As I do research for my book, I begin to understand what Madonna went through after the release of her "Justify My Love" video.

Howard and I were in my studio apartment. We had just come back from a book party where we had met and had discovered we have something important in common. We are both literate Manhattanites trying to find sexual satisfaction in an increasingly difficult world.

I gave him one of my famous ear licks. "Tell me to crawl across the floor." I felt good about being submissive, because I was being submissive on *my* floor. I was in charge of my masochistic/submissive/movie-option desires, even if I was behind in my rent.

Howard looked suspicious, but he said the words: "Crawl across the floor."

I got down on all fours. But he was still looking at me warily. "Now tell me to grovel," I said.

"O.K.—grovel," he said, unconvincingly. I was glad he wasn't my agent.

"No," I said. It gave me a powerful feeling to refuse to obey my own commands.

Howard leaned against the Murphy bed. "I think I understand what's going on between us," he said. He was shaking. It's my observation that men in New York City shake a lot. Some of them begin shaking if I simply mention that I'm forty. Sometimes I dream of moving to one of those cities they say are great for families. Of course, I'd probably just end up involved with a married man. "And, while I look forward to helping you achieve your sexual goals," Howard went on, "I must say that in the current context I have reservations about my participation." He brightened. "I have an idea," he said. "I'll be right back."

He returned with a tape recorder and switched it on.

"O.K.," he said. "You state your name and I'll state mine. I think it's best if we both agree on the date and where we are, that we are both consenting adults, that we intend each other no harm, that the activities we are about to engage in are forms of mutually gratifying playacting, and . . ."

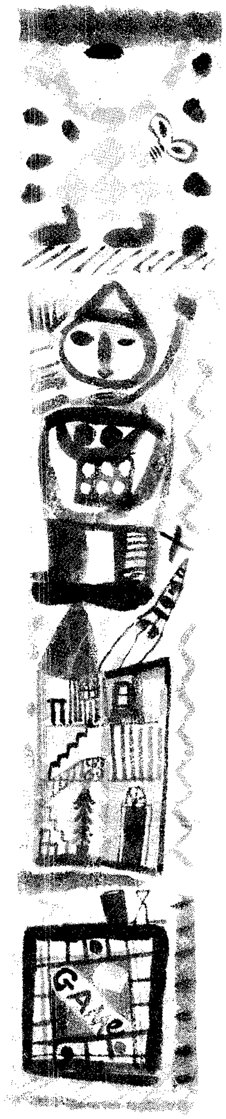
Twenty minutes later we had agreed that while my saying "No" would still mean "No," it wouldn't mean "No," not really, not the way the word we designated, "Artichoke," would mean "No." And while "Artichoke" would mean "Serious no," it wouldn't mean quite as serious a "No" as "Serious artichoke."

I could tell that Howard and I had relationship potential. ♦

TOYS OF THE TIMES

ON, COMET! ON, CUPID! ON, DONDER AND BLITZEN!

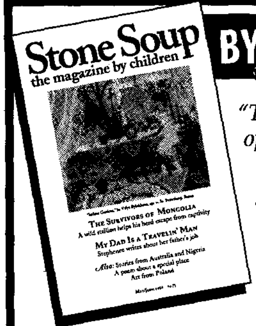
by Andy Logan



LARA HARWOOD

EVEN before several professors got rich pointing it out, Americans were generally aware that the state of education in this country was such that many of those who were alleged to be well educated no longer shared the large body of knowledge of Greek mythology, Shakespeare, and other classics that once helped, say, politicians (in this year when the Presidential campaign has been the major national entertainment, followers of that line of work come naturally to mind) to do in their rivals with telling references to Damocles' sword, Augean stables, or Lear howling in the wind. A television producer complained a while back that parodies of “Macbeth” could no longer be done, because no one nowadays had read “Macbeth.” Another speculated that, though some people had heard the “Out, damn'd spot!” line, they probably thought it was something Morticia said to some other member of the Addams family.

One large body of cultural knowledge continues to be held in common, however, and is available for handy reference: what people of all ages learned and remember about the toys, games, books, and movies of their childhood. Thus, all over the country in recent months candidates could count on voters knowing exactly what they meant when they described their opponents as yo-yos, Bobbsey twins (chances are that not a single politician or voter in the audience had read a “Bobbsey Twins” book, but no one had to explain that it was not a term of endearment), reckless advocates of Tinker Toy schemes, or characters out of “The Wizard of Oz”—Munchkins, the Cowardly Lion, the Wizard himself—without which, it seems, some political speechwriters would be helpless at their computer terminals. Commentators on Ross Perot probably went in for the most “Wizard” references (to before and after Dorothy pulled back the curtain). A piece on the Texan by Anna Quindlen in the *Times* was entitled “I Am Oz.” And the columnist Murray Kempton asked, “Have we come all this way to see the great magician and find ourselves camping outside the castle? . . . Otherwise we wouldn't keep bumping into so many inhabitants who are persons of some stature and here, in too many instances, can barely be told from Munchkins.” The “Wizard of Oz” movie (“Hold my hand—here comes the scary part”) is $14.95 at the Blockbuster stores, and a handsome edition of the L. Frank Baum book is $20 at Books of Wonder, 132 Seventh Avenue (18th). (All books and videos mentioned in this report are generally available wherever such items are sold; prices may vary from store to store and sometimes from hour to hour.) Also at Books of Wonder, you can sign up young friends for a year's membership in the Royal Club of Oz, for $9.95 apiece. This will entitle them to receive certificates of honorary Oz citizenship, and a six-times-a-year publication that includes little-known Oz stories, and puzzles and games with Oz themes. They will probably not resist having this go on their permanent record, even though, after “The Wonderful Wizard of Oz” was published, in 1900, some establishment



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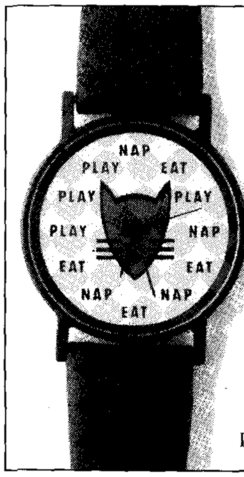

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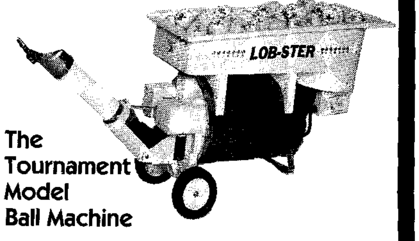

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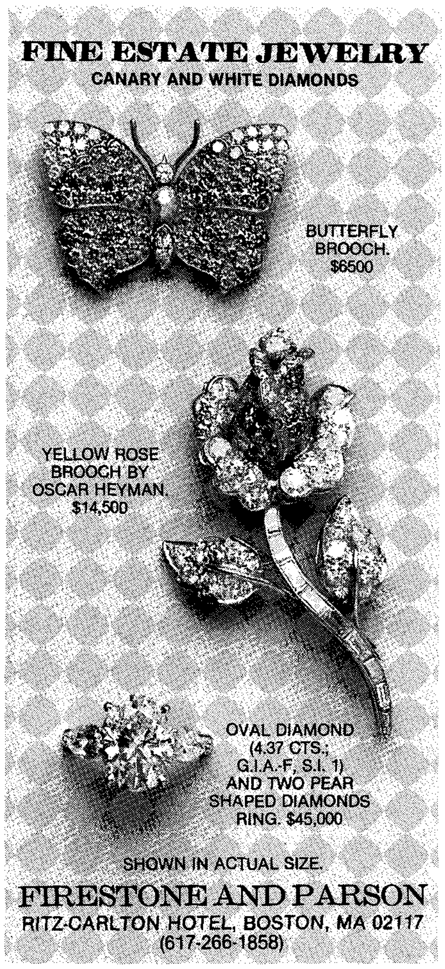
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critics denounced it as too radical, claiming that the government of Oz was overly populist in nature and paid too much attention to the needs of the lower classes. A set of paper dolls of the "Oz" principals, including Toto, is $3.95 at the Dover bookstore, 180 Varick Street (Charlton). At the same place, for the same price, is a set of paper dolls of the George Bush family, including the President and the First Lady, ten of their grandchildren, and Millie. Their scheduled replacements in the White House—not so large a crowd—are not yet available in paper-doll form.

You may have had the impression that the recent campaign was about Republicans versus Democrats or the status quo versus change (or prudent change versus characterless change), or between representatives of a younger and an older generation, but lately it has become clear that it was also about dogs versus cats. Nothing demonstrated better how desperate for political news the national press had become than the recent picture on the *Times* front page showing five grown men outside the Governor's Mansion in Little Rock, one of them stretched flat on the ground to get the best possible angle, as they took pictures of Chelsea Clinton's cat, Socks, whom they had supposedly conspired to lure out of the Clinton house. Socks, who, as far as we are aware, has not yet signed a book contract, is—as you know by now—black with a partly white face and white paws. No doubt a toy cat of that description will soon be on the market, but meanwhile Democrats (and cat lovers) in the crowd can make do with a very nice, very soft all-black plush cat, two and a half feet long, for $38 at the Penny Whistle stores. Presidents have mostly had dogs, possibly because, according to some theories, dogs, as opposed to cats, are associated with manliness and wholesome views of life. "A dog is an obvious for the President," Mike Deaver, Ronald Reagan's image consultant, said the other day. "They're the most American pet there is." On the other hand, Jeff Reid, a cat expert, told the Washington *Post*, "If a cat's natural essence could be reduced to a political orientation it would definitely be some sort of atavistic anarchism"—information that would have been useful in some quarters a few weeks back, when the next American President was being ac-

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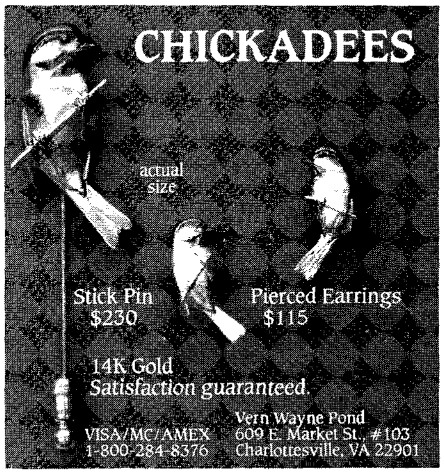
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cused of having taken subversive trips to Moscow as a student. Of course, some people, young and old and of varying political affiliations, will miss Millie—and not only out of admiration for her foreign-policy wisdom, in comparison with that of certain bozos, as it was favorably mentioned by her owner during the campaign. Some will cherish the Jeff Danzinger cartoon in the *Christian Science Monitor* showing Barbara and George Bush sadly breaking the news to the little springer spaniel about what happened on November 3rd. We didn't find a toy dog resembling Millie anywhere. (How soon they forget.) However, if you're willing to settle for a lovable pup, unregistered with the American Kennel Club or, as far as we know, with any political party, the Hallmark stores have a twenty-inch plush dog named Skippy, black or light brown, as you choose, for $32.98. A poem comes with Skippy, too: "Let me curl up in my doghouse Or sneak up on the bed! Who cares about a pedigree? I'll be your mutt instead!"

Many of the toy-world references that were put to use this year derive from more recent times than, say, the yo-yo or the saga of the travellers along the Yellow Brick Road—though the Hula Hoop, which came out in the nineteen-fifties, may seem ancient to some children on your list. John Anderson, the third-party Presidential candidate in 1980, naturally felt an affinity with Perot and, early on in this campaign, criticized people who treated him as nothing but a fad. "Perot is more than a Hula Hoop," Anderson said. A blue Hula Hoop is $3.99 at the Kiddie City stores, if you are eager to demonstrate this historic item to another generation, and the Toy Park, 112 East 86th Street, has something that looks like a Hula Hoop but calls itself a Hoop-It ("The Hoop That Knows Its Way Around") and is equipped with a meter that shows how many times it has hulaed around without stopping, if that seems to be a desirable attachment (or enterprise). The price is $16.99. After Perot renewed his candidacy, in October, he turned up in a Conrad cartoon in the Los Angeles *Times* as a giant pumpkin in the sky (large ears and all), just as that visitor reappeared in the video "Charlie Brown and the Great Pumpkin," which is available for $14.95. The cartoon shows Linus waving his arms triumphantly and

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saying "I told you so! I told you so!" and looking as joyful as many a Perot supporter over the announcement. The White House, of course, was not always so welcoming to Perot. It was Bush's press secretary, Marlin Fitzwater, who said of the Third Man, "What kind of monster are we buying here?" But Perot insisted that Fitzwater must have been thinking of the Cookie Monster on "Sesame Street," with whom he seemed gratified to be publicly associated. At the Hallmark stores, a ten-inch plush Cookie Monster, which is $13.98, also comes with a poem: "Roses are red Cookie Monster is blue Cookies are sweet And so are you"—a sentiment that would win over many an undecided voter. One toy in which the Cookie Monster is part of a company would be useful in anybody's political campaign: the Sesame Street All-Star Band. Bert, Ernie, Big Bird, Grover, and the Cookie Monster are shown making the sounds of band music (a computer chip, naturally), featuring horns, whistles, cymbals, and flutes. The instruments can also be made to sound individually, and if a child presses one of four squares on the toy he may hear a "Sesame Street" regular making a cheerful, crowd-pleasing comment, such as "Oh, boy! Great!" This is $56 at F. A. O. Schwarz.

"Sesame Street" just began its twenty-fourth season, incidentally. Probably the most famous resident of that street, and the most famous of frogs, is Kermit. We understand that his feelings were really hurt by President Bush's statement in the last days of the Presidential campaign that "being attacked on character by Governor Clinton is like being called ugly by a frog." Doubtless he feels much better now, since "The Muppet Christmas Carol" opens December 11th. In the new musical film, from Jim Henson Productions, Kermit plays Bob Cratchit, who is not known as an unsightly (or characterless) sort at all. Miss Piggy is Mrs. Cratchit, and Michael Caine is Scrooge. "It's an honor and a privilege to finally work with Miss Piggy," said Caine, playing Scrooge in his reformed mode. During campaign stops in 1988, and again this year, Bush frequently turned up at the wheel of trucks, forklifts, and front-end loaders, which the press on his trail referred to as his Tonka Toys. The idea, according to "What It Takes: The Way to the White House,"

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by Richard Ben Cramer, was to establish Bush's regular-guy image, and also helpfully drown out reporters' unwelcome questions. Very welcome even in many households that have no such problems would be a foot-long steel Tonka dump truck, at the Kiddie City stores for $10.99. All the Tonka steel trucks come with a lifetime guarantee, which, of course, is not available for Presidents.

Naturally, some of the toy manufacturers weren't satisfied with having their products serve politicians' purposes from the sidelines. Last summer, just before the Democratic National Convention in this city, the Mattel company, which makes Barbie, introduced a Barbie for President doll, complete with campaign button, business suit, briefcase, and inaugural gown. Toys R Us has her exclusively, for $19.99. So far as we know, Ken was never a candidate, but a description of the Democratic candidates for President and Vice-President, Bill Clinton and Al Gore, by some commentators (probably Republicans) was "Ken dolls with good hair." Also in the running this year was a Russ Troll for President doll. Trolls are now very big, as you may have noticed from a glance around the toy counters. This political entry was sponsored by Russ Berrie & Company; hence the candidate's name. His campaign material included a Troll-free number. Also available was a seventeen-by-twenty-four-inch campaign poster bearing the legend "Russ Troll A President for the ages. For all ages" above a revised version of Mt. Rushmore showing Russ Troll right up there between Jefferson and Lincoln. The President he replaced, Teddy Roosevelt, might not have been too offended by the joke. After all, he had a large family of kids and many stockings to fill on Christmas morning. The tag on Berrie troll dolls explains, "There was a time when waters were clean and forests were untouched"—we have a feeling that Russ's platform is environmentally sound—"when ancient legends spoke of Guardians of the Earth . . . called TROLLS. . . .Today, these nearly forgotten creatures are once again in our midst." They are indeed. The Russ Troll for President doll seems to have disappeared from the toy counters, having apparently conceded on November 3rd and retired to smoke-free rooms to prepare for another day. But some other trolls are

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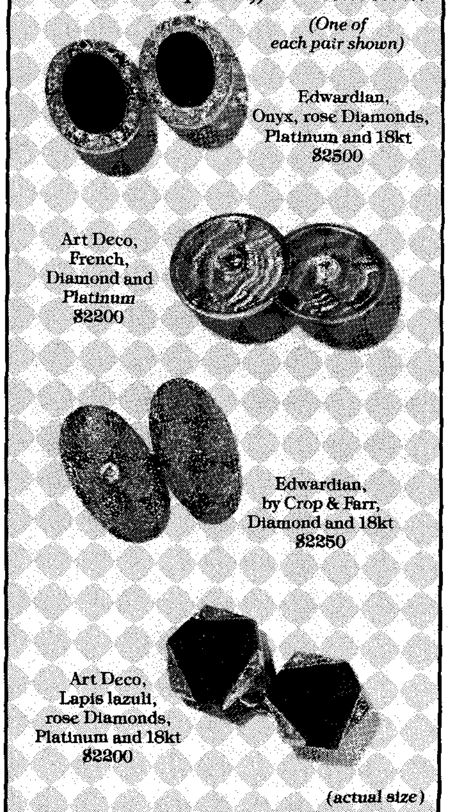

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decked out for this month's great event. Rudy Troll, for instance, has brown antlers and a red nose for the Christmas Eve journey with Santa Claus. He's ten inches tall, has bright-green hair, and costs $21.95 at the Hallmark stores.

There are also games to supplement this political year. The Avalon Hill people, who make rather cerebral board games, brought one out just in time for the primary season, called Candidate; it's $25 at the Compleat Strategist, 11 East 33rd Street, and "lets anyone chase the great American dream." As the gamemakers describe the procedure, "Everyone plays simultaneously," and everyone is "in the shoes of a primary presidential hopeful," the object being "to visit various states to win . . . primaries . . . by fair means or foul"—something we have just been through, haven't we? In only a few weeks, Candidate moved into the top ten of Avalon Hill's games, between one called Advanced Civilization and another called Diplomacy.

A representative of the Games Gang, the company that makes a game called Balderdash, wrote the Washington *Post* a letter last summer proposing that in "the strangest political year any of us can recall" it would be a good thing to consult Balderdash, which includes a list of words—all real words, out of real dictionaries—that could prove useful, such as "snollygoster" (a deceptive politician), "roorback" (a defamatory falsehood used in a political campaign), and "lutarious" (mudslinging). Kiddie City and Toys R Us have this improving game for $21.99. Once some young political buff you know has taken vocabulary lessons from Balderdash, she may be ready for a Western Publishing entry: Risky Strategy—the Game of Campaign Capers. The campaign is for the Presidency, and from two to six players, from ages twelve to adult, can battle to win the most electoral votes by rolling dice and moving markers around a board, Parcheesi style; successfully answering political-history questions; and surviving the campaign-caper tactics of opponents. Roger Ailes, the celebrated media consultant to two Reagan campaigns and one Bush campaign, brought Risky Strategy to Western Publishing. Although Ailes was an adviser to Bush in 1988, he has insisted that he had nothing to do with the Willie Horton commercial, and there are no Willie Horton obstacle cards in

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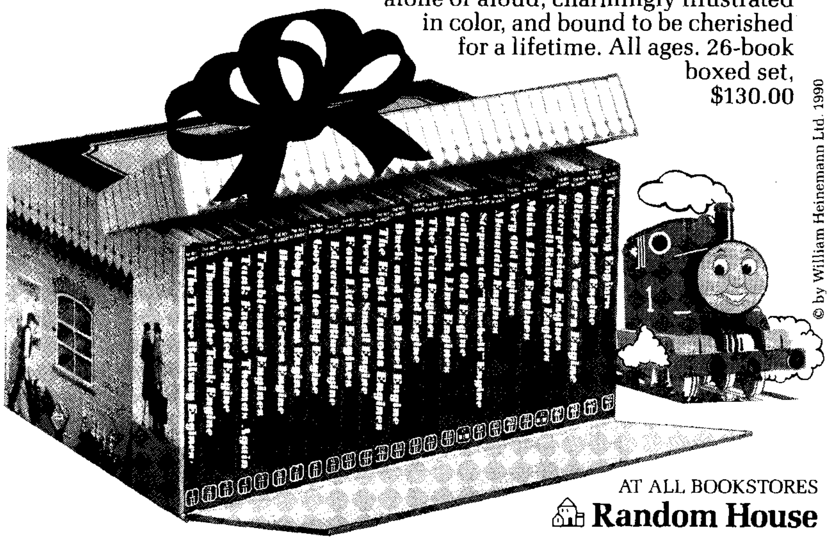

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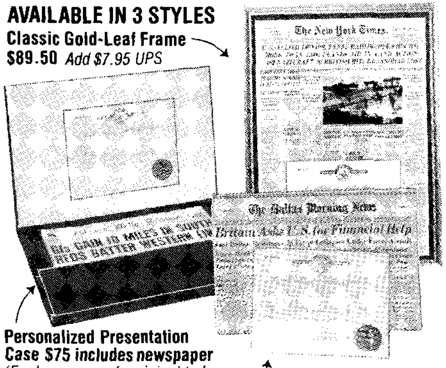

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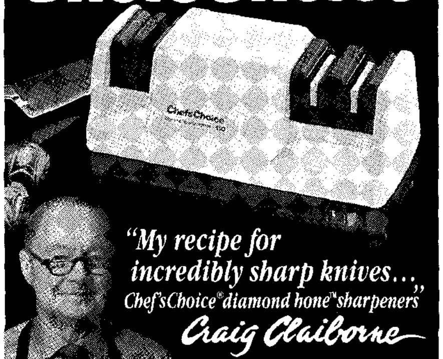

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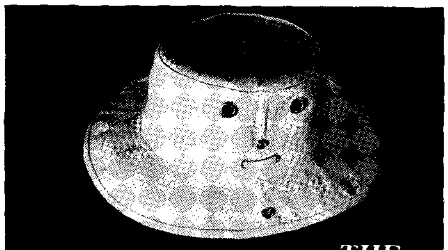
You might have a request for some item involving the Simpson family—that's Homer and Marge, the parents, and Bart, Lisa, and Baby Maggie, the kids. Under the circumstances, "The Simpsons Christmas Special" video, which sells for $9.95, might be just the thing. As the situation is described on the box, " 'Twas the week before Christmas, But fate played a joke—No tree and no presents—Homer was broke!" ("The economy, stupid!") Before you wrap it up, perhaps you should be warned that when the animated-cartoon sitcom started its fourth season this fall, John J. O'Connor, writing in the *Times*, described the annals of this "breezily dysfunctional" family as "the most radical show on prime time," because of its characters' often hilariously disrespectful attitude toward authority. (The cartoonist responsible for the show, Matt Groening, also writes a weekly strip called "Life in Hell," and he named the lubberly Homer after a character who was trampled to death at the end of Nathanael West's "The Day of the Locust"—so what did you expect, Frances Hodgson Burnett?) Last January, President Bush told a convention of religious broadcasters, "The nation needs to be closer to the Waltons than the Simpsons," and he thought well enough of the sentiment to repeat it during the Republican Convention. "We are going to keep on trying to strengthen the American family . . . to make American families a lot more like the Waltons and a lot less like the Simpsons." The Simpsons struck back both times—once with a scene in which their maligned family listened to the President on television, and Bart Simpson commented, "Hey, we're just like the Waltons. We're praying for the end of the Depression, too." A museum recently opened in Schuyler, Virginia, to honor the relatively decorous—and certainly not dysfunctional—Waltons, who, in their series, which went off the air some years ago, struggled through hard times in the nineteen-thirties and



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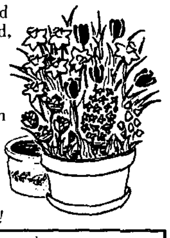

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forties. The chances that a museum will honor the Simpsons in the near future seem small, although toothy, pop-eyed Bart has been accepted into the pantheon of the toy world, lording it over the populace as one of the giant balloons in Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade. A couple of years ago, in an interview, Barbara Bush described “The Simpsons” as “the dumbest thing I've ever seen,” but she apologized after receiving a letter, sent to her under Marge Simpson's name, that said, “I try to teach my children always to give someone the benefit of the doubt and not talk badly about them, even if they are rich.”

THE sound of “Santa Claus Is Coming to Town” up and down the avenues, and of carols playing sweetly even in the grunge of the subways; the Technicolor wrappings on holiday packages being carried through December's black-and-white streets; and the smiles on the faces of the gift bearers—contemplating, or so one often imagines, the great fun children will have on Christmas morning with whatever is inside the packages—may lift the spirits of many people this season, even as others (there are a few in every crowd) ask if there is all that much to sing “Joy to the World” about. For example, a few weeks back the syndicated columnist William Raspberry, in a column headed “Games Children Play,” didn't say the words “Bah. Humbug!” out loud, but he did raise the question of whether, in the matter of children and their games, fun had anything to do with it. He quoted Montaigne—“It should be noted that children at play are not playing about; their games should be seen as their most serious-minded activity”—and added, “If the games our children play are in fact indicative of their serious thoughts, we may be in deeper trouble than I've believed.” Raspberry took the generational approach (there's a lot of that around, now that baby boomers are about to move into both the White House and the Vice-President's quarters), and he was particularly glum as he compared the games he and his father played as children with today's video games, of which Nintendo is the most popular in-home version and, from the point of view of total revenues (four and a half billion dollars this year: no recession there), is at the top of the toy best-seller

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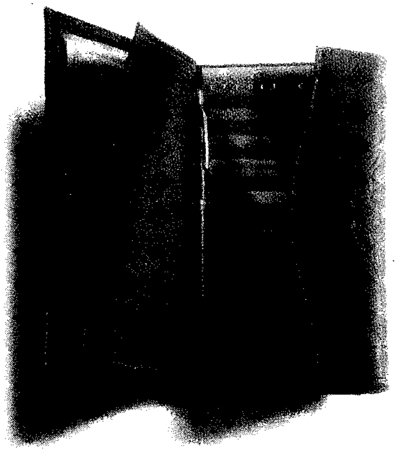

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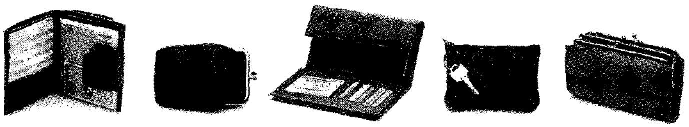

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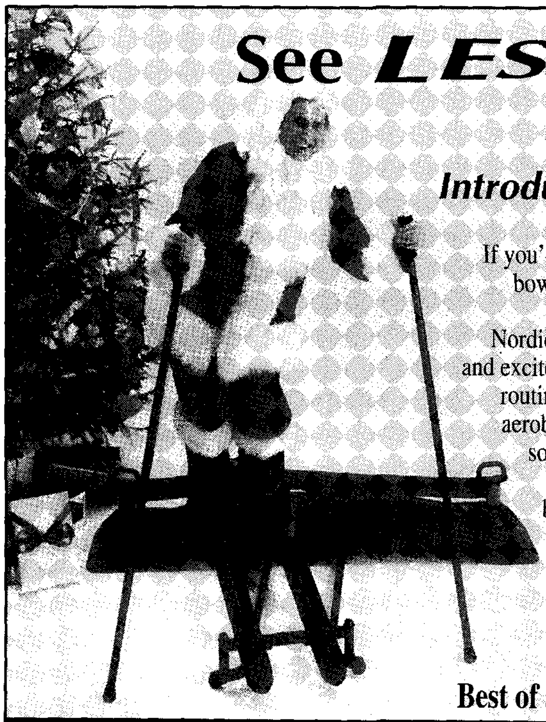

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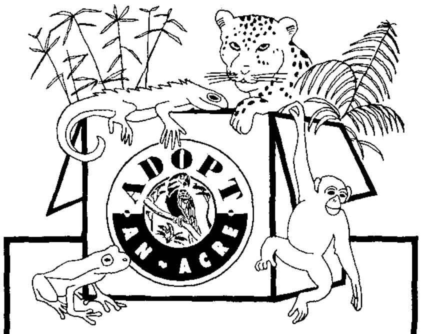

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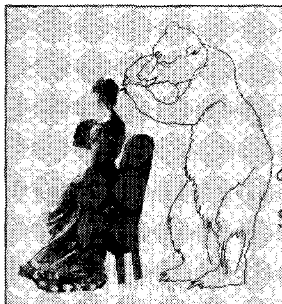

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charts. Video games account for a quarter of all toy sales, and Nintendo has eighty-five per cent of the video-game market—that's all. The "critical disjunction between their generation and ours," Raspberry said, was that nowadays "the kids don't expect to win"; that is, win a prize, or a big fuss over their being winners—*something*. Even in the pinball games of his youth, he pointed out, a high score would get you the next game free, whereas now, he complained, a child could be engaged all day (in what is often a wholly solitary endeavor), and there wouldn't even be electronic bells or whistles going off, to signal that he had zapped the extraterrestrials, rescued the princess, brought peace to the galaxy, or achieved some other great victory in a video-game scenario. Raspberry had to concede to the latest generation what he called a "cheerless realism," since in life, as in video games, "there really are no permanently rescued princesses, no final victories."

In fact, it's safe to say that there is no critical disjunction between generations when it comes to children getting very serious-minded over, say, the challenge of building a castle out of blocks, even though there are no electronic bells or whistles around to mark its topping off. Not many children, however, approach this challenge with the intensity of the young Donald Trump. Playing with a communal set of blocks with his younger brother, Robert, he reportedly asserted a preschooler's version of eminent domain by grabbing some of Robert's blocks and gluing them to his own, so that his building would be taller. (Even then, he knew.) If you have a future real-estate developer on your Christmas list, Childcraft (1-800 631-5657) has a beginner's set of northern-maple blocks—thirty-two pieces in eight basic shapes—for $36.95. (No glue.)

All generations have known (from the groans of pain emanating from the next room, if nothing else) that board games are serious business, even if, as in the case of Monopoly, which is about ten dollars all over town, nobody is done in by drawing a Go Directly to Jail card. Possibly because so many high-livers in the real-estate and financial worlds did end up in that inconvenient spot in recent years, Parker Brothers, which makes Monopoly, has brought out a Don't Go to Jail game, which is $12.99 at the Toy Park. However, this is a

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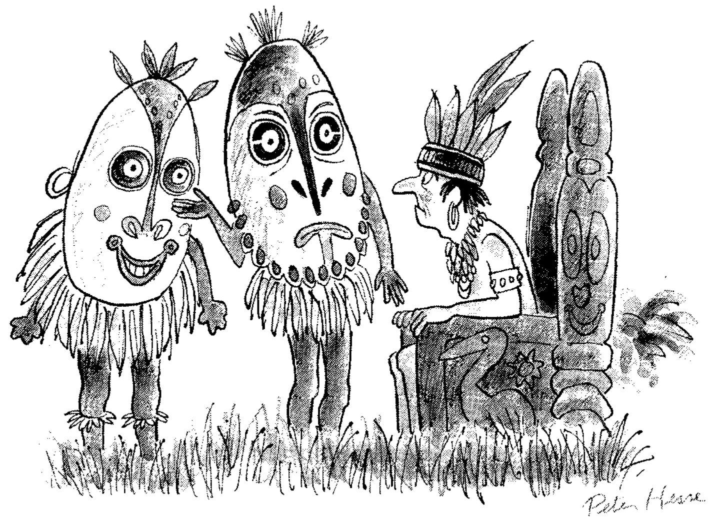
simple roll-the-dice item and doesn't promise much help in getting around the federal RICO laws short of indictment. According to the lore of the toy industry, board games flourish in hard times, when families can't afford to go out and have to find their entertainment around the kitchen table. Monopoly first went on the market in 1935, during the Great Depression. If the present recession deepens, kitchen-table-game manufacturers may be among the few entrepreneurs who can afford to land on Boardwalk. A week or so after Raspberry's column deploring video games appeared, a letter to the Washington *Post* reminded him that winning didn't always count: "After all, who is the winner in peek-a-boo?" The major elements of that game are hard to wrap, but if you're looking for something to put under the tree for a very young friend the Toy Park sells Musical Peek-a-Boo Big Bird. Made of yellow plastic, he is perhaps five inches high, and his eyes, mouth, wings, and feet move to music—appropriately, "Yellow Bird." He attaches to a crib and costs $7.98. As far as we know, however, Raspberry still pines for the more optimistic days of his childhood, when children "had serious hope of winning" the games they played, whereas "our children and grandchildren . . . believe that the best they can do is duck, dodge and retaliate . . . before their inevitable destruction." Talk about *serious*. He may take some comfort in recalling that, for all their ducking, dodging, and retaliation, this year's political candidates did—can we all agree on this?—display a fervent interest in the great American goal of winning.

IT *is* joy-to-the-world time, isn't it? The truth is that on the list you have in your hand someone you are fond of has probably asked for one of those subversive video games. The Super Nintendo system is $139.99 at Toys R Us, and the same store has the hand-held Game Boy, which includes one game, for $74.88. The prices of games range from about twenty dollars to about seventy-five. Shop around. That list someone has handed you is likely to be quite specific, so best pay attention. The chances are that at least one game will have the name Mario in its title, Mario Brothers and Super Mario Brothers being the big enchiladas of the Nintendo world. Re-



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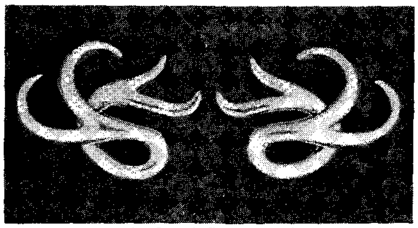

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cently, when there was talk at a political meeting down South about Mario Cuomo as a possible Presidential candidate, one state Democratic chairman was quoted as discouraging the notion with "We don't have many Marios down here." Nowadays, he's likely to find the once alien-sounding name all over his house.

We also don't know how Montaigne would feel about the year's best-selling toy (counting units sold): the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles, manufactured by Playmates. These—T.M.N.T.s for short—are mostly irreverent, unserious sorts. Though it may seem to some parents that they have been around forever, they didn't go on the market until 1988; a hundred and fifty million T.M.N.T. action figures have been sold since, and ninety per cent of American boys between the ages of three and eight have at least one Turtle. At the end of every season, the makers of rival toy items announce that Nintendo and the Turtles are headed straight downhill on the charts; it hasn't happened yet. "I'm delighted that the peak has been passed," David Mauer, the president of the Mattel company, said last Christmas, referring to the T.M.N.T.s. "If the Turtles crash and burn, that plays into our hands. Those dollars have to go somewhere." (As you can tell, the toy business is not a kinder, gentler industry.) The man from Mattel may be especially eager to see the Turtles go down because the two cartoonists from New England who created them (asked why they chose turtles, one of them said airily, "On another day, it might have been guppies") explained that they wanted to create little boys' action characters who would be rather benign sorts and would make fun of the macho image of Masters of the Universe types (He-Man and so on), which were made by Mattel and, at the time, exercised hegemony over boys' toys. He-Man, having crashed and burned, isn't even manufactured anymore.

When the Turtles were informed in a recent Saturday-morning cartoon episode that they had the power to take over the universe, one of them said, "Oh, goody!" It was probably Raphael, whom the literature sent out by Playmates describes as "the David Letterman of the Turtles." As far as we know, Raphael has not endorsed Letterman's complaint during the onslaught of TV ads just before November 3rd: "Election Day has

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gotten to be so commercialized that people forget it's about Jesus." As you may remember, the original Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles, who, according to the Turtles' official bios, came up out of New York City's sewers, are—besides Raphael—Leonardo, Michaelangelo, and Donatello. (Are you beginning to have a sense that the ethnic group Jimmy Carter once referred to as "the Eyetalians" is taking over?) The four-and-a-half-inch Turtles—there are now two hundred and thirty-five different figures—sell for about five dollars everywhere. The Kiddie City stores have a Sewer Spittin' Turtle. (You were promised non-macho but not necessarily class.) This fellow squirts water up to forty-eight inches, which will doubtless please some beneficiary on your list. Anyhow, it poses fewer problems than the super water guns with which your young friend might lay waste the neighbors. Depending on how you feel about your neighbors, a Super Soaker 50 (that means it shoots water as far as fifty feet) is $9.99 at the Kay-Bee stores. As you may have heard, a law banning such items has been proposed by one New Jersey state legislator who opposes banning real semi-automatic weapons.

ANNIVERSARIES are, of course, not only occasions for celebration but reminders of how much time has passed. It's hard to believe that it's been ten years since children now in college first met E.T. One reviewer that year wrote that the little extraterrestrial was a symbol of what Citizen Kane meant by his dying word, "Rosebud": "the adventure of childhood, the symbol and memory of home and innocence and faith and living in the moment . . . of being nine years old again." Now E.T.'s little friend Gertie (Drew Barrymore) is being a very bad girl in the adult world all over the various screens. Currently, she is at work playing the lead role in ABC's "Beyond Control: The Amy Fisher Story." (So far, we have not found—or looked for—an Amy Fisher doll.) But some things don't change. Thus, Mr. Potato Head is celebrating his fortieth birthday this year, having survived all those jokes about whether his first name is spelled with an "e." At the Toy Park, Mr. Head (shall we be formal?) comes complete with accessories that include a mustache, teeth, a hat, eyeglasses, and shoes; $6.99

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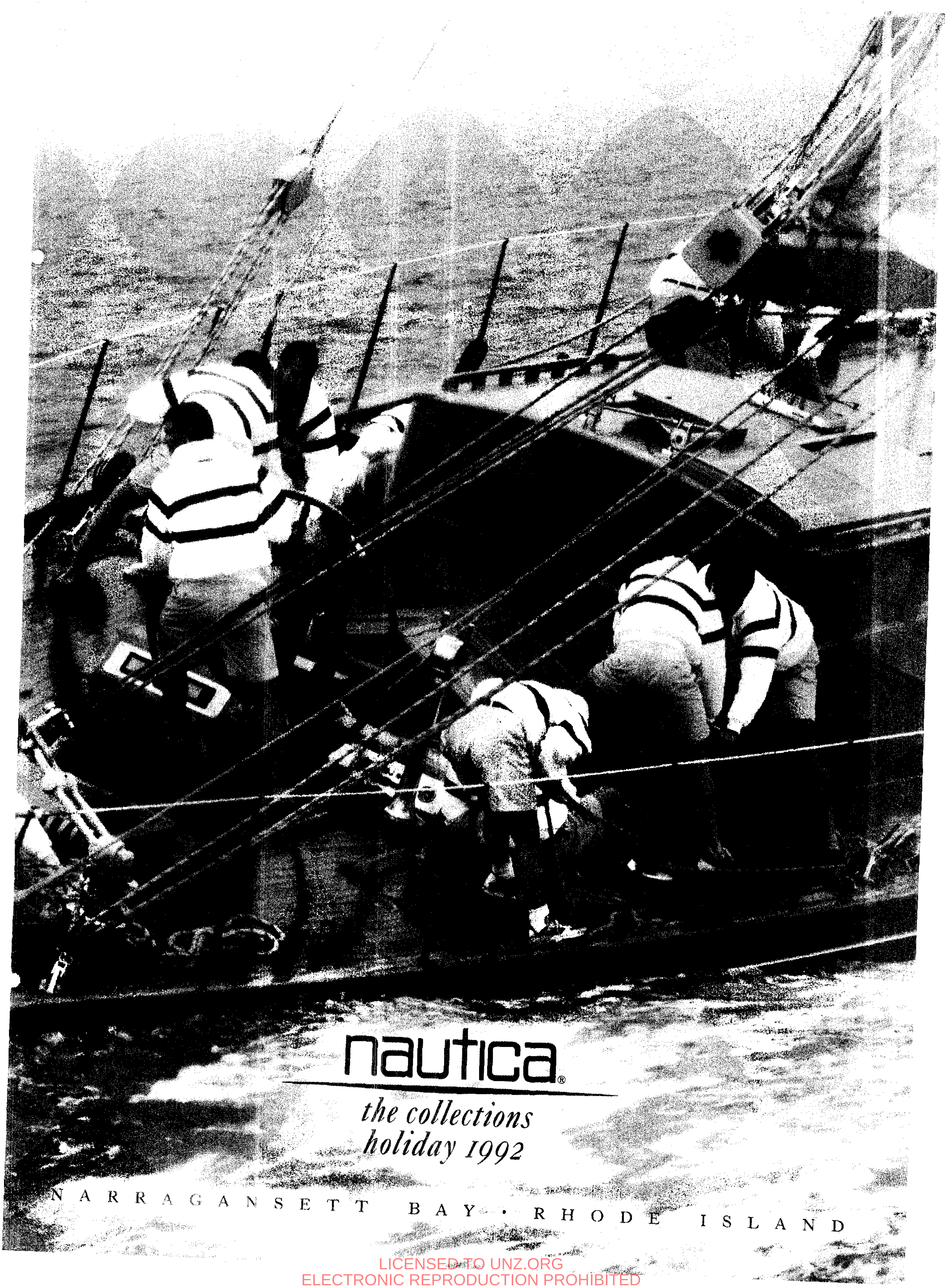
for him and his outfit. The Magic Marker was invented the same year, 1952, by Sidney Rosenthal, of Richmond Hill, Queens. If you decide to pick up a marker to use for the Christmas tags, you won't be the only one: according to the Writing Instrument Manufacturers Association, seven hundred million markers are sold each year. Accounts of anniversary celebrations tend to weigh you down with numbers. Remember the Little Golden Books? They've been around for fifty years now, and more than a billion of them have been sold. (Golden Press accounts for forty-one per cent of all children's books.) The first of them, "The Poky Little Puppy," is still available, selling for $1.29 rather than the original twenty-five cents. There are now Golden Sound books, too, for $6.99. One, "It's Time," contains some twenty pages, and every other one encourages the children to press one of four picture panels on the back cover, each of which makes a sound appropriate to what's happening. Some things have changed in fifty years (and not only in the new United States Senate). The little-boy hero of "It's Time" goes to visit Mom at her office. Dad picks him up at school. And he says glumly, "Time goes SLOWLY when my sister beats me at checkers."

The parents who are gratified by these developments may be the same ones who are very cross over the new Teen Talk! Barbie, who's $29.99 at Macy's. She's programmed so that when you push a button on her back her remarks come out at random. But when one of them was "Math class is tough," Teen Talk! Barbie was denounced as reinforcing the stereotype that girls are poor students of math, science, and the like. It was pointed out by some of the indignant parents that a Ken doll probably wouldn't say anything about finding math tough. The Washington *Post* columnist Tony Kornheiser didn't help when he wrote, "Unfortunately, girls are—how shall I put this sensitively—stupid in math." He also referred to women as "babes." However, one writer of a letter to the paper demanded, "Why would anyone want a talking Barbie, anyway? Back when I played with dolls, one of their best characteristics was their inability to do or say anything unless I so decreed. . . . Now that's empowerment."

We have no figures on Teen Talk! Barbie's sales, but the Mattel people, who make her, have a few other very large figures for us, such as that a Barbie doll is sold every two seconds, and that close to six hundred million Barbies and members of her family (counting Ken, if that's allowed in this era of family values) have been sold since she first went on the market, in 1959. But the best-selling Barbie outfit, election year in and election year out, is the bridal gown. Barbie now has not only a little sister, Skipper, but a "littlest sister," Stacie. The set of three is $39.99 at the Toy Park. It's called the Sharin' Sisters set, because, the box says, "They Wear Each Other's Clothes." Totally Hair Barbie ("She has the *longest* hair ever!") and Totally Hair Ken ("real combable hair") are $14.99 each. (You are probably acquainted with some totally hair types.) And then there's an item called Barbie Rosebud. It's not a sled but a horse—Barbie's dream horse—for her to ride, and it costs $29.99. Rosebud comes with a saddle blanket—a fancy tulle-like affair that, the information on the box points out, becomes a skirt for a "complete Barbie outfit." Talk about sharing!

AND now for the miscellaneous roundup. A set of sixty-five pieces of cardboard in wildly different shapes, covered with Day-Glo colors, and with accompanying stickers to serve as eyes for antic animals that many children take delight in building with them, are called Wizbits and are $30 at F. A. O. Schwarz. Nostalgia being in, how about a six-inch-square tin box that shows the dear old Crayolas gold-on-green trademark? (Crayolas have been around since 1903.) Also on the box is a scene of two very well-behaved-looking children playing beneath a Christmas tree. Inside is a box of sixty-four crayons with a built-in sharpener, and a Christmas-tree ornament that is a small bear, ensconced in a half-circular version of a Crayola box. This is $12.75 at the Penny Whistle stores. At Tenzing & Pema, a new store at 956 Madison (75th), you'll find a Sherlock Holmes jack-in-the-box for $95, which we mention because we have never before encountered a resident of No. 221B Baker Street as a jack-in-the-box. He's handcrafted in Maine. Also paying Sherlock due honor is a Sherlock gift basket from A Tisket A Tasket, the gift-basket people, who can be reached at 967-9366, and who now offer toy gift baskets for, as they say, "rich kids of all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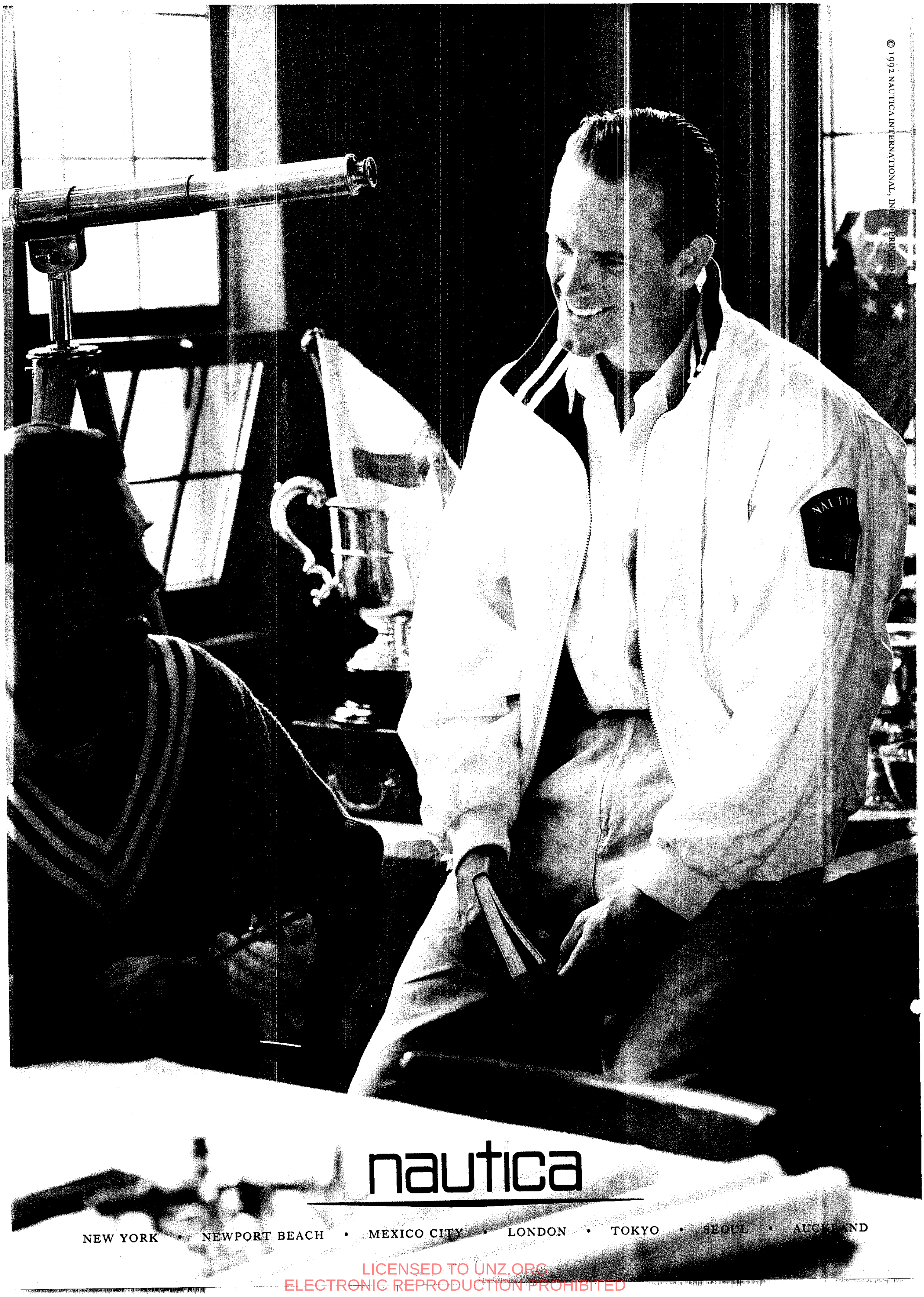
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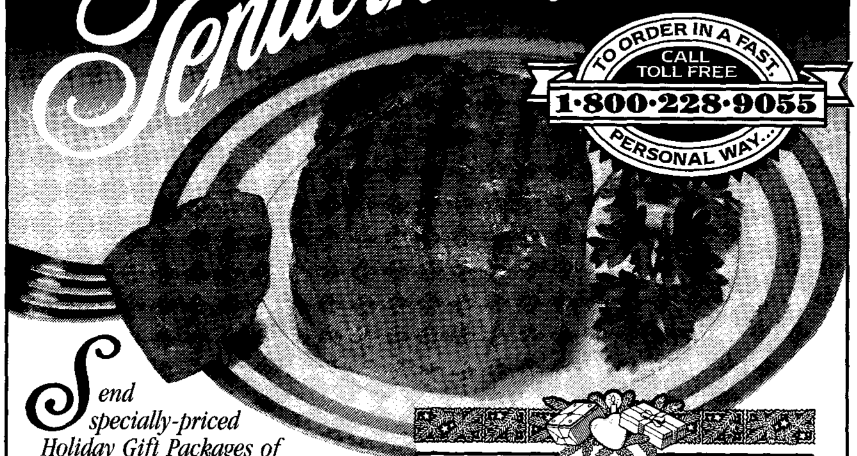
ages." The Sherlock basket, which is $200, includes a handmade Sherlock marionette, complete with small magnifying glass, a hardcover Sherlock book, a 221B Baker Street board game, a supply of English tea, and some cookies. (If it's going to an adult, there's Irish whiskey cake.) At Tenzing & Pema (which is named for the owner's eight-year-old son and seven-year-old daughter), they also have, for $2.95, a supply of Authors card games, which haven't been around for a while. One set specializes in Mystery Authors, and, of course, Sir Arthur is on the cover. Also at Tenzing & Pema are rather more expensive items, such as wooden looms, for $85, and a quartz-powered telescope, for $3,250. "By seven, kids are totally bored with toys," the store's owner, Simon Abrahams, told the *Times*. Not entirely, perhaps. "Tenzing was trying to get G.I. Joes in here," he admitted, "but I said that was out of the question." Not being able to find a "Macbeth" game, we settled for the Addams Family Reunion game, which is $9.99 at Toys R Us. One more game, a new one, called Think-It Link-It, the Game of Rhyme & Reason, is $32 at Schwarz. The players draw cards, each of which lists two non-rhyming words—for example, "obese feline"—and in sixty seconds (there is a timer) try to come up with "fat cat" (a term you may have heard during this election season). For "moody northerner," which is the kind of non-welcoming type some Southerners about to invade Washington may be bracing themselves to encounter, the answer is "cranky Yankee."

There is one anniversary we didn't mark. It's a little over a year since Dr. Seuss died, at the age of eighty-seven. A cartoon that week by Meyer showed him jauntily leaving the room, in the manner of the Cat in the Hat, with the accompanying farewell "He gave us some books, Then he said, 'That is that.' And then he was gone With a tip of his hat"—and with a grace we could use more of, everywhere. All the Dr. Seuss books you are likely to have on your list are $6.95 or $13 at Books of Wonder. Do you remember that in "How the Grinch Stole Christmas" the Grinch didn't steal anything that counted? It's still here—indeed, it's almost upon us. So, winners and losers (surely there are no snollygosters in the crowd), all gather around. Merry Christmas! ◆



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ANNALS OF RADIATION

THE CANCER AT SLATER SCHOOL

by Paul Brodeur

On a Friday afternoon in mid-December of 1990, half a dozen women who taught at the Louis N. Slater Elementary School, in Fresno, California, were interviewed in the teachers' lounge there by Amy Alexander, a staff writer for the Fresno *Bee*, who wanted to know if they were concerned about the presence of two high-voltage transmission lines that ran past the school on Emerson Avenue. That morning, the *Bee* had published an Associated Press story about an attempt by the Bush Administration to delay the release of a report compiled by the federal Environmental Protection Agency which linked residential and occupational exposure to the alternating-current magnetic fields given off by power lines with the development of cancer in children and adults. Earlier in the week, a mother whose child attended the Tobey B. Lawless Elementary School, about a mile northwest of the Slater school, had asked the principal there to get in touch with the Pacific Gas & Electric Company, of San Francisco—the utility that serves Fresno and is the largest in the nation—about the potential hazard of high-voltage transmission lines running along Corona Avenue, within three hundred feet of the school. The mother also mentioned her concern to an acquaintance on the *Bee's* staff, who passed it along to Alexander. After making a few telephone calls, Alexander learned that the Slater school sits only a hundred feet or so from the same high-voltage power lines that run past Lawless. It was then that she arranged to meet with teachers at Slater.

Up to the time of Alexander's visit, none of the forty-three teachers at the Slater school had apparently ever entertained any doubts about working close to power lines. When Alexander told the women she met with in the teachers' lounge about the E.P.A. report, however, they were quick to inform her that at least nine teachers and teachers' aides at Slater had developed cancer in recent years. Two days later, an article by Alexander about the possible hazard at Slater appeared on the front page of the *Bee*, under the headline "POWER LINES WORRY SCHOOL." Alexander said in her article that the transmission lines on Emerson Avenue supplied power for more than forty thousand Fresno homes, and that transmission lines had been there since the nineteen-twenties. She also reported that since 1987 the California Department of Education had required new schools to be situated at least a hundred and fifty feet from such lines.

Earlier in the article, Alexander quoted an E.P.A. official in San Francisco as saying that President George Bush's national science adviser had expressed reservations about releasing the agency's report on the potential carcinogenicity of power-line emissions, because he feared that it could cause "widespread panic." She then quoted the Slater principal, George Marsh, as cautioning that "we need to allay people's fears rather than have them become hysterical." After reporting that P.G. & E. representatives would be taking measurements at the Slater and Lawless schools the next day, Alexander quoted a spokesman for the California Department of Health Services as saying that he was unfamiliar with concerns about health risks from power lines near schools in the Fresno area, and the Fresno Unified School District's director of health services as saying that she was unaware of any unusual incidence of cancer at any of the district's schools. But Loretta Hutton, one of the women Alexander interviewed in the teachers' lounge, declared that the high incidence of cancer at Slater had been noted by some of her colleagues in the school district. "They say, 'Oh, you teach at Slater? Well, that's certainly the kiss of death,' " Hutton told Alexander.

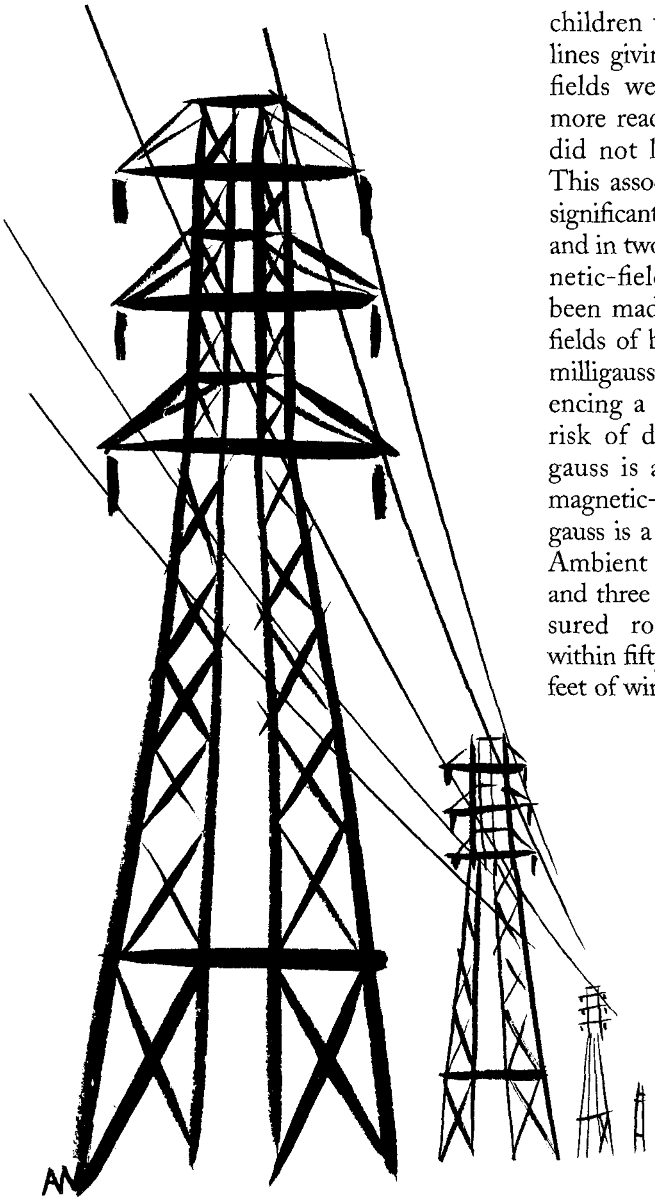
Alexander's article was the topic of considerable discussion among the teachers at Slater during the next week. Nothing much came of it, however, because on the following Friday the faculty and pupils began a two-week Christmas vacation. Moreover, because Slater is a year-round school, teachers there are required to take two six-week vacations during the year, so nearly a dozen teachers, including several whom Alexander had interviewed, did not return to work until the middle of February. Among them was Patricia Berryman, a first-grade teacher and the mother of two grown children. An attractive woman in her late forties, Berryman had special reason to find Alexander's piece unsettling. She had come to Slater in August of 1975, three years after the school opened, and had since been teaching reading, writing, math, science, and social studies to first graders in Pod A—an octagonal area at the southeast corner of the school. Pod A, which faces Emerson Avenue, contains three first-grade classrooms and two kindergarten rooms. Slater has four such pods: they are situated at the four corners of the school building, and surround a large rectangular area that houses offices for the principal, the vice-principals, the administrative secretaries, and nurses, and also a kitchen, a faculty room, an all-purpose room, a patio, and several workrooms. Pod B, at the southwest corner of the building, also faces Emerson Avenue, and contains five classrooms for fifth and sixth graders. Pods C and D, at the northwest and northeast corners of the school, respectively, are, of course, farther away from Emerson Avenue; they contain ten classrooms for second, third, and fourth graders.

"During the mid-nineteen-eighties, I began to realize that cancer and various other tumors were striking a lot of people who worked around me at Slater," Berryman said recently. "One reason for my awareness was that I was a member of the Slater Sunshine Committee—a group of three or four teachers who visit sick staff members and send them flowers, plants, and get-well cards. In 1983, a nurse's aide who worked in an administrative office just behind and adjacent to Pod A developed breast cancer and had a mastectomy. The following year, a teacher's aide who had worked with me in Room 3 of Pod A for five years developed melanoma. She died two years later, after the cancer spread to her lungs. In January of 1985, a fifth-grade teacher who had been working for two years in Pod A and for three years in Pod B developed meningioma—a nonmalignant tumor of the brain—which impaired her sight in one eye and forced her to retire on disability. In 1986, two more of my colleagues were afflicted with cancer. One of them developed cancer of the uterus after teaching kindergarten for twelve years in the room next to mine in Pod A. The other, a fifth-grade teacher who had worked in Pod B for eight years, developed breast cancer and had a mastectomy. In the spring of 1987, a fifth-grade teacher who had worked for fourteen years in Pod B developed ovarian cancer, and a teacher's aide in Pod B developed breast cancer. In addition to these malignancies, at least four other teachers in Pods A and B, myself among them, and several office and kitchen-staff workers in the adjacent administrative area as well, had developed nonmalignant tumors of the breast or the uterus.

"During this whole time, I knew of no one working elsewhere in the school who had developed cancer or a tumor, and I had begun to wonder why there should be so much disease among those of us who worked in or near Pods A and B. Then, in March of 1990, brain cancer was diagnosed in Katie Alexander, a close friend, who had taught first grade with me in Pod A for fifteen years. She had been having trouble with her eyes, and had gone to see an ophthalmologist. He sent her to a neurological surgeon, who, after determining her condition, operated on her brain and removed a malignant tumor the size of a baseball. During the summer and autumn of 1990, three or four of us had been visiting Katie every other week or so at her mother's house, where she was recuperating from the surgery, and in December, when I learned about the E.P.A. report and the fact that it specifically cited brain cancer as being associated with exposure to power-line magnetic fields, I began to wonder for the first time about the huge transmission lines I could see through the window of my room in Pod A, running down Emerson Avenue."

THE E.P.A. report—a three-hundred-and-sixty-seven-page document entitled "Evaluation of the Potential Carcinogenicity of Electromagnetic Fields"—had come to light in March of 1990, when someone in the agency sent a draft version of it to Louis Slesin, the editor and publisher of a pioneering and influential newsletter called *Microwave News*, which since the early nineteen-eighties has been reporting on the hazards of exposure to radiation from power lines and other sources. Upon making inquiries, Slesin learned that on March 6th Richard Guimond, the director of the E.P.A.'s Office of Radiation Programs, and William Farland, the director of the agency's Office of Health and Environmental Assessment—the office that had prepared the report—had briefed officials of the White House Office of Science and Technology Policy and the White House Office of Policy Development on its conclusions and recommendations. Chief among the conclusions was one specifying that power-line electromagnetic fields should be classified as a "probable" human carcinogen. Slesin also learned that Farland, within a week of the briefing, had ordered this conclusion to be deleted from the report.

In spite of the deletion, the summary-and-conclusions section of the draft E.P.A. report contained a persuasive indictment of power-line magnetic fields as a cancer-producing agent. Its authors stated that five of six case-control studies published in the peer-reviewed medical literature showed that children who lived near power lines giving off strong magnetic fields were developing cancer more readily than children who did not live near power lines. This association was statistically significant in three of the studies; and in two studies in which magnetic-field measurements had been made children exposed to fields of between two and three milligauss or above were experiencing a significantly increased risk of developing cancer. (A gauss is a unit of measure for magnetic-field strength; a milligauss is a thousandth of a gauss. Ambient levels of between two and three milligauss can be measured routinely in buildings within fifty to a hundred and fifty feet of wires carrying strong electric current.) The E.P.A. researchers declared that a "consistently repeated pattern of leukemia, nervous system cancer and lymphoma in the childhood studies" argues "in favor of a causal link" between the development of these diseases and the exposure of children to power-line magnetic fields. They went on



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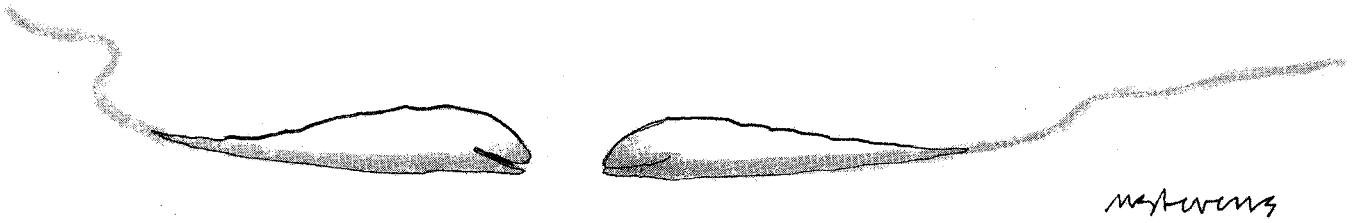


"Good news—the economy is still sluggish!"

* *

to say that they had reviewed more than thirty reports dealing with cancer or mortality among workers exposed to such fields, and had found that the statistical results of the occupational studies tended to support the statistical results of the childhood studies, with leukemia, brain cancer, and malignant melanoma of the skin predominating among the exposed workers.

After determining that magnetic fields were the most likely cause of the excess cancer found in the epidemiological studies, the authors of the E.P.A. report described a body of experimental research—it included studies showing that weak magnetic fields could change the chemistry of the brain, impair the immune system, and inhibit the synthesis of melatonin, a hormone known to suppress several types of tumors and to be present in reduced amounts in women who develop breast cancer—and declared that it furnished "reason to believe that the findings of carcinogenicity in humans are biologically plausible." The final paragraph of the section contained this sentence: "With our current understanding we can identify 60 Hz magnetic fields from power lines and perhaps other sources in the home as a possible, but not proven, cause of cancer in people."

As things turned out, most of the newspapers that ran stories about the E.P.A. draft report did not describe its findings in detail but relied upon assessments by officials like Farland, who went to considerable lengths to play down the power-line hazard. Typical of the coverage was a piece that ran in the New York *Times* on May 23rd: it quoted Farland as saying that the report "should not cause undue alarm but does suggest the need for additional research."

During the summer, E.P.A. officials revised the draft report a second time, before submitting it for review to the agency's Scientific Advisory Board. In September, the S.A.B. began selecting a seventeen-member subcommittee on non-ionizing electric and magnetic fields to carry out the review, and named Dr. Genevieve Matanoski, an epidemiologist at Johns Hopkins University's School of Hygiene and Public Health, in Baltimore, to head it. A year earlier, Matanoski and two colleagues had found a sevenfold increase in leukemia and a general increase in other types of cancer among forty-five hundred New York Telephone Company cable splicers, who had been occupationally exposed to electromagnetic fields as a result of working on telephone poles or in trenches close to high-voltage and high-current wires.

Meanwhile, in July, William Reilly, the administrator of the E.P.A., had asked D. Allan Bromley, a former professor of physics at Yale University, who is the director of the White House Office of Science and Technology Policy and the science adviser to President Bush, to arrange for an additional review of the report, to be carried out by the Committee on Interagency Radiation Research and Policy Coördination, which is an offshoot of the Office of Science and Technology Policy. In August, Bromley sent Reilly a list of fourteen people whom he recommended for inclusion on the S.A.B. subcommittee, on the ground that they were "very knowledgeable" about the biological effects of power-line electromagnetic fields. Of the fourteen, four were longtime paid consultants of the electric-utility industry; three others had published articles suggesting that research on the biological effects of low-level electromagnetic radiation be suspended; two worked for the Naval Aerospace Medical Research Laboratory, an outfit that during the nineteen-seventies had conducted human experiments showing that extra-low-frequency fields could have significant effects upon behavior; two had received funding from the Air Force, which had been trying ever since the early nineteen-sixties to suppress information about the adverse health effects of low-level electromagnetic radiation; and one worked for the General Electric Company, a firm that had denied for an equal period of time the possibility of adverse health effects from such radiation. The remaining two—Robert K. Adair, a professor of physics at Yale University and a former colleague of Bromley's, and Eleanor R. Adair, his wife, who is a fellow of the John B. Pierce Foundation Laboratory, at Yale's Center for Research in Health and the Environment—had stated publicly on a number of occasions that concern about power-line magnetic fields was nothing more than mass hysteria.

To their credit, Reilly and Donald Barnes, the director of the E.P.A.'s Scientific Advisory Board, did not select any of the fourteen people as members of the subcommittee. However, of the seventeen members of the panel that was selected six members either had been paid consultants of the utility industry or had conducted studies financed by its research arm, the Electric Power Research Institute, or EPRI, of Palo Alto, California. Most of the EPRI-financed research over the past twenty years had advanced the proposition that the electromagnetic fields given off by power lines do not pose significant health hazards. By this time, Reilly and other high agency officials were aware that powerful forces within the government were prepared to oppose any attempt on the part of the E.P.A. to release the draft report or to characterize low-level electromagnetic fields as a possible cancer hazard.

On November 26th, Bromley was

briefed at the White House by Farland; Erich Bretthauer, the E.P.A. assistant administrator for research and development; and Robert E. McGaughy, the project manager and chief author of the report. Bromley then told the three men that the report would alarm the public and asked them to delay its release until it could be evaluated further. The report had been scheduled for release on November 27th, and when it was held up at Bromley's request several junior officials at the agency notified the Associated Press. A story by Paul Raeburn that went out on the A.P. wire on December 13th quoted McGaughy as saying that Bromley had voiced concern that the report would alarm the public, and that similar reservations had been expressed by Assistant Secretary of Health James Mason a week earlier. "They were concerned not about the accuracy of the report," McGaughy told Raeburn. "They were concerned about how people would react to the news."

That evening, two major networks broadcast stories based on the A.P. account, and the next day, December 14th, various versions of the A.P. account, or stories based on it, were carried by newspapers across the nation. The Fresno *Bee*, for one, carried the A.P. story in its entirety. That same day, the E.P.A. released the report, but with a disclaimer that mentioned the "controversial and uncertain nature of the scientific findings of this report" and declared that it "should not be construed as representing Agency policy or position." On December 15th, the *Times* ran a story by Philip J. Hilts, in which Bretthauer was quoted as saying that "no responsible scientist can make a conclusion that there is a cause and effect" between electromagnetic fields and cancer or other disorders. Farland, too, tried to cast doubt on the importance of the report by telling Hilts that the biological effects of electromagnetic fields could not amount to much, because the records of disease in this century did not show notable increases as the electrification of the nation progressed. Only four days earlier, the *Times* had carried a story about steep increases recently observed in the United States and around the world in the incidence of brain cancer, lymphoma, and melanoma—all of them diseases that had been cited in the report compiled by scientists in Farland's own office as being associated with exposure to power-line magnetic fields. The earlier *Times* story noted that scientists had implicated electromagnetic radiation as a possible cause of brain cancer.

Meanwhile, Representative George E. Brown, of California, the chairman-elect of the House Committee on Science, Space, and Technology, together with Representative James H. Scheuer, of New York, the chairman of that committee's subcommittee on Natural Resources, Agriculture Research, and Environment, and Representative Frank Pallone, Jr., of New Jersey, the author of a bill seeking more federal funding for a study of the biological effects of electromagnetic fields, had written to Bromley expressing dismay over his role in delaying the release of the E.P.A. report, and telling him that his action was "more likely to fan public concern than to allay it." Bromley, in a letter dated December 17th, told the three congressmen that a number of his physicist friends had "serious questions about the quality of the studies" on the suspected carcinogenicity of electromagnetic fields, and he went on to say that he had not tried to censor the E.P.A. report but that he considered it his responsibility to urge caution "when a very large population stands to be affected negatively by the report." On December 24th, Bromley was quoted in *Time* as saying that the E.P.A.'s finding of a positive association between exposure to electromagnetic fields and childhood cancer was "unnecessarily frightening millions of parents."

For his part, Reilly, the E.P.A. administrator, appeared to be condoning the actions of subordinates who were paving the way for the utility industry to mount an all-out attack on the report and its conclusions at the initial S.A.B. hearings, which had been scheduled for mid-January of 1991. In a letter sent to Reilly on December 21st, Representatives Brown, Scheuer, and Pallone sharply criticized the E.P.A. for allowing Crowell & Moring—a Washington law firm that represented many utility companies, including several that had been named as defendants in lawsuits involving the health hazards of power-line magnetic fields—to plan the scheduling at the hearings of public comment on such key issues as epidemiology, cell biology, and biophysics. "The very tradi-

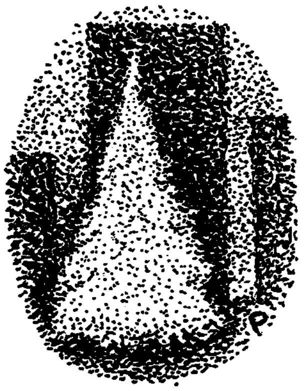
" 'Season's Greetings' looks O.K. to me. Let's run it by the legal department."

tion of scientific peer review is founded on the notion that truth will emerge from rigorous debate and a close examination of all viewpoints," they wrote. "To give to a party with such clear vested interests as Crowell & Moring the power to 'arrange' the testimony before the Science Advisory Board is totally contrary to this tradition."

In preparation for the hearings, Crowell & Moring had set up an organization called the Utility Health Sciences Group—a coalition of major utility companies that claimed to be interested in promoting research on electromagnetic fields—and the group had arranged for four prominent scientists to give testimony before the S.A.B. subcommittee which would discount the association between electromagnetic fields and cancer. The four were Dr. David Korn, the dean of Stanford University's School of Medicine, who was also chairman of the National Cancer Advisory Board; Dr. Mark Mandelkern, a professor of physics and pathology at the University of California, Irvine; Dr. Edward Gelmann, the chief of medical oncology at the Georgetown University School of Medicine's Vincent Lombardi Cancer Research Center; and Dr. Dimitrios Trichopoulos, the chairman of the Department of Epidemiology of Harvard University's School of Public Health.

Dr. Korn testified that on the basis of his readings and inquiries "the case for the potential carcinogenicity of power-frequency electromagnetic fields is not convincing." However, when he was questioned by members of the subcommittee, he admitted that he had not read any of the key papers on the cellular and animal effects of electromagnetic fields. Dr. Mandelkern declared that the mechanisms of interaction between electromagnetic fields and biological processes were "implausible," but, like Korn, he was shown by questioners to be unfamiliar with much of the literature on the effects of low-level electromagnetic fields. Dr. Gelmann stated that "there appears to be no substantive evidence that power-frequency electric and/or magnetic fields induce cancer." Dr. Trichopoulos, echoing Farland, suggested that if the proposed association between exposure to electromagnetic fields and cancer were true the increasing electrification of the nation over the years should have resulted in an "epidemic" of childhood leukemia. This prompted Dr. Matanoski, who was chairing the S.A.B. subcommittee, to point out that there had been a consistent increase in childhood leukemia since the nineteen-thirties.

During the hearings, eighteen oral comments were given, and more than half of them were delivered by people who represented the utility industry or the Air Force, which for years had opposed any suggestion that the electromagnetic radiation emitted by its radars and communications equipment could be hazardous, or by people who had stated publicly that there was no evidence of an association between exposure to electromagnetic fields and cancer. Among the latter was Robert Adair, of Yale: he claimed that universally accepted laws of physics made it virtually impossible that sixty-hertz magnetic fields at levels below a hundred milligauss could cause any observable biological effects. Moreover, there were only half a dozen comments by people who were concerned that power-line fields might pose a health risk, and not one was delivered by anyone with a scientific-research background, let alone by any of the scientists who had conducted any of the dozens of studies that had been cited in the E.P.A. report as showing that electromagnetic fields were a possible cause of cancer. The resulting imbalance was noted by Mayor James P. Connors, of Scranton, Pennsylvania: according to *Microwave News*, he told the subcommittee that many of his constituents were worried about their exposure to power-line emissions, and asked, "Who is representing the people?"



ON February 25, 1991, Thom DeYoung, a service-planning analyst for Pacific Gas & Electric, sent a thirty-two-page report of the magnetic-field measurements that the utility had taken at the Lawless and Slater schools in December, together with some background material on the electromagnetic-field hazard, to Wayne McMillen, the director of the Fresno Unified School District's Benefit and Risk Management Department. In a cover letter, DeYoung told McMillen that the utility was "unable to interpret" the measurements, and that the lack of scientifically based safety standards for human exposure to power-frequency magnetic fields meant that individuals had to formulate their own risk assessment. The report noted that P.G. & E.'s facilities near the Slater Elementary School included a two-hundred-and-thirty-thousand-volt double-circuit transmission line and a hundred-and-fifteen-thousand-volt double-circuit transmission line, and that the latter was "approximately 100 feet from the nearest classrooms." It went on to say that between three and four o'clock on the afternoon of December 17, 1990, a magnetic-field level of 7.6 milligauss had been measured directly beneath the hundred-and-fifteen-thousand-volt line on Emerson Avenue; a level of 5.2 milligauss had been found at the curb on the school side of the avenue; a level of 4.3 milligauss had been found near a fence separating the school grounds from the sidewalk along the avenue; and levels of between one and two milligauss had been measured at seven sites immediately outside Pods A and B.

On March 1st, McMillen forwarded a copy of the P.G. & E. report to Chuck McAlexander, an assistant superintendent of the school district, with a cover letter assuring him that not enough scientific information existed to make a judgment regarding magnetic-field exposure levels. To understand how McMillen may have come to this conclusion, one need only read the background material that DeYoung had sent him. It included a public-policy statement that had been published by P.G. & E. in October of 1990 and a pamphlet that had been written earlier that year by Dr. Raymond Richard Neutra, the chief of the California Department of Health Services' Special Epidemiological Studies Program, and three of his colleagues, who supported the utility's position at almost every turn.

Neutra and his co-authors started out by declaring that, given the scientific information now available, it was not possible to set a standard for exposure to electromagnetic fields or to say that any particular level was either safe or dangerous. In a later section of the pamphlet, they implied that epidemiological studies with findings that supported a link between exposure to power-line magnetic fields and the development of cancer were balanced by a similar number of studies with findings that did not support such a link. The fact is that, as the E.P.A. draft report clearly stated, five out of six studies of childhood residential exposure and most of thirty or so occupational studies that had been conducted since 1979 showed a positive link between exposure to power-frequency magnetic fields and cancer. Neutra and his colleagues said almost nothing about the research demonstrating that weak electromagnetic fields could affect the brain, the immune system, and the synthesis of melatonin—the research that had provided the chief basis for the E.P.A.'s conclusion that the findings of carcinogenicity were "biologically plausible."

"It's made from an endangered species for that one person in a thousand who couldn't care less."

Neutra and his colleagues emphasized the fact that the childhood epidemiological studies had relied on rough estimates of magnetic-field exposure based on the proximity of homes to power lines, rather than on spot measurements of actual magnetic-field strength, but they failed to point out that most leading researchers consider such estimates to be historically more accurate and to give a better idea of actual exposure at the time of and before diagnosis than spot measurements. They concluded their pamphlet by stating that public concern about the power-line health hazard was based on "incomplete and inconclusive" data, and that until better data were available any concerned individuals might wish to limit their exposure to electromagnetic fields "when this can be done at reasonable cost and with reasonable effort."

Like Neutra and his colleagues, the authors of the P.G. & E. statement emphasized that estimates of magnetic-field exposure in the childhood studies had been based on proximity to power lines, and not on actual magnetic-field measurements, and thus did not prove a link between exposure to the fields and the development of cancer. In addition, like Farland and Trichopoulos, they suggested that if power-line magnetic fields really caused or promoted cancer "the fivefold increase in electrical usage during the past 30 years would have been expected to have produced an epidemic of childhood leukemia." The utility industry stopped making this argument in June of 1991, after the National Cancer Institute released a report saying that in recent years there had been unexplained increases of nearly eleven per cent in childhood leukemia, and of more than thirty per cent in childhood brain cancer.

As it happened, evidence of the cancer hazard associated with exposure to power-frequency emissions had been accumulating steadily during the previous two years. On January 30th and 31st of 1991, a panel of epidemiologists attending a workshop on the health effects of electromagnetic radiation that was being held in Cincinnati by the National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health strongly urged that the association of female breast cancer and exposure to electromagnetic fields be given high priority in future research programs. Just a month earlier, a Norwegian study had been published which showed that male breast cancer—a disease so rare that only about one case had been diagnosed in every hundred thousand men each year—was occurring at twice the expected rate in men whose occupations involved exposure to electromagnetic fields, and at four times the expected rate in electric-transport workers, such as railway-engine drivers, tram operators, and trackwalkers.

The Norwegian study was the third investigation in little more than a year to observe an exceptional rate of breast cancer among men exposed to electromagnetic fields. Seven months earlier, epidemiologists at the Fred Hutchinson Cancer Research Center, in Seattle, had reported that telephone linemen, electricians, and electric-power workmen were developing breast cancer at six times the expected rate, and in November of 1989 Matanoski and her colleagues at Johns Hopkins had announced that there was an increased incidence of male breast cancer among central-office telephone technicians, who were exposed to magnetic fields of between two and three milligauss being given off by switching equipment. (The increase proved to be six times as great as expected.) In spite of the fact that Louis Slesin had reported all these findings in *Microwave News*, almost no word of them had found its way into the nation's newspapers, with the result that American women, who were experiencing a steep rise in the incidence of breast cancer—a malignancy that is histologically identical to breast cancer in men—had almost no idea of the potential link that had been discovered between the development of this disease and exposure to magnetic fields.

Among the epidemiologists at the Cincinnati workshop who stressed the importance of a possible association between female breast cancer and electromagnetic fields was Dr. John M. Peters, of the Department of Preventive Medicine of the University of Southern California School of Medicine, in Los Angeles. Peters and Dr. Stephanie J. London, together with some colleagues at the university, had recently completed a five-year investigation of the association between childhood leukemia and residential proximity to high-current power lines—an investigation financed by the Electric Power Research Institute. On February 7th, EPRI officials announced the preliminary results of the London-Peters study at a meeting held in Carmel, California, which was closed to the press. According to EPRI, London, Peters, and the other U.S.C. researchers had examined the residences of two hundred and thirty-two children, ten years old or younger, who lived in Los Angeles County and had developed leukemia between 1980 and 1987. When they compared these residences with those of two hundred and thirty-two children who had not been afflicted with leukemia, they found that children living near high-current power lines experienced a risk of developing the disease two and a half times as great as that of children who did not live near such lines, and thus confirmed the findings of earlier childhood-cancer studies that had been cited in the E.P.A. report as providing the strongest evidence that power-line magnetic fields were a possible cause of cancer in human beings.

Since London and Peters had decided not to engage in any public discussion of their study until it was published in a peer-reviewed scientific journal—and that did not occur for nine months—EPRI was able to put its spin on the findings by emphasizing, in a seven-page commentary it distributed to the press, that measured magnetic-field exposures were only "weakly associated with leukemia risk," and that "the lack of a clear pattern of association with different measures of exposure requires further research." In spite of these assertions, the *Wall Street Journal*, the Los Angeles *Times*, and most of the other major newspapers that covered the story placed the London-Peters study in proper perspective by reporting that children living near high-current power lines had been found to be developing leukemia at a significantly higher rate than other children, and that this finding constituted important new evidence of the link between exposure to electromagnetic fields and cancer. An exception was the New York *Times*, whose Sandra Blakeslee wrote a lead sentence declaring, "Preliminary results of a new scientific study show that childhood leukemia is not associated with normal household exposure to electromagnetic fields." No mention of the London-Peters study appeared in the Fresno *Bee*, and therefore neither Patricia Berryman and her fellow-teachers at the Slater school nor the parents of the children who attended the school were aware that the findings of a major new investigation suggested that it was hazardous for children to be chronically exposed to power-line magnetic fields.

A few days after Wayne McMillen forwarded P.G. & E.'s report to McAlexander, Berryman picked up a copy from a table in the faculty room at the Slater school, where George Marsh, Slater's principal, had left it. Reading through it, she found that it consisted largely of a series of graphs showing magnetic-field profiles that had been taken at specific sites to substantiate the measurements in the graphs. She also found that all the measurements were expressed in terms of milligauss, and they made little sense to her, because at that time she had no idea what a milligauss signified. For this reason, she was unable to attach any significance to the ambient magnetic-field readings that P.G. & E. had taken near the classrooms of Pods A and B. On page 4, however, she came across a description of the measurements which caught her attention. It stated, "Generally, the higher ambient magnetic field levels occur on the south side of the school property (in the vicinity of Pods A and B)

BURNING TRASH

At night—the light turned off, the filament
Unburdened of its atom-eating charge,
His wife asleep, her breathing dipping low
Toward a swampy source—he thought of death.
Her father's hilltop home allowed him time
To sense the nothing standing like a sheet
Of speckless glass behind his human future.
He had two comforts he could see, just two.

One was the cheerful fullness of most things:
Plump stones and clouds, expectant pods, the soil
Offering up pressure to his knees and hands.
The other was burning the trash each day.
He liked the heat, the imitation danger,
And the way, as he tossed in used-up news,
String, napkins, envelopes, and paper cups,
Hypnotic tongues of order intervened.

—John Updike

due to the proximity of the power lines."

At that time, faculty meetings were held at Slater on the first two Tuesdays of each month, and when the P.G. & E. report came up for discussion, on the afternoon of March 5th, Berryman told her colleagues that she had not been able to understand much of it. When Curtis Hurd, one of the vice-principals, said he had had a similar reaction, Marsh announced that P.G. & E. would be presenting the results of its survey at the next monthly meeting of the Fresno Board of Education, on March 14th.

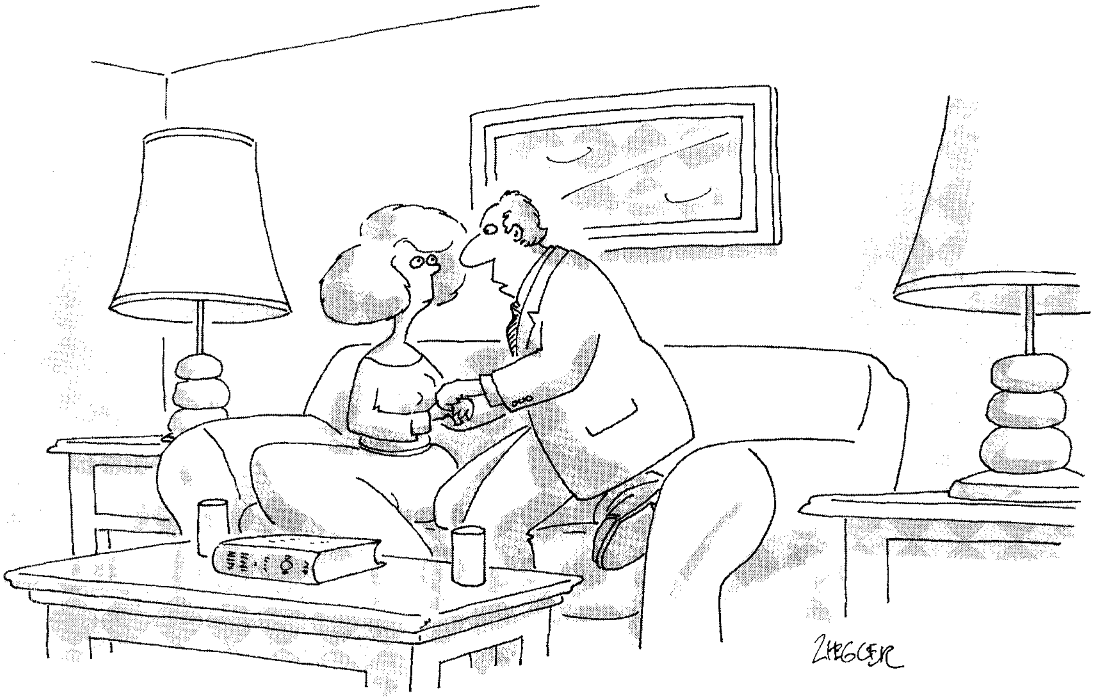
When the faculty meeting adjourned, Berryman and several of her colleagues stayed behind to discuss the matter further, and decided that they should send a representative to the March 14th Board of Education meeting. Berryman then suggested that they draw up a list of the names of all the people who had developed cancer while working in or near Pods A and B, and make a diagram showing where they had worked, so that the members of the board would be able to see that, as Berryman put it, "we have had a lot of sick teachers at this school."

That afternoon, Doris Buffo, a fifth- and sixth-grade teacher who had worked in Pod B for ten years, went to Marsh's office and obtained a small map of the Slater school. She enlarged it with an overhead projector in her classroom and traced the enlargement on a two-by-three-foot piece of poster board. At the end of the day, she took the poster board home and affixed red circular stickers to it to mark the workplaces of the cancer victims. When she finished, there were seven red circles at various spots in Pods A and B and three circles in the administrative offices just behind Pod A. The next morning, she took the diagram to school and showed it to her teacher's aide, who reminded her that one of her fifth-grade pupils had developed a brain tumor and had died of it in 1986. At recess, she brought the diagram into the faculty room and placed it on a table. "All the teachers who saw it were shocked by what it showed," she recalls. "Almost everybody said that we should do something about it."

A week later, Buffo presented the concerns of the Slater teachers to the seven members of the Fresno Board of Education, meeting in the auditorium of the school-district headquarters, in the downtown section of the city. She followed Thom DeYoung, of P.G. & E., who had described the magnetic-field measurements taken at the Lawless and Slater schools as low compared with those emanating from household appliances. (DeYoung did not mention the fact that magnetic fields given off by most appliances fall off sharply within a few inches of their sources.) "I began by telling the board members that an unusually large number of teachers at Slater had developed cancer, and that all of them had worked on the side of the school nearest the power lines," Buffo said. "Then I held up the diagram I had drawn and explained the significance of the red dots in Pods A and B and in the adjacent administrative areas. When I finished, the board members were staring aghast at the diagram, and there was a moment of stunned silence. Then they began to bombard me with questions. Later, they called DeYoung back to the podium and asked him if he had any explanation for what had happened. He told them that he did not, and that there were no definitive data that would allow anyone to determine a safe or unsafe level of exposure to the magnetic fields given off by power lines. The board members then directed Frank J. Abbott, the superintendent of schools, to investigate the situation and come up with a recommendation for how to deal with it."

On April 5th, school-district officials held a meeting at Slater to devise a plan for dealing with the power-line problem. It was presided over by Cathi Vogel, the chief financial officer of the district, and she was accompanied by an assistant school superintendent, William Hansen; Donald Beauregard, an administrator; and Anna Phillips, a registered nurse, who was the director of the district's health services. George Marsh, Curtis Hurd, Patricia Berryman, and a teacher who had developed breast cancer after working in Pod A for eight years were on hand from the Slater school. Others in attendance were Dr. Hugh Stallworth, the Fresno County health officer, and Thom DeYoung.

At the beginning of the meeting, Vogel announced that it was closed to the public and the press, and she thereupon escorted Amy Alexander, the *Bee's* staff writer, from the room. During the discussion that followed, Stallworth said that the county health department would gather data on individual cancer cases at Slater, and he would work closely with officials of the state Depart-



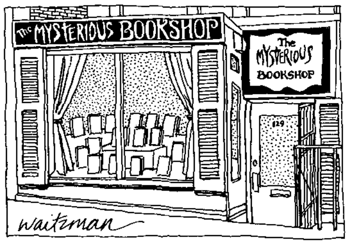
"Marry me, Virginia. My genes are excellent and, as yet, unpatented."

ment of Health Services during his investigation.

When DeYoung was asked to give P. G. & E.'s point of view, he said that the evidence concerning the magnetic-field hazard was inconclusive and contradictory, and that "our corporate stance is that the jury is out." Berryman pointed out that Slater was a year-round school, and that the utility had taken measurements there on only one occasion, in December. When she asked DeYoung if magnetic-field levels would not be higher in the summertime, he agreed that, because of heavy air-conditioning use, they undoubtedly would be.

By arrangement with the county health department, Anna Phillips came to Slater on the afternoon of April 10th to collect the names of the teachers and students who were believed to have developed cancer, and to obtain authorization from them for their medical records to be released and reviewed. "She sat in Room 13 for about an hour after school had been let out, so that those of us who knew or had heard of colleagues or pupils with cancer could come by and provide her with information," Berryman recalls. "From the start, however, she refused to consider any name that was not accompanied by an address or a telephone number, claiming that there was no way for the school district to track down a teacher or student without it. As a result, we had early misgivings about how thorough the county's study would prove to be, but we kept silent about them, because at that point we felt we should work within the system."

During the rest of April, Berryman and her colleagues waited to learn what measures the school district intended to take to protect them from the possible hazard posed by the power lines running past the Slater school. Meanwhile, fourteen teachers, most of whom worked in Pods A and B, asked to be transferred to other schools, and Katie Alexander, the first-grade teacher, died. Her funeral, which was held on April 27th, was attended by more than a dozen of her fellow-teachers and by scores of friends, who were described in an article that appeared in the *Bee* as wondering whether her death, from brain cancer, was connected with exposure to the magnetic fields given off by the power lines. Her son told the newspaper that school officials should close down the classrooms at Slater that were closest to the lines. "It's too late for my mother, but there are still so many others there who face the same danger," he said.

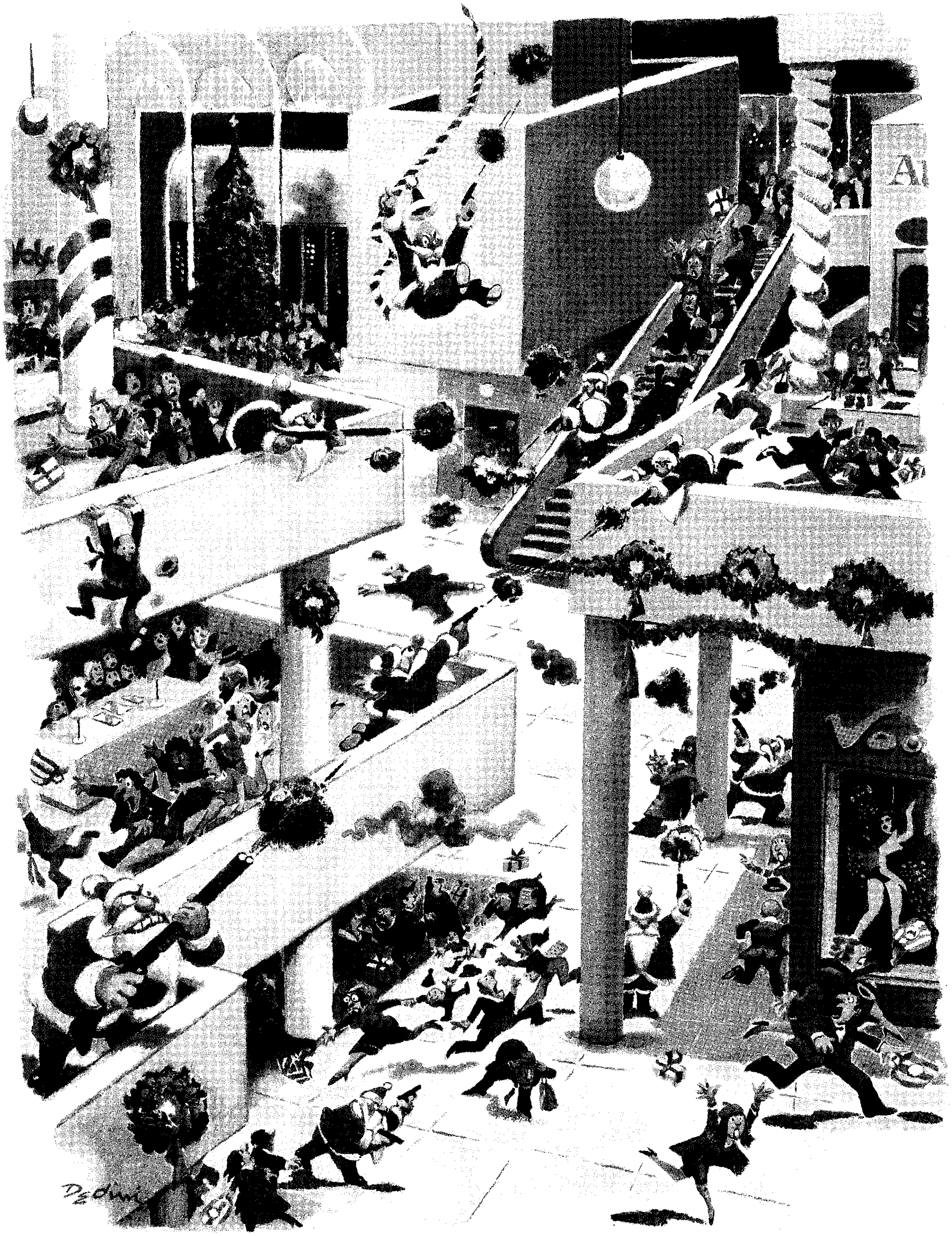


WHILE the resolve of the Slater teachers to do something about the power lines was stiffening, the seventeen members of the E.P.A.'s Scientific Advisory Board subcommittee reviewing the E.P.A. draft report found themselves increasingly uneasy over its conclusion that power-line electromagnetic fields were a possible cause of cancer in human beings. At their initial meeting, in January, the subcommittee members had divided themselves into three panels: one, of seven members, to assess the validity of the E.P.A.'s interpretation of the epidemiological evidence; another, also of seven members, to examine the agency's interpretation of experimental studies suggesting how electromagnetic fields might interact at the cellular level to cause or promote cancer; and the third, made up of the three remaining members, to determine whether the authors of the report had correctly evaluated the physics of how electromagnetic fields might affect biological systems. On April 12th and 13th, the full subcommittee met in San Antonio, Texas, to review preliminary reports written by the three panels.

The epidemiology panel found that the authors of the E.P.A. draft had "achieved nearly complete coverage of pertinent work" but that their analysis of the epidemiological findings contained "too much unwarranted speculation about causal interpretation," which resulted in "giving emphasis to positive findings while de-emphasizing negative ones." This was a puzzling assertion, because the epidemiology panel failed to list any of the so-called negative findings. Nor did it acknowledge that five of the six childhood residential studies and a great majority of the thirty or so occupational studies that had been conducted since 1979 showed an association between exposure to power-frequency and other electromagnetic fields and the development of cancer. Indeed, no fewer than twelve childhood and occupational studies—all of them conducted, published, or reanalyzed between 1985 and 1989—showed significantly increased rates of brain tumors among people exposed to both electric and magnetic fields at home and at work. Moreover, the steady accumulation of epidemiological evidence linking power-line magnetic fields to cancer had been considerably strengthened since the middle of 1989 (the cutoff date of the E.P.A. draft report) by the studies showing an increase in breast cancer among men, and by a study that had been conducted by researchers at the U.S.C. School of Medicine. They found that men working for more than ten years as electricians or electrical engineers in jobs involving prolonged exposure to strong electromagnetic fields were developing astrocytoma, a type of malignant brain tumor, at more than ten times the expected rate.

The report of the seven-member panel that assessed the experimental evidence relating to the interaction of electromagnetic fields at the cellular level also seemed inclined to extend the benefit of the doubt to the fields. Its authors acknowledged that in-vivo experiments had demonstrated that exposure to power-frequency fields could produce fifty-per-cent decreases in melatonin levels in rats, and said these were "important biological effects." However, they went on to say that, because such findings did not "immediately implicate" electromagnetic fields in the development of cancer, the melatonin evidence should not have been presented as supporting evidence of carcinogenicity. This assessment of the melatonin findings seemed sanguine, considering the fact that a decrease in melatonin production had been strongly correlated with breast cancer both in rats and in human females, and in the light of the recent male-breast-cancer data and the steep rise that had been occurring in the incidence of female breast cancer throughout the nation.

The review of the three-member panel on physics was notable for insisting that special attention be paid to Robert Adair's claim that power-line magnetic fields below a hundred milligauss in strength could not produce bio-



The Great Santa Shoot-Out at the Mall

"Sticks and stones may break your bones, but hate speech is actionable."

• •

logical effects, and for suggesting that the credibility of the entire E.P.A. draft report "depends on whether this strongly held view by a distinguished physicist can be controverted or shown to be inapplicable." In the end, the conclusion that Adair's opinion should somehow negate the results of well over a hundred epidemiological and laboratory studies conducted by researchers around the world during a period of more than twenty years was deleted, when some members of the subcommittee objected strenuously to it. By then, however, it had become clear that most of the seventeen had been persuaded that there was insufficient evidence to characterize electromagnetic fields as a possible carcinogen, and that the E.P.A. draft report should be made, as one of them put it, "a lot less inflammatory." Their decision to require a higher burden of proof before declaring the fields cancer-producing should not have come as any great surprise, considering the intense and almost unprecedented opposition to the findings of the report which had been mounted by Bush Administration science and policy advisers, by the Air Force, and by many of the nation's physicists, as well as the notable lack of support the document had received from officials within the E.P.A. and other regulatory agencies.

MEANWHILE, the teachers at the Slater school were growing impatient with the Fresno Unified School District officials for not having yet devised measures to protect them. The situation reached a flash point on the afternoon of May 7, 1991, when Cathi Vogel and William Hansen met with George Marsh and the members of the Slater faculty in a bungalow that houses classrooms on the northwest side of the school. "Vogel seemed taken aback when some of us told her at the outset that we didn't feel safe working in Pods A and B," one of the teachers recalls. "She was even more taken aback when Charleene Conley, whose eight- and ten-year-old sons attended the school, asked what the district intended to do to insure the safety of the children there. Vogel maintained that moving classrooms from Pods A and B would be prohibitively expensive, and that the district could do nothing about the power-line problem in the near future."

After the meeting, the teachers drew up a memorandum declaring that as of August 10, 1991, "we, the faculty of Slater Elementary School, will not teach in Pods A & B (rooms 1-10)." The memorandum was signed by all the members of the faculty who were on duty at the time—forty-seven teachers and teachers' aides—and it was sent to Olivia Palacio, the superintendent of the "school pyramid" to which Slater belonged (there were then four such pyramids in the Fresno Unified School District), with copies to Vogel, Hansen, Beauregard, and the members of the Board of Education.

On May 9th, Charleene Conley arranged with the teachers to have a handwritten notice sent home with each child who attended the Slater school. The notice informed parents that the first meeting of an organization called Parents for a Safe Environment would be held at the school at 7 P.M. the following day. The meeting was attended by more than seventy-five parents, and they agreed unanimously that the south side of Slater should be shut down at once, and not reopened until studies of the power-line hazard were completed. A few days later, seventy-eight parents signed a document informing the Fresno Board of Education that they did not want their children to attend class or play on the south side of the school.

On May 14th, a hundred parents and children held a rally at the school. After cordoning off the south side of the campus with yellow tape and hanging a huge sign that read "Danger, Electromagnetic Field" on the chain-link fence on Emerson Avenue, they marched up and down the sidewalk carrying signs that warned of the power-line health hazard and chanting "Safety for our kids!" Just before the rally began, Beauregard arrived on the scene and told half a dozen television and newspaper reporters who had come to cover the rally that the school district had decided to ask the Board of Education for permission to close the ten classrooms on the south side of the school and to install portable classrooms at the other end of the grounds to accommodate displaced students. Beauregard said that the district would also recommend closing the playground near Emerson Avenue and moving its equipment elsewhere.

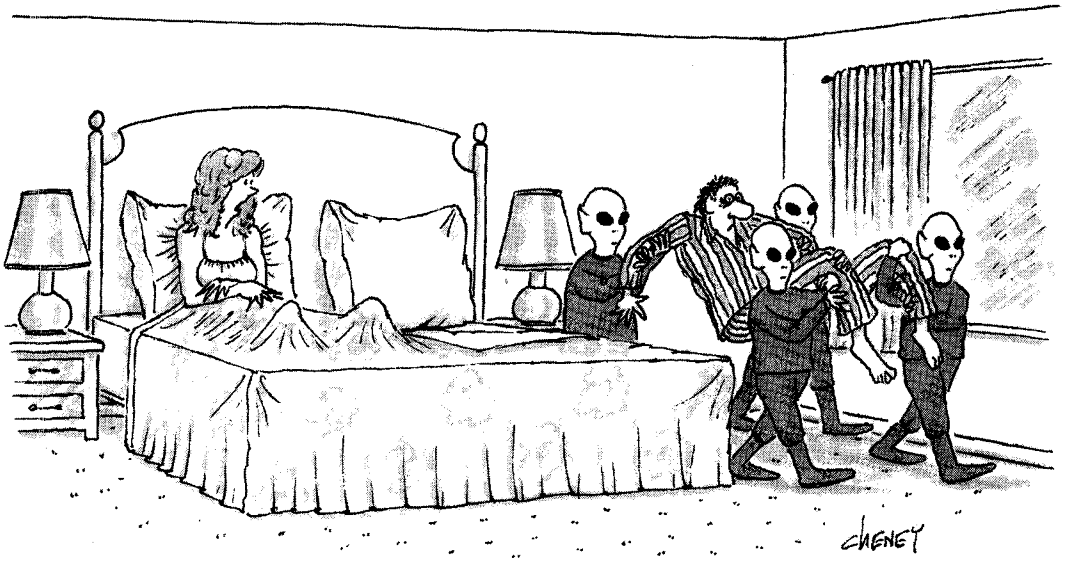
On Monday, May 20th, Dr. Neutra and Dr. Eva Glazer, a medical epidemiologist with the Department of Health Services' Cancer Surveillance Section, came to the Slater school at the invitation of Dr. Stallworth, of the county health department, to attend a meeting of representatives of school-district residents and of the Slater teachers, the Slater Parent-Teacher Association, Parents for a Safe Environment, and P.G. & E., who had gathered there to receive a report on how the cancer-cluster investigation had progressed since its start, in April. As at earlier meetings, members of the press were barred by Cathi Vogel, and she also advised the participants against speaking to the media, on the ground that premature disclosures about the cancer study might cause unwarranted fear in the community. Once the meeting got under way, Stallworth said that there did not appear to be a cancer cluster at Slater, because no single type of cancer had been found to predominate among the teachers and employees there. This assessment was supported by Dr. Glazer and Dr. Neutra, and they also said that the county health department's investigation, like most studies of the power-line hazard, would probably turn out to be inconclusive.

When someone asked Dr. Glazer, who was sitting directly in front of a chalkboard holding Doris Buffo's diagram, what explanation she had for the fact that all the cancer among Slater teachers and employees had occurred among women working on the side of the school next to the power lines, she replied that this was something that remained to be determined. When Berryman pointed out that she herself and several other teachers who had worked in Pods A and B had developed nonmalignant tumors of the breast, and that several teachers and administrative personnel who had worked on the south side of the school had developed nonmalignant tumors of the uterus, Glazer replied that epidemiological guidelines for the evaluation of a cancer cluster required that only malignant tumors be included in the study.

When Berryman again raised the question of whether the magnetic-field levels recorded by P.G. & E. the previous December accurately reflected the levels that existed at the school throughout the year, Neutra suggested that Slater teachers take their own readings and keep a record of them. (After the meeting, he lent Berryman a gaussmeter and showed her how to use it.) He also proposed that a subcommittee made up of people at the meeting be formed to review the situation at Slater on a periodic basis, and he accepted Charleene Conley's invitation to sit on it as a representative of the parents. Conley and Berryman were heartened by Neutra's willingness to involve himself and the Department of Health Services in the situation at Slater. "We knew that Dr. Neutra was a senior state health official, and we welcomed his interest as an indication that our concerns would finally be addressed," Berryman recalls.

The next meeting of the Fresno Board of Education, which was held on May 23rd, was attended by a standing-room-only audience that included nearly a hundred Slater parents. At the outset, Dr. Stallworth said that he and his staff had confirmed seven cases of cancer among Slater teachers and one case of cancer in a Slater student, but that this number of cases did not constitute a cluster, which he defined as "an unusual occurrence of cancers." He went on to say that his conclusion was supported by Dr. Neutra, whom he described as "probably the most knowledgeable person in California on electromagnetic fields." Stallworth also said that there were no definitive data to suggest that power-line magnetic fields had a negative effect upon human health. When Juan Arambula, the president of the school board, asked him to submit a written report of his findings, he said that he had not considered a report to be necessary, because it was obvious to him that there was no cluster. Arambula then asked Stallworth why he felt documentation to be unnecessary when so many teachers at Slater had fallen ill, and Stallworth replied that the health department was still reviewing the situation, and that a report would be forthcoming. (Two months later, one of his assistants said that the documentation for the report had been lost in Stallworth's computer.)

When someone in the audience asked Stallworth if he could explain why all the cancers that had been reported had occurred among women who worked on the side of the school nearest the power lines, there was prolonged applause, and it proved to be a question for which Stallworth had no answer. Shortly thereafter, Superintendent Abbott declared that because of the concerns of the Slater parents and the disruption of the educational program at the Slater school he believed it important to move students and teachers from the class-



"You want me to tape 'Murphy Brown' for you?"

rooms near the power lines until more definitive information was available. The members of the Board of Education then voted unanimously to adopt the resolutions proposed by the school district to accomplish this.

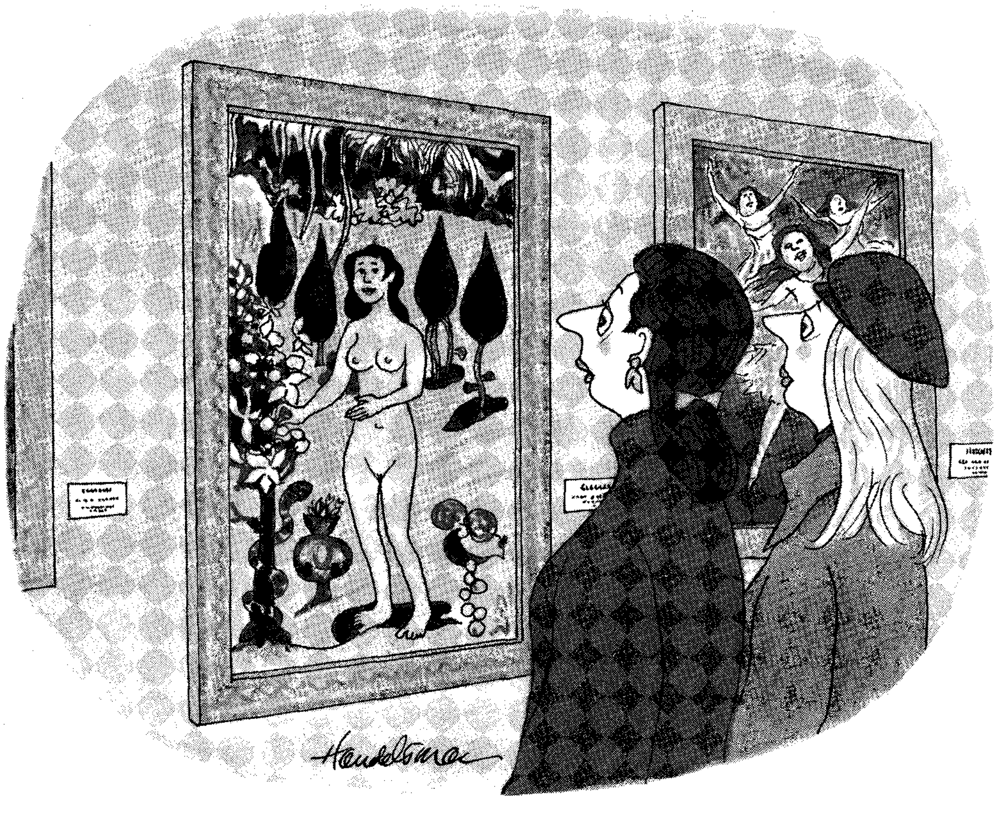
The first meeting of the Slater Electromagnetic Field Study Subcommittee—the group that had been formed at Neutra's suggestion—was held at the school on June 5th. It was presided over by Donald Beauregard, and was attended by Neutra, Berryman, DeYoung, and representatives of the school district, the Slater teachers, the county health department, Parents for a Safe Environment, the teachers' union, and the Slater PTA. Beauregard began the proceedings by announcing that five temporary trailers, each containing two classrooms, would soon be set up on the Slater grounds to house the teachers and students moved from Pods A and B. Berryman then reported that she had found magnetic-field levels at the proposed sites of the trailers to be considerably lower than those in her classroom in Pod A, where, using the gaussmeter that Neutra had lent her, she had measured fields of between one and a half and three milligauss on seven consecutive days within the previous two weeks. Neutra said that the electromagnetic fields at Slater required further study, and he suggested to DeYoung that P.G. & E. place meters for extended periods of time at various sites on the school campus, to record magnetic-field levels that were being given off by the power lines.

During the next few weeks, Neutra telephoned Berryman on several occasions to find out what magnetic-field levels she was recording in her classroom. Berryman told him that she was continuing to record levels of between one and a half and three milligauss throughout the room. Since she had never seen the E.P.A. report, she did not know that these levels were roughly equal to those associated with an increased risk of cancer among children living in homes close to high-current power lines. Nor was she aware that they were about equal to average magnetic-field levels that had been measured in high-current homes in Denver, where women were found to be suffering from excess cancer of the breast and uterus.

Berryman also informed Neutra that on July 5th—a hot day in Fresno, when air-conditioning use was heavy—the first-grade teacher with whom she had left his meter when she went on vacation had measured magnetic-field levels of between three and a half and four milligauss in an adjacent classroom. Hot days occur frequently in Fresno between May and October, and four milligauss is almost equal to the average daily exposure levels of the forty-five hundred cable splicers in whom Matanoski and her colleagues at Johns Hopkins had found the incidence of leukemia to be seven times as high as expected, and cancer of many other types to be elevated.

At no time did Neutra, who had by now taken over the direction of the cancer study at Slater, express any concern to Berryman about the magnetic-field levels she had measured. Nor did he tell her that during 1989 and 1990 he and some colleagues in the Department of Health Services' environmental-epidemiology-and-toxicology branch had conducted an eighteen-month-long investigation of a cancer cluster at the Montecito Union School—an elementary school in Montecito, near Santa Barbara—where magnetic-field levels in several classrooms on the north side of the school, which is situated within forty feet of a sixty-six-thousand-volt overhead feeder line and three buried distribution lines, were slightly lower than those measured in Pod A classrooms at Slater by Berryman. Between 1981 and 1988, six cases of cancer were known to have developed among children who had attended Montecito Union: two children developed leukemia; three children developed lymphoma; and one child developed testicular cancer. (A teacher's aide with several years of experience in the kindergarten subsequently developed a brain tumor.) According to statistics compiled by the National Cancer Institute, the incidence of cancer among the children at the school was more than fifteen times the expected rate.

In December of 1990, a few days before Berryman and her fellow-teachers at Slater read



"He begged his wife and kids to join him in Tahiti, but he didn't mean a word of it, the bastard."

“It’s not a cummerbund. It’s my underpants.”

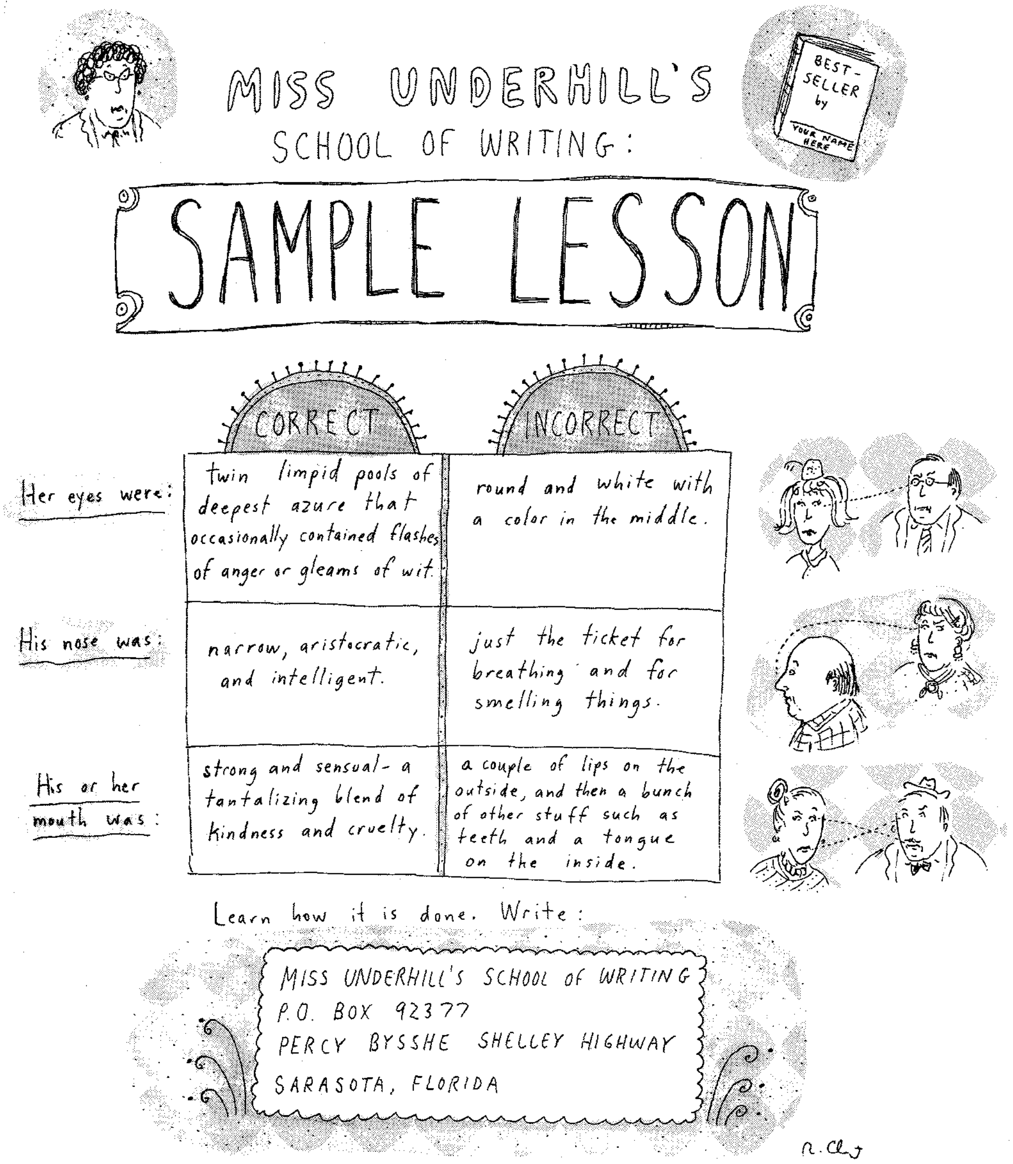
about the E.P.A. report and first began to suspect that emissions from the high-voltage transmission lines near Pods A and B might account for the increased incidence of cancer among the women who worked there, Neutra and his colleagues had issued a final report on the investigation they conducted at Montecito Union. In their concluding paragraph, they said that, because of “uncertainty” about whether there was a hazard from magnetic fields, they were not prepared to make recommendations on safe levels of exposure.

By then, however, public concern had reached such a level that on January 15, 1991, the California Public Utilities Commission announced that it was opening an investigation “to explore the scientific evidence relating to possible health effects, if any, of utility employees’ and consumers’ exposure to electric and magnetic fields created by electric utility power systems,” and to examine “the range of regulatory responses which might be appropriate.” A press release that accompanied the announcement said that the Department of Health Services and the Public Utilities Commission were jointly conducting three research studies of the health risks associated with exposure to power-line magnetic fields. As it happened, the three studies were being coördinated by Neutra.

At the end of July, Neutra asked Berryman to put together a list of all the teachers and teachers’ aides who had worked at Slater since the school opened. He said that he needed such a list to complete the cancer study but that school-district officials had claimed that compiling it would require them to conduct a manual search of the district’s entire personnel files—an undertaking they considered too expensive and time-consuming. Berryman, interrupting her vacation, enlisted the help of Loretta Hutton, who had taught second grade at Slater for seventeen years, and, together with some colleagues, they spent several afternoons during the first week of August combing through school yearbooks that were stored in the main administrative office.

“Starting with the 1972-73 yearbook, we identified ninety-five teachers and forty-four teachers’ aides whose photographs appeared in class pictures taken through the 1990-91 school year,” Berryman recalls. “Their names were forwarded to Dr. Neutra on August 7th. The following week, Dr. Glazer called to request a year-by-year count of the number of children who had attended the school, together with a year-by-year count of incoming kindergartners and outgoing sixth graders, which she needed to estimate the rate of transiency among the student population. These figures were sent to her on August 22nd. That same day, Anna Phillips asked me if I could help her trace the whereabouts of half a dozen teachers and children who had been reported to have developed cancer, but for whom she had no addresses or telephone numbers. As it turned out, I didn’t have any information that would be of help, but her request got me to wondering why, at that late date, state officials had not become involved in tracking these people down, and whether they were making any effort to do so. I knew that unless contact was made with these teachers and students, their cases were verified, and signed authorizations were obtained from them or their guardians they would not be included in Dr. Neutra’s study. I was also aware that at least one Slater staff member—someone who we knew for certain had developed cervical cancer—had refused to sign an authorization form, for reasons of privacy. Since the study was dealing with the occurrence of cancer in a relatively small number of people—fewer than a hundred and fifty teachers, teachers’ aides, and staff members—the exclusion of any cancer case, for whatever reason, was bound to affect its outcome. So once again I began to wonder just how thorough the investigation we had worked so long and so hard all these months to bring about would prove to be.”

AFTER a third, and final, meeting, held in Arlington, Virginia, from July 23rd to 25th, the seventeen members of the Scientific Advisory Board subcommittee concluded that the E.P.A. draft report on the potential carcinogenicity of electromagnetic fields had “serious deficiencies,” and that there was “insufficient evidence from the human epidemiology data and from animal/cell experiments to establish unequivocal cause-and-effect relationships


MISS UNDERHILL'S
SCHOOL OF WRITING:
SAMPLE LESSON
BEST-SELLER by YOUR NAME HERE
CORRECT
INCORRECT
Her eyes were:
twin limpid pools of deepest azure that occasionally contained flashes of anger or gleams of wit.
round and white with a color in the middle.
His nose was:
narrow, aristocratic, and intelligent.
just the ticket for breathing and for smelling things.
His or her mouth was:
strong and sensual - a tantalizing blend of kindness and cruelty.
a couple of lips on the outside, and then a bunch of other stuff such as teeth and a tongue on the inside.
Learn how it is done. Write:
MISS UNDERHILL'S SCHOOL OF WRITING
P.O. BOX 92377
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY HIGHWAY
SARASOTA, FLORIDA
R. Chast

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between low frequency electric and magnetic field exposure and human health effects and cancer." The fact is that the authors of the E.P.A. report had never claimed that power-line electromagnetic fields were an "unequivocal" cause of cancer but, rather, that they were only a "possible" cause of cancer, and the subcommittee had been asked not to determine whether the evidence of carcinogenicity was "unequivocal" but simply to review "the accuracy and completeness of the entire document and . . . whether the interpretation of the available information reflects current scientific opinion."

The subcommittee members also said that although some epidemiological studies reported an association between living close to power lines and "an increased incidence of some types of cancer," the E.P.A. report's conclusion that power-line magnetic fields were a possible cause of cancer was "currently inappropriate because of limited evidence of an exposure-response relationship and the lack of a clear understanding of biologic plausibility." At the same time, they covered all bets by warning that, because no factors other than electromagnetic fields had been identified to explain the excess cancer risks found in the studies, the existing evidence that exposure to the fields was associated with the development of cancer "cannot be dismissed."

Curiously, the subcommittee members made no mention of the occupational studies in their review of the E.P.A. report, so the strong correlation between the findings of the childhood residential studies and the adult occupational investigations was totally ignored. As for animal studies, the subcommittee members pointed out (as the authors of the E.P.A. report had done) that no experiments had ever been conducted to determine whether lifetime exposure to power-frequency magnetic fields could result in excess cancer in test animals. The fact that this should be the case twelve years after the publication of the first epidemiological survey showing a link between residential exposure to power-line magnetic fields and an excess risk of leukemia and other cancer in children reflected an appalling lapse on the part of the utility industry and EPRI, and also on the part of the E.P.A. and other governmental agencies.

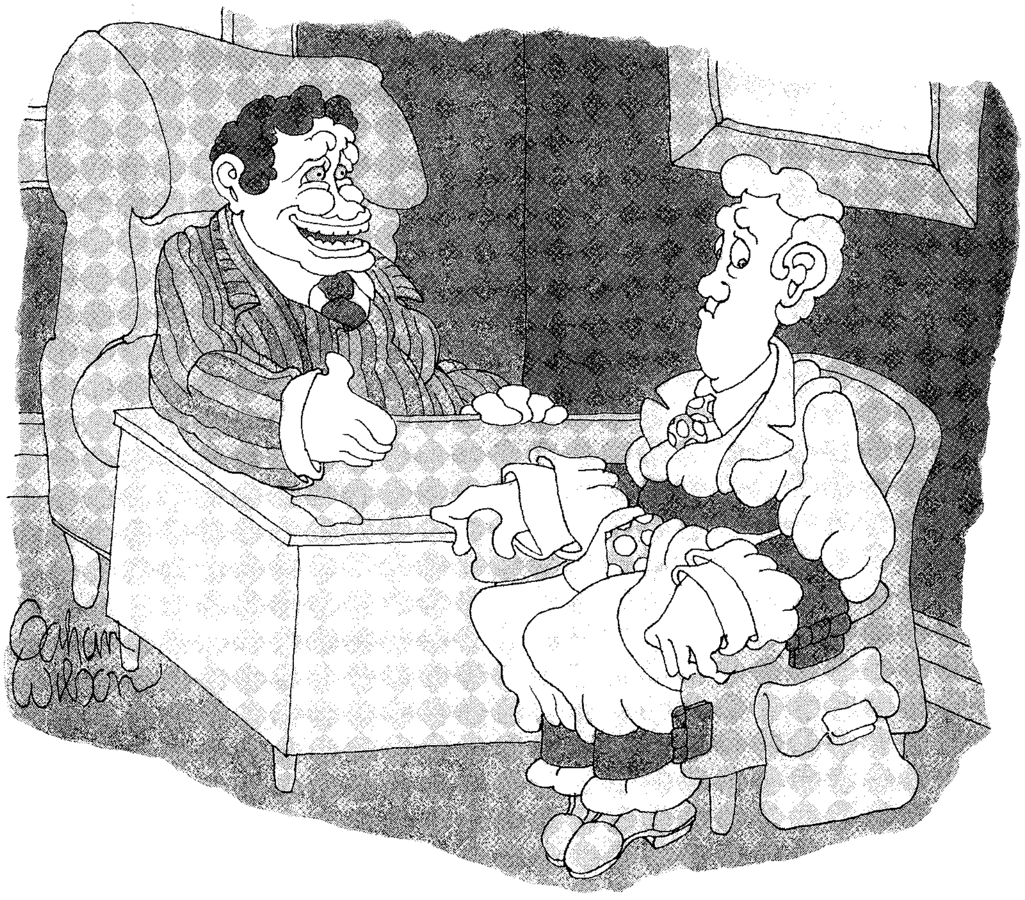
On September 18th, the members of the Slater Electromagnetic Field Study Subcommittee held their second meeting at the school. Like the meeting of June 5th, it was presided over by Beauregard, and was attended by representatives of the county health department, the school district, the Slater teachers, Parents for a Safe Environment, the Slater PTA, Berryman, DeYoung, and Neutra. DeYoung was accompanied by three P.G. & E. engineers, and Neutra, for his part, had brought along a twelve-page draft report on the progress of his investigation of the cancer cluster. The P.G. & E. engineers presented a report on some twenty-four-hour magnetic-field measurements that the utility had taken at Slater from August 28th to August 29th, and from September 4th to September 5th. The measurements had been made with Emdex gaussmeters, which had been placed two feet above the floor in the center of Berryman's former classroom in Pod A, which was the nearest room in the main school building to the transmission lines; at the same height in Room 20 in Pod D, which was the farthest room from the lines; and at ground level in the sandbox of the kindergarten playground, on Emerson Avenue.

According to the P.G. & E. engineers, the average magnetic fields that were recorded in Berryman's former classroom during both periods were not appreciably stronger than those recorded in Room 20, which ranged from .09

milligauss to 1.14 milligauss. During both twenty-four-hour periods, fields of about four milligauss were measured at the kindergarten sandbox. When Berryman pointed out that the measurements taken in Room 20 made little sense, and that the fields recorded in her classroom were considerably lower than the fields she had measured there in June, the engineers had no explanation, but they acknowledged that the Emdex meter at the sandbox had given erroneous readings, and they indicated that other erroneous readings were possible.

When the subcommittee meeting adjourned, Neutra and Pamela Long, an industrial hygienist from San Francisco, who had been hired by a free-lance television producer to take magnetic-field measurements at Slater earlier in the month, went through the school to record some hot spots—localized areas where strong magnetic fields are given off, usually as a result of imbalanced currents in electrical wiring—that Long had found in the walls and floors of various rooms in Pods C and D and in the all-purpose room. Because a question had been raised whether the hot spots might be caused by stray currents from sources outside the school, Neutra arranged to have the main breaker switches at Slater shut off. He and Long then remeasured the sites at which the hot spots had been detected, and found that all but one had disappeared—proof that they were created not by stray currents but by electrical wiring.

When Neutra and Long took measurements in the classrooms of Pods A and B, they were unable to find any significant hot spots. However, with the power to the school shut off, they recorded ambient fields of between two and three milligauss in Berryman's old classroom in Pod A—proof that relatively strong magnetic-field emissions from the high-voltage transmission lines on Emerson Avenue were extending into the south side of the building. (This was the only time that Neutra or any other member of the Department of Health Services measured fields that were being given off by the lines.) Further evidence of these emissions came when Long measured a magnetic field of nine milligauss at the kindergarten sandbox near Emerson Avenue—more than twice the level reported by P.G. & E. at the subcommittee meeting.



"I do hope you'll excuse the formality of the clamps."

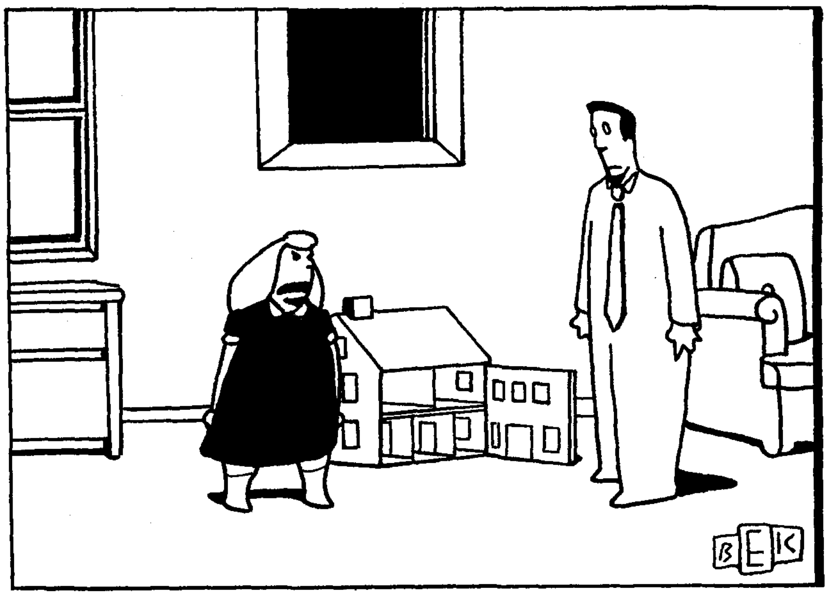
When Berryman got home that evening, she read Neutra's progress report on his investigation of the Slater cancers. In the report, he noted that he and his staff had confirmed eight cases of invasive cancer out of a total of twenty possible malignancies that had by then been reported as having occurred among the hundred and thirty-nine teachers and teachers' aides who were known to have worked at the school at one time or another since 1972, and among six administrative-staff members who were employed there during the same period. (A second case of melanoma was reported to have been found in a school maintenance worker during the summer, but it had not yet been verified by Anna Phillips.) According to Neutra, most of the other reported cases had proved to be nonmalignant, among them the brain tumor meningioma, which has been linked in some reports with exposure to power-line magnetic fields; four cases of cervical dysplasia, which is a usually precancerous abnormality in the cells of the lining of the cervix; and three cases of benign tumors or cysts of the breast. Neutra went on to say that six of the confirmed invasive cancers—two each of the breast, the uterus, and the ovary—were biologically related, in that they had developed in the reproductive system. In addition, he acknowledged that there was "some epidemiological evidence relating several of the types of invasive cancer to electromagnetic field exposure." In this connection, he mentioned a study in which women living near high-current power lines had been found to be experiencing a significant increase of cancer of the breast and the uterus. He also noted that three studies had found elevated risks of breast cancer in men occupationally exposed to electromagnetic fields from power lines and other sources.

In evaluating the incidence of cancer at the Slater school, Neutra employed standard epidemiological and statistical methodology. First, he added up the total years of employment of the hundred and forty-five teachers, teachers' aides, and staff members, using the information that Berryman and her colleagues had culled from the yearbooks. This gave him the number of person-years of observation accumulated by the Slater teachers and staff since they had started working at the school. He then analyzed the number of person-years in terms of National Cancer Institute statistics showing the annual rate of invasive cancer in American women between the ages of forty and forty-four—the age group encompassing the average age of the teachers and staff at Slater—to be two hundred and sixty-eight per hundred thousand women. This enabled him to calculate that 4.2 cases of cancer could have been expected to occur among the Slater teachers and staff members over the nineteen-year period. (Neutra chose not to use data collected by the California Tumor Registry, which set the annual rate of invasive cancer among women between the ages of forty and forty-five who lived in the Central Valley region of the state—where Fresno is situated—at two hundred and five cases per hundred thousand women; according to the Central Valley statistics, only 3.2 cases of cancer would have been expected to occur among Slater teachers and staff members over the nineteen-year period.)

Using a standard statistical method known as the confidence interval, Neutra estimated that twice the number of observed cancers could have occurred by chance. Employing at that point a statistical formula called the Poisson distribution, which is used to assess the likelihood of rare events, he estimated that eight or more cases of cancer could be expected to occur among the teachers and staff members of forty-five out of every thousand schools like Slater. He went on to estimate that as many as a thousand out of a total of eight thousand schools in California might be situated near power lines, and he concluded that "clusters like this in schools near power lines could well occur by chance." He also noted that the teachers and teachers' aides who had developed cancer had "spent most of their time in classrooms located closest to the nearby power transmission lines," and said this presented "an issue we will evaluate further."

Berryman's reaction to Neutra's findings was one of frustration. "First of all, I couldn't understand why he chose to base his conclusions on the expected rate of cancer for the whole teacher population at Slater, when all the cancer had occurred among teachers and staff members who had worked in Pods A and B and in the nearby administrative area," she said recently. "Second, I thought that his estimate that one out of eight schools in California might be near power lines was inappropriate, unless he really possessed evidence indicating that one thousand out of the eight thousand schools in the state are as close to power lines giving off strong magnetic fields as Slater is to the high-voltage transmission lines on Emerson Avenue. One thing is sure: Dr. Neutra will not find six out of the fifty-two schools in Fresno to be as close to major power lines as Slater is. However, the kindergarten of the Wilson Elementary School, at the corner of Ashland and Hughes, sits within forty feet or so of a high-current feeder line that gives off strong magnetic fields, and two of the four teachers who have taught in it over the past twenty years developed cancer. One of them, a former sorority sister of mine, who worked there for eighteen years, died last year of brain cancer. The other developed breast cancer after working there for fifteen years. As for the conclusion of Dr. Neutra's report, I couldn't understand why he had failed to address the central question—namely, why all the cancers had occurred in teachers and staff members who worked on the side of the Slater school that was closest to the high-voltage transmission lines on Emerson Avenue. After all, that was why the Slater teachers and parents had insisted that Pods A and B be evacuated to begin with, and why the school board had agreed back in May to evacuate them."

Berryman went on to say that a week or so after Neutra submitted his report to the subcommittee she met to review it with several colleagues who were concerned that the school board might try to use the report to reopen Pods A and B. "During October, we met several times to discuss the report at greater length and formulate questions for Dr. Neutra about some of the conclusions he had reached," she said. "Meanwhile, on October 8th he sent us a letter about the measurements that he and Pamela Long had taken at Slater on September 18th. Most of the letter had to do with where the hot spots were, and how shutting off the power to the school had shown that they were caused by electrical wiring in the building. In the final paragraph, however, he mentioned in passing—his exact words were 'an incidental note'—that he and Long had measured ambient magnetic fields of nine milligauss at the kindergarten sandbox and of between two and three milligauss in my old classroom. He went on to point out that these readings were higher than those taken by P.G. & E. at the same sites in late August and early September, and that if they correlated with the utility's power-line load data for September 18th the correlation would underscore the importance of predicting the strength of



"I want the whole thing gutted."

power-line magnetic fields with a computer model, and thus dispense with the necessity of having someone actually measure them. At that point, it became clear to me that Dr. Neutra and I were approaching the situation at Slater from entirely different perspectives. He was interested in the technical aspects of how to measure the magnetic fields, while I was wondering what harm they might have done to me and my fellow-teachers and our pupils in Pods A and B, who had been exposed to them day after day, week after week, year in and year out."

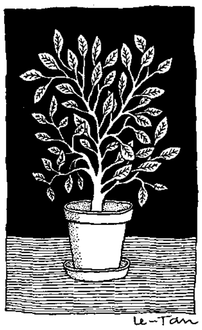
Neutra was unable to attend the next subcommittee meeting, which was held at Slater on October 30th, but he participated in it over a speakerphone system that had been set up in Pod C by officials of the school district. "The speakerphone hookup was a disaster," Berryman said later. "Dr. Neutra's voice kept fading in and out, and we could hear only fragments of the answers he gave to our questions about his draft report on the cancer cluster. During one of the more intelligible segments, he recommended that a man named Karl Riley, who had a magnetic-field measuring firm in Berkeley, come and take readings at Slater. He said that Riley had found and corrected some problems in the fluorescent lighting in his—Dr. Neutra's—office and that the correction had made him feel better about working there, and he suggested that Riley might be able to do the same with regard to some of the hot spots that had been measured at our school." Neutra did not mention something he had acknowledged publicly several months earlier—that the fluorescent lights in his office had been exposing him to a magnetic field of two and a half milligauss.

"We agreed that Riley should conduct a magnetic-field study at Slater, but we made it clear that in addition to investigating hot spots created by wiring in the floors of some of the classrooms we wanted him to measure the background magnetic fields in Pods A and B which were being given off by the transmission lines on Emerson Avenue. After all, it was power-line magnetic fields, not hot spots, that had been associated with cancer in the epidemiological studies. We had already informed P.G. & E. in writing that we were concerned about the large discrepancy between the readings of four milligauss or so that the utility had taken at the kindergarten sandbox in late August and early September and the level of nine milligauss that had been measured there by Pamela Long on September 18th. For this reason, we started the October 30th meeting by asking Thom DeYoung to explain the reason for the discrepancy, and to tell us why the twenty-four-hour readings that P.G. & E. had taken in my old classroom in Pod A bore little relation to the amperage load the utility had recorded during the same period on the high-voltage transmission lines. DeYoung said he could not explain the discrepancy or the lack of correlation. In fact, he and a P.G. & E. engineer who accompanied him to the meeting claimed that the loads on the transmission lines were constantly fluctuating, and that it was not possible to use them to predict the strength of the magnetic fields that were being emitted."

RY
GET WELL
BIRTHDAY
7 YRS.
14 YRS.
21 YRS.
BIRTHDAY
28 YRS.
35 YRS.
42 YRS.
Leo Cullum

Disappointed with the results of the October 30th meeting, Berryman, Conley, and Lynn Stenson, the president of the Slater PTA, met on November 13th and November 18th and drew up a list of ten questions they wanted Neutra to answer regarding his draft report. Chief among them was why Neutra had used all hundred and forty-five teachers, teacher's aides, and staff members in assessing the expected rate of cancer at Slater, when the reported cancer cases had occurred among people working in the ten classrooms of Pods A and B. (Actually, two of the confirmed cancer cases had worked in a part of the administrative area that was immediately adjacent to Pod A.) Berryman and her colleagues also wanted to know whether the cancer cases shared any biological similarities, whether they shared any known causes, and how many schools in California were as close to high-voltage transmission lines as Slater. In addition, they informed Neutra that because exposure to power-line magnetic fields had been linked to childhood leukemia they felt strongly that the Department of Health Services should conduct a thorough study of the incidence of cancer in children who had attended Slater.

Berryman sent Neutra the list of ten questions and the request for the childhood-cancer study on November 22nd. On the same day, Riley came to Slater with Pamela Long to conduct the magnetic-field survey that Neutra had recommended. Two days later, Neutra informed Fresno Unified School District officials that he would be unable to attend a subcommittee meeting that had been scheduled for November 27th but would once again participate from his office, in Berkeley, via the speakerphone system. Unknown to Berryman and her colleagues, Neutra had been named to the California Electromagnetic Fields Consensus Group—a seventeen-member committee that had been set up by the Public Utilities Commission as a part of its investigation into the potential health hazard of power-line magnetic fields—and he had been meeting with that group at least once a week since early October, in an effort to establish a role for himself and the Department of Health Services in carrying out utility-financed research and public-education programs that were supposed to deal with the problem.



"The school-district people promised that this time the speakerphone system would work much better, but in fact it was even worse than before," Berryman recalls. "Dr. Neutra's voice kept fading in and out, and there were whole periods of time when we couldn't hear him at all. The reception got so bad that at one point he tried to use Riley, who was participating in the conference call from another site, to relay his words to us. That didn't work, because we couldn't hear Riley, either. In the end, we had only fragments of Dr. Neutra's conversation, and had to try to piece them together. I believe he said that he considered six of the eight invasive cancers to be, as he put it, 'second cousins,' because they affected the reproductive system, but that he didn't think they shared any common causes. As for how many California schools were as close to power lines as Slater, he admitted that he didn't know. When we pressed him about our request that the Department of Health Services study the incidence of cancer among former students at Slater, he told us that there were no funds available for such a study."

Berryman went on to say that, because of the poor speakerphone reception, she, Conley, and Stenson were as dissatisfied with the results of the November 27th meeting as they had been with the results of the October 30th meeting. "Two and a half months had passed since Dr. Neutra gave us his draft report, and we still had not been given satisfactory answers to many of the questions we raised about it," she said. "The situation got even murkier two weeks later, when officials of the school district sent Karl Riley's report of his survey. Riley claimed that the purpose of his visit to Slater was to investigate and fix magnetic-field hot spots that had resulted in some classrooms' being vacated. This, of course, was not the case. The classrooms in Pods A and B had been vacated not because of hot spots in the building wiring—almost all of which had been found in Pods C and D—but because of the high rate of cancer among the teachers who had worked in Pods A and B, and because of the proximity of these two pods to the high-voltage transmission lines on Emerson Avenue. Elsewhere in his report, Riley gave the impression that by fixing magnetic-field hot spots created by interior wiring he could reduce background magnetic fields, when in fact he could only reduce the localized fields created by the hot spots. The part of his report that troubled us the most came when he claimed that by fixing some wiring in a partition between Rooms 6 and 7 in Pod B he could reduce the background magnetic-field level in those classrooms to below one milligauss, and went on to suggest that there was no longer any reason not to move the children back into Pod B. Our hearts sank when we read that, because school-district officials had made no secret of the fact that they wanted to reopen Pods A and B as soon as possible, and because Riley had come highly recommended by Dr. Neutra. It was a year almost to the day since Amy Alexander had appeared in the teachers' lounge and alerted us to the hazard posed by our working so close to the transmission lines, and we began to wonder if we were being given the run-around."

EARLY in January of 1992, Berryman and her colleagues at Slater were distressed by the news that Curtis Hurd had been found to have colon cancer and was in the hospital. The vice-principal, who was forty-three years old, had worked for six years in a tiny office that was only a few feet from Pod A, and was close to the workplaces of four other administrative-staff members who had developed cancer. His illness served to reinforce the skepticism with which Berryman and many of her fellow-teachers had come to regard the study that was being conducted by Dr. Neutra and his colleagues at the Department of Health Services.

"We knew that most of the sixty-five teachers and staff members who were working at the school at present either had filled out illness-report forms or were aware that a cancer study was in progress," Berryman said recently. "What we didn't know was whether Dr. Neutra and his associates had got in touch with the eighty-five or so teachers and staff members who had left Slater and were living and working elsewhere. During the next two weeks, Doris Buffo and I telephoned fifteen or twenty of our former colleagues, who were still in the Fresno area, and learned, to our astonishment, that not a single one of them had been approached. One teacher who had worked for several years in my old classroom in Pod A had developed a nonmalignant tumor of the liver. So we now had good reason to believe that Dr. Neutra and his colleagues had not bothered to investigate the health experience of more than half of the hundred and fifty people who had worked at Slater during the nineteen years since the school opened. We were shocked and dismayed by this revelation. In fact, we went from wondering whether we were being given the runaround to wondering whether we were being strung along."

Around that time, school-district officials had notified Berryman that another subcommittee meeting had been scheduled for Monday, February 3rd, and that Dr. Neutra, who had previously accepted an invitation to address a luncheon meeting of the Fresno Rotary Club on the same day, planned to attend. In preparation for the meeting, Neutra and Dr. Glazer faxed Berryman, Conley, and Stenson a fourteen-page document entitled "Progress Report on Cancer Cases at Slater School," with a four-and-a-half-page appendix containing answers to the questions that Berryman and her colleagues had mailed to him on November 22nd. Both documents arrived in Fresno on Friday, January 31st. The progress report, which was dated January 30th, was almost identical to the one that Neutra had brought to the September 18th subcommittee meeting, except that by this time he and

"The point is to get so much money that money's not the point anymore."

Glazer had confirmed a ninth case of invasive cancer (this was the melanoma in the maintenance worker) and were in the process of verifying the diagnosis of colon cancer in Curtis Hurd. The nine confirmed cases included two breast cancers, two uterine cancers, two ovarian cancers, two melanomas, and a brain cancer; however, this list was incomplete, because it did not include Hurd, or a teacher's aide who had developed breast cancer, or the administrative-staff member who had developed cervical cancer but had declined to participate in the study for reasons of privacy. As in the previous report, Neutra and Glazer acknowledged that six of the cancers—those of the breast, uterus, and ovary—were biologically related, because they had developed in the reproductive system. They also mentioned the study that had found an increased incidence of breast and uterine cancer in women living in homes near high-current distribution wires, and other studies that had found excess brain and breast cancer as well as melanoma in male workers whose occupations exposed them to power-line magnetic fields. However, after noting that most scientists considered these findings to be inconclusive, Neutra and Glazer declared that "there is no one agent that has been solidly documented to cause the various types of cancers observed at the Slater School," and that the nine cases of invasive cancer there could have occurred by chance. As for the fact that all the teachers who had developed cancer had spent most of their time in classrooms in Pods A and B, they said that they had evaluated this issue in the draft appendix that accompanied the progress report.

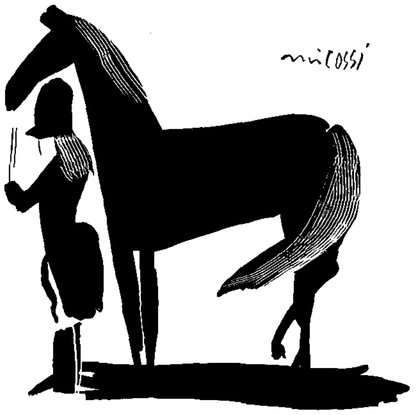
The draft appendix, which appeared to have been written by Neutra, claimed that none of the Slater teachers or other employees at the school had experienced any unusually strong exposure to power-line magnetic fields. To support this contention, Neutra said that measurements taken at the school showed that the magnetic field contribution from the power lines to the nearest classrooms was mostly between a half and one and a half milligauss. He was apparently referring to the readings that had been taken by P.G. & E. engineers during the two twenty-four-hour periods in late August and early September, when, by their own admission, at least one of the three Emdex meters they were using had given erroneous readings.

Since Neutra had been present at the September 18th subcommittee meeting when the P.G. & E. engineers admitted that their measurements may have been faulty, his use of possibly flawed readings to buttress the contention that no one at Slater experienced strong magnetic-field exposure seemed curious—especially in the light of the fact that on at least a dozen days between June 10th and July 5th Berryman and a colleague had used Neutra's own gaussmeter to measure background magnetic fields of between one and a half and four milligauss in those same classrooms, and had reported their readings to him. Additionally curious was Neutra's claim on page 5 of the appendix that on one occasion he had measured a level of around two milligauss in a Pod A classroom, when in fact he had acknowledged in his letter of October 8th that this reading was between two and three milligauss. The fact that he believed a field of two and a half milligauss to be hazardous was, of course, implicit in his decision to have Riley correct the problems in the fluorescent lighting in his own office, and in his subsequent admission that he felt better about working there once the magnetic field had been reduced.

In a further attempt to show that the transmission lines on Emerson Avenue could not have played a part in the cancer cluster at Slater, Neutra evaluated magnetic-field exposure in various parts of the school grounds according to a wiring-configuration code that had been devised more than ten years earlier by Nancy Wertheimer and Ed Leeper, of Boulder, Colorado. Wertheimer, an epidemiologist, had conducted a pioneering study during the late nineteen-seventies showing that children who live in homes near distribution wires carrying high current and giving off strong magnetic fields were dying of cancer at about twice the rate of children who lived in homes that were not close to high-current distribution wires. Leeper, a physicist, assisted her in her investigation. The wiring-configuration code they developed was a method of estimating magnetic-field exposure according to how close the residential dwellings inhabited by the children under study were to high-current distribution wires. Wertheimer and Leeper had designed the code to serve as a surrogate for magnetic-field exposure, because at the time they conducted their investigation they were not able to enter homes and take actual measurements. Over the next decade, however, they and other researchers engaged in studying the power-line hazard had come to realize that wiring configuration was a better gauge for estimating magnetic-field exposure over time than spot magnetic-field measurements, for the simple reason that—as DeYoung and the P.G. & E. engineer had acknowledged on October 30th—power-line magnetic fields can fluctuate widely with the time of day and year. The Wertheimer-Leeper wiring code was divided into four categories: a dwelling situated within fifty feet of a high-current distribution or high-voltage transmission line was considered to be a very-high-current home; a dwelling situated between fifty-one and a hundred and twenty-nine feet of such lines was considered to be an ordinary-high-current home; a dwelling situated between a hundred and thirty and a hundred and fifty feet was an ordinary-low-current home; and dwellings situated at distances of more than a hundred and fifty feet were described as very-low-current homes.

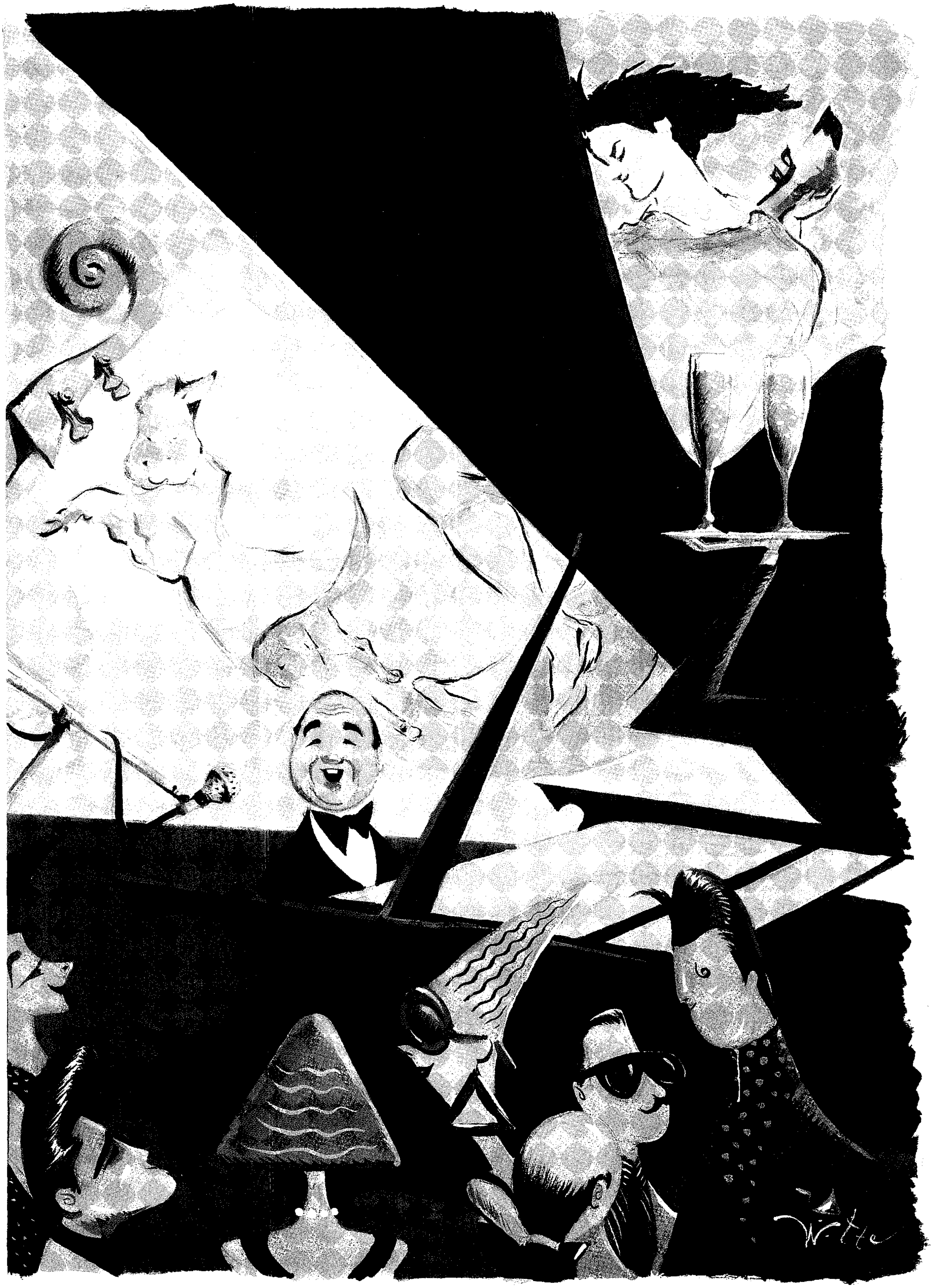
Now, faced with the problem of having to explain why so many cancers had occurred among people working on the south side of the Slater school, Neutra, who had previously declared that the wiring code didn't apply to California, decided that it was relevant, after all. To support his use of it, he pointed out that in several residential studies in which the wiring code had served as a surrogate for magnetic-field exposure excess cancer had been found primarily among children and adults living in very-high-current homes, and, to a lesser extent, in ordinary-high-current dwellings. He then took an aerial site plan of the Slater school and, using its one-inch-to-forty-foot scale, estimated distances of fifty, a hundred and twenty-nine, and a hundred and fifty feet from the middle of the nearest transmission line to various parts of the school campus, and drew a series of parallel lines across the site plan to mark the boundaries of the four wiring-configuration categories. According to his calculations, none of the Slater-school grounds fell within the very-high-current zone, and only part of the playground and a corner of Pod A fell within the ordinary-high-current zone. The rest of Pod A and all of Pod B and the administrative area—the parts of the school where most of the people who had developed cancer had worked—fell into the ordinary-low-current or very-low-current zones. This enabled him to declare that a majority of the Slater employees should be classified as occupying the "epidemiologically 'low risk' part of the campus."

If Neutra had considered the magnetic-field levels that had been measured in several of the epidemiological studies in which the wiring-configuration categories were employed as a surrogate for exposure, he might not have been so quick to make this assertion. For example, when Wertheimer and Leeper conducted a study of adult cancer in Denver a decade ago they had measured an average magnetic field of only two and a half milligauss in a sampling of very-high-current homes and of only one milligauss in ordinary-high-current homes. As it happened, these data were from the study that Neutra and Glazer had cited in their progress report as showing that women living in homes near high-current wires giving off strong magnetic fields were developing excess breast and uterine cancer; the two health officials had failed to grasp the significance of the fact that the average magnetic fields to which these women had been exposed were of about the same strength as the ones that had been measured in classrooms on the south side of the Slater school. Moreover, average magnetic fields that were only about half as strong as those measured in the Denver homes were recorded in very-high-current and ordinary-high-current homes in Los Angeles by London, Peters, and their associates at the University of Southern California, who found a significantly increased incidence of leukemia among children living in those homes.



Those sets of measurements, together with the fact that Berryman and a colleague had recorded background magnetic fields of between one and a half and four milligauss in classrooms in Pod A, ought to have alerted Neutra to the possibility that either he was applying the wiring code incorrectly or the code itself, which Wertheimer and Leeper had always described as a "very gross method of measuring," might not relate accurately to the magnetic fields given off by the high-voltage transmission lines on Emerson Avenue. Neutra, however, seemed determined to use the wiring code to prove that the transmission lines on Emerson Avenue could not be associated with the cancer that had developed among the teachers and staff members working on the south side of the school, and to show that the cancers at Slater must have occurred by chance.

OVER the weekend, Berryman read the progress report and the appendix several times. When she examined the aerial site plan, she saw at once that Neutra was mistaken in assuming that the transmission lines followed the direction of Emerson Avenue, and that because of this error the exposure zones he had drawn on the site plan were inaccurate. On Monday, February 3rd, Thom DeYoung, of P.G. & E., picked up Neutra at the Fresno airport and drove him to the Rotary Club, in the downtown section of the city, where he gave a thirty-five-minute talk about electromagnetic fields, during which he never mentioned the Slater school or the fact that he had been conducting a study of the incidence of cancer among the teachers and staff members there. In the course of his speech, he criticized the methodology of a childhood-cancer study he himself had cited to support his use of the wiring-configuration code in the report he had sent to Berryman and her colleagues three days earlier, and de-



Bobby Short, the grand arbiter of New York night life, playing his twenty-fifth holiday season at the Café Carlyle.

clared that the twofold risk of cancer found among children in three studies was “not the kind of thing that I would break into a sweat about.” In dismissing the power-line hazard in such glib fashion, Neutra overlooked the fact that the twofold risk found in the childhood studies had undoubtedly understated the problem. This was because the studies had not compared the risk of children exposed to power-frequency magnetic fields with that of unexposed children but had compared the risk of children living close to high-current lines with that of children who, though living near low-current lines, were nonetheless being exposed to power-frequency fields of considerable strength.

After his talk, Neutra was driven to the Slater school by DeYoung and a P.G. & E. engineer, who were also attending the subcommittee meeting. There he was informed by Berryman of the inaccuracy of his site plan. She told him that when his error was corrected a large section of the school playground, including the kindergarten sandbox, would fall within the very-high-current zone, and that a considerable section of Pod A and perhaps part of Pod B could be expected to fall within the ordinary-high-current zone. She then asked him if the wiring code could accurately assess the magnetic fields given off by high-voltage lines, and reminded him that London and Peters had called for the code to be refined and improved.

Neutra replied that the code was consistent for both high-current and high-voltage wires, and that “everybody knows this.” He then asked Berryman, “What alternative would you propose?”

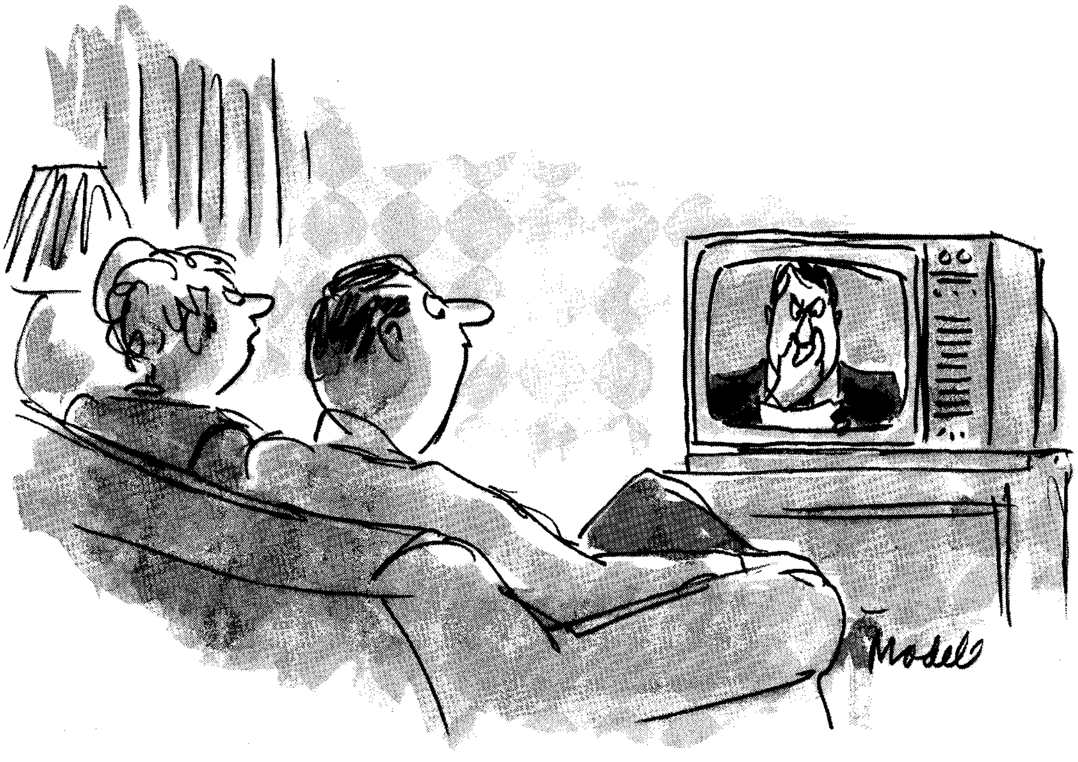
Berryman considered the question unfair. “We got your report on Friday,” she told Neutra. “We got this so late. Our questions were given to you on November 22nd.” She went on to point out that she and her colleagues had only had the weekend to review it.

During the rest of the meeting, the confrontation between Berryman and Neutra continued. At one point, Neutra informed her that he might not be able to include several of the confirmed cases of cancer in his study, because they had occurred in people who were not in class pictures, and were not on the master list of teachers and teachers’ aides that Berryman and Loretta Hutton had sent him back in August.

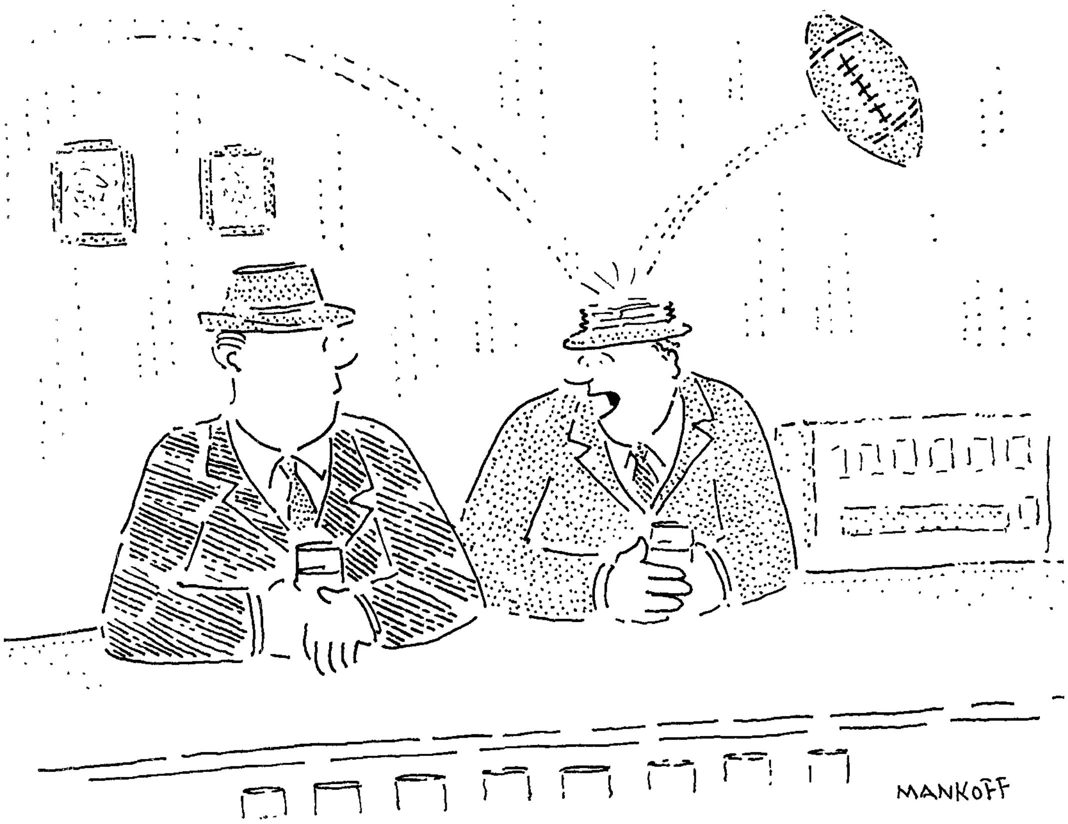
Berryman replied that all the cancer cases should be included in the study, because three of the staff members who developed cancer had worked within a few feet of Pod A, and because a fourth cancer developed in someone who had worked only ten to fifteen feet away. “It’s not difficult to show you who worked in what room in the administration area, so you can see for yourself,” she declared.

Neutra insisted that, since his calculations showed that only a corner of Pod A fell within the ordinary-high-current exposure zone, a truly accurate study would include only those people who had worked in Rooms 2 and 3 of the pod. He went on to describe the wiring-configuration code as “the only Rock of Gibraltar the epidemiologists have” for assessing the association between magnetic-field exposure and the development of cancer.

When Berryman inquired what the Department of Health Services was doing about the children who had attended Slater, Neutra told her that there was no evidence to date of any unusual health problems among them. Toward the end of the meeting, Berryman said that the magnetic-field levels she was now measuring on the Slater side of the transmission-line corridor were only about half as strong as the fields that P.G. & E.’s engineers had measured in the initial survey they conducted, in December of 1990, and the levels on the far side of the corridor were approximately double what they had been in the earlier survey. Since she was measuring the very same sites that the P.G. & E. engineers had measured, it seemed clear to her that the hundred-and-fifteen-thousand-volt line next to the school was carrying less current than it had carried in December of 1990, and the two-hundred-and-thirty-thousand-volt line on the far side of the transmission corridor was carrying more current. When Neutra asked DeYoung if the loads on the two lines had been changed, DeYoung replied that the loads were constantly changing, and that this situation made it impossible to get consistent measurements or to predict what the strength of the emitted



“I don’t say he’s wrong—I just don’t think that’s the way to report the country’s leading economic indicators.”



"Personally, I liked this place better before it became a sports bar."

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magnetic fields might be. DeYoung went on to say that there were no records available to show what the loads on the transmission lines had been in years past, and therefore no way of knowing what the strength of the magnetic fields may have been.

After the meeting, Berryman, Neutra, DeYoung, and Ray Spena, the Fresno Unified School District supervisor of operations and maintenance, went outside to the kindergarten playground, and Berryman invited Neutra to see for himself that the transmission lines did not follow the curve of Emerson Avenue but turned toward the northwest and passed directly above a corner of the main playground sandbox before running across a city park that was situated next to the Slater grounds. "Spena and an assistant then measured the distance from the center of the hundred-and-fifteen-thousand-volt line to Pod A with a tape measure, and found that the line was about ten feet closer to the school than Dr. Neutra had estimated on the aerial site plan," Berryman recalls. "A few minutes later, DeYoung reminded Dr. Neutra that he had a plane to catch, and Dr. Neutra hurried off."

After Neutra left, Berryman stood in the kindergarten playground trying to take stock of what had happened. "The more I thought about it, the more puzzled I became," she said. "Here, seven months after he had taken over the study from Dr. Stallworth, Dr. Neutra was suddenly claiming that the cancers among the staff members who worked in the administrative area next to Pod A didn't count, because they had developed in people who weren't on the list of teachers and teachers' aides that Loretta Hutton and I had culled from the class pictures back in August. Why, I wondered, hadn't he told us that before? And why had he counted the cancer cases among staff members in the draft report he had given us in September? And if the wiring-configuration code was such an epidemiological Rock of Gibraltar why hadn't he used it back then? As for the slapdash manner in which he had drawn the hazardous zones on the aerial site plan, I found it hard to believe that a physician and senior health official could be so careless. In this frame of mind, I remembered that I had forgotten to ask him about another flaw in his study—why he had consigned the cancer cluster at Slater to chance and absolved the transmission lines before tracking down and assessing the health histories of the teachers, teachers' aides, and staff members who no longer worked at the school."

On the following day, February 4th, Berryman and Lynn Stenson sent a letter to Neutra reminding him of the question that had been raised about the actual magnetic-field levels to which the teachers and aides working in Pods A and B had been subjected over the years. "Since all adult cases of cancer at Slater School occurred among people working in these areas—the portion of the school closest to the high-voltage transmission lines along Emerson Ave.—we believe this question to be of overriding importance," they wrote. "For the same reason we believe it imperative that the State Department of Health Services determine with accuracy, not guesswork, whether or not there has been an increased incidence of cancer among the children attending or who have attended Slater School."

Curtis Hurd died on February 27th. Four days later, the Fresno *Bee* published an article by Amy Alexander, under the headline "ANOTHER CANCER DEATH RENEWS SLATER WORRIES." Shortly thereafter, Neutra arranged with school-district officials to hold a conference call for the purpose of resolving some of the issues that Berryman and Stenson had raised in their letter of February 4th. The conference call, which took place on the afternoon of March 3rd, lasted about an hour and a half. In addition to Neutra, the participants included Dr. Glazer, Anna Phillips, Berryman, and Tanis DeRuosi, who had become the principal of the Slater school in August.

"During the call, Dr. Neutra asked me where I wanted the hazardous line to be drawn at the school,” Berryman recalls. “I thought it was a highly inappropriate question, but I didn’t want to seem antagonistic, so I said that I didn’t want a line to be drawn anywhere, but that I did want all the staff members who had developed cancer to be included in the study, because they had worked so close to the power lines. At that point, Dr. Neutra informed me that if we expected him to include Curtis Hurd we would have to come up with the names of all the vice-principals who had worked at the school. He went on to say that if we expected him to include a cook who had developed cancer while working in the kitchen next to Pod A we would have to provide him with the names of all the cooks who had worked there, and that if we expected him to include the custodian who had developed melanoma we would have to furnish him with the names of all the custodians and maintenance personnel who had been employed at Slater. In fact, he informed me that we would now be required to furnish him with the names of all the administrative personnel who had ever worked at Slater. I could scarcely believe my ears. Dr. Neutra was setting our continued participation in gathering data that he and his colleagues at the Department of Health Services should have been gathering as a condition for them to continue to carry out the cancer-cluster study. He made it seem as if they were doing us a favor. When I told him that we had a special concern for the health of the children who had attended Slater, he said that a study of childhood cancer at the school would be prohibitively expensive. When I suggested that an advertisement be placed in the *Bee* asking former Slater students to telephone information about their health to a special number, Dr. Glazer said that this would alarm people unduly. As for our concern about the actual strength of the power-line magnetic fields to which we had been subjected over the years, Dr. Neutra said that he would have to estimate our past exposure on the basis of the amperage-load data that P.G. & E. had compiled during the late summer and early autumn.”

On Friday, April 3rd, Neutra sent Tanis DeRuosi a copy of the aerial site plan of the school and asked her to measure the right-angle distance from the midpoint of the hundred-and-fifteen-thousand-volt line to Pod A and Pod B. DeRuosi asked Berryman to help her, and on the following Sunday afternoon the two women met at the school and, guessing at what constituted a right angle to the transmission line, used a two-hundred-foot-long ball of twine to measure the distance to the two pods. According to their calculations, Pod A was a hundred and twenty-six feet from the line, and Pod B was a hundred and forty-six feet from it; both measurements showed the transmission line to be closer to the school than Neutra had indicated in the appendix to his progress report. DeRuosi marked the aerial site plan with the measurements that she and Berryman had made, and drew the path followed by the hundred-and-fifteen-thousand-volt transmission line as it ran past the school and crossed over the southwest corner of the school’s main sandbox. On the next day, she mailed the site plan back to Neutra.

On April 28th, Neutra called DeRuosi to ask if she thought one of the measurements she and Berryman had made might be inaccurate. When DeRuosi said she didn’t know, Neutra told her that she might have to do the mea-

FLOOD

In that gill light of late-autumn evenings,
the valley children had crept through the corn rows,
two miles of withering tassels, styles, of leaves
cocked like the flaps of a foolscap—had crawled
from the gap of the access lane, out
down the rabbit paths, lanky, long-abandoned stalks,
the perfect maze. We were parked by the roadside.
Six cars, seven. To the west, the wide
Stillaguamish River swelled to a bay.
Far behind us, the children in the cornfields stood—
no hood, no grit-dusted cap breaching the tassel line—
stepped left, some right, just a ripple, just
a ribbon in the stalks, turned, turned again,
the chirrup of their voices thickening, darkening,
until the quick fear they courted flared and stung
and someone on a stepladder—mother, uncle—
swung a cowbell in a beckoning arc

and homed them all. We were parked by the roadside.
Coffee, the crackle of shortwaves. To the west,
the wide Stillaguamish reached over the stop signs,
reached into the eaves of outbuildings, saddles
and private treasures glistening, lifting,
dollops of burlap like jackets in the waves.
On a table-size island, two Guernseys turned
in a thicket of snowberry, muzzle to tail. As their hoarse
voices collapsed into the brays, the wild rain began,
resumed. Water to water. And across the surface
of this new bay, across the pedestal of the rain,
the spawning salmon—coho, chinook—having
lost the borders of the river, shuddered and leapt,
thrust in through the mustard fields, through rooftops
and the pivoting sentries of weathercocks, their fins,
the long seams of their bellies stretching, dipping—seeking
one thick current to resist.

—Linda Bierds

Bernard Schoenbaum

"Say, who the hell's been writing this stuff? It comes perilously close to the truth."

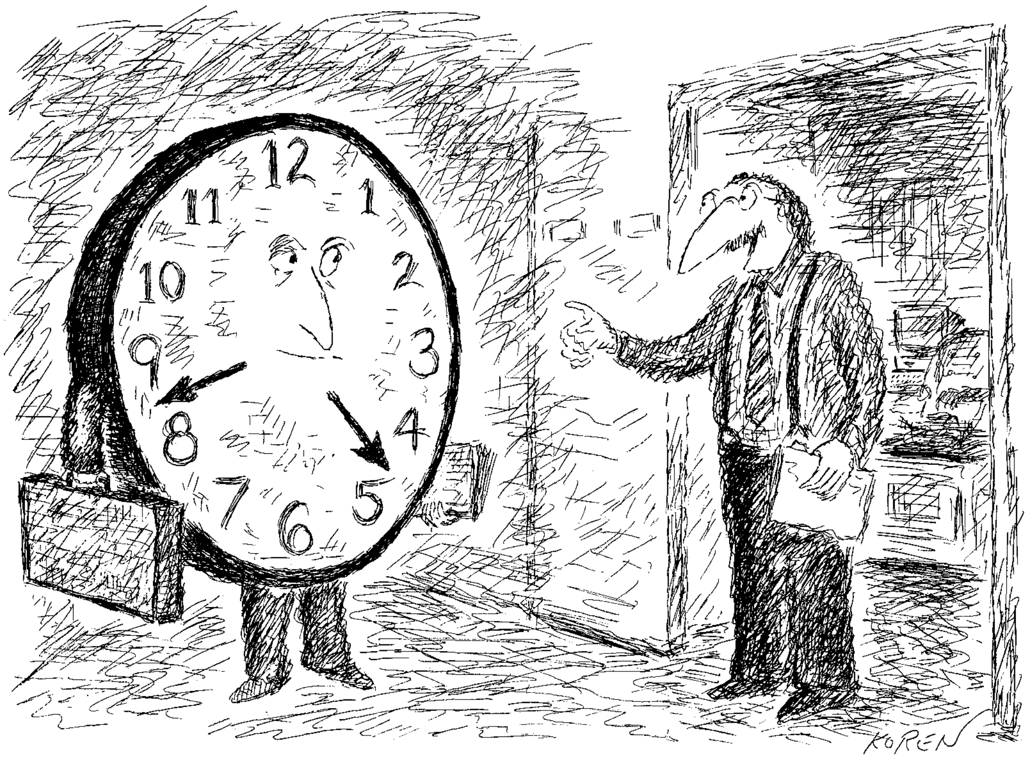
surements over. On May 1st, Neutra called Berryman and asked her the same question. "I told him that the measurements Tanis and I had made were the best we could do with the means we had," Berryman said recently. "When I saw Tanis, I told her that, considering the importance of the health issue at Slater, we should not assume any further responsibility for taking measurements that Dr. Neutra ought to be taking and was intending to use in an official state report. Tanis agreed with me, and called Beauregard that afternoon to tell him how we felt about the matter."

On May 15th, DeRuosi showed Berryman the rough draft of a questionnaire that, with Beauregard's approval, she was planning to send to the Slater teachers, asking them how they felt about moving back into Pods A and B "in the event Dr. Neutra's summary of findings is inconclusive." Over the weekend, Berryman decided that it would be a mistake for her colleagues to respond to the questionnaire, and on Monday she sent them a note urging them not to fill it out. She also sent a note to Beauregard telling him that it was "inappropriate to be asked to comment on this matter before we have had the opportunity to review the final report from the California Department of Health Services regarding this very important health issue," and reminding him that the memorandum sent to Superintendent Palacio by forty-seven teachers and teachers' aides on May 7, 1991, informing her that they would not work in Pods A and B after August 10th, was "still in effect."

At a staff meeting on Tuesday, May 19th, Berryman reminded her colleagues that that memo had been written out of concern for the health of the teachers and children at Slater, and had forced school-district officials to recognize the potential hazard posed by the transmission lines on Emerson Avenue, and to close down the ten classrooms on that side of the school. She went on to say that she felt it was very important for them to remain united in their resolve not to return to Pods A and B, and her recommendation was supported by everyone present.

On the following day, Berryman learned that a woman who had been a noontime helper at Slater for four years had just undergone a mastectomy for a malignant breast tumor. By her count, this was the thirteenth case of cancer to have been found in people who had worked on the south side of the school. "The noontime helpers come in for two or three hours a day to supervise the children at lunch and to watch over them when they play outside," Berryman said. "There are usually five such helpers, and until two or three years ago they were usually teachers' aides. When the children eat inside, they eat in the all-purpose room, which is about the same distance from the high-voltage lines as the office used by two secretaries who developed cancer. For at least an hour each day, the helpers pull yard duty—formerly in the main playground, where, until it was closed a year ago, the first, second, and third graders spent their recess time. The sandbox there contains a jungle gym, climbing bars, and chin-up bars, and, since one corner of it lies almost directly beneath the hundred-and-fifteen-thousand-volt line, the magnetic-field levels are extremely high. In fact, I have measured levels of more than ten milligauss in various parts of this sandbox on several occasions. Strong magnetic fields can also be measured in the basketball court and the four-square area, which have also been closed. All three of these play areas are about the same distance from the transmission lines as the kindergarten playground, where Dr. Neutra and Pamela Long measured a field strength of nine milligauss in September. Consequently, the noontime helpers and the children they were watching over undoubtedly underwent higher exposure to magnetic fields than anyone else who worked in or attended the Slater school. Is it any wonder that the parents joined us last year when we demanded that classrooms and play areas on the south side of the school near the transmission lines be closed? And, considering the fact that over a period of many years these play areas were used almost daily by thousands of children, doesn't it seem reasonable for us to have requested that the Department of Health Services expand its study to include former Slater pupils?"

AFTER Neutra's telephone call on May 1st, Berryman did not hear from him until the middle of October, when he left a message on her answering machine that he would soon be sending a draft of his final report on the cancer cluster to Beauregard. Meanwhile, students and teachers at schools elsewhere



"Joel, do you have a minute?"

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in California and across the nation were being exposed to power-line magnetic fields even stronger than those which had occasioned the closing of Pods A and B at Slater. Fields of between six and eighteen milligauss had been measured, for example, in kindergarten classrooms on one side of the Brooklyn Elementary School, in the Golden Hill section of San Diego, just a few feet from a high-current distribution line that runs along Fern Street; levels of over twenty milligauss had been measured in classrooms on the east side of the Independence Elementary School, in Bolingbrook, Illinois, which is situated within a hundred feet of a right-of-way containing two high-voltage transmission lines. In May of 1991, Neutra told San Diego Unified School District officials, who were trying to decide what to do about the situation at Brooklyn Elementary, that there was no scientific basis for regulating power-frequency fields, and in March of 1992 officials of the Illinois Department of Public Health, who had been asked to investigate the situation at Independence Elementary, told state legislators that because the data on the power-line hazard were inconclusive they could offer no advice. Neither Neutra nor his counterparts in Illinois had anything to say about the daily exposure of young children to magnetic fields that were nine to ten times as strong as those which had been associated with a two-to-threefold increase in childhood leukemia.

A similarly dismissive attitude was displayed by officials of the Connecticut Department of Health Services, who had been asked to investigate a cancer cluster that had developed among the residents of Meadow Street, in Guilford, a town of some twenty thousand inhabitants that is on Long Island Sound, about fourteen miles east of New Haven. Between 1969 and 1989, seven tumors—among them two brain tumors, two cases of meningioma, and a malignant melanoma of the eye—were recorded among children and adults living on that street, which is only two hundred and fifty yards long and has only nine houses on it. Because all the tumors had developed in a handful of people who were either living or had lived for significant periods of time in four of six adjacent houses situated near an electric-power substation, and within a few feet of some main distribution lines carrying high current from the substation, it had been suggested that the unusual incidence of cancer and tumors among the residents of Meadow Street might be associated with their long-term exposure to the strong magnetic fields that are given off by such lines. This suggestion was reinforced by the many epidemiological studies showing that children and workers exposed to power-frequency magnetic fields were developing brain tumors at rates significantly higher than those observed in unexposed people, and by a British study showing the incidence of eye melanoma to be "notably high" among electrical and electronics workers, who are exposed to relatively strong magnetic fields.

At a meeting held at the Guilford Public Library on August 20, 1990, David R. Brown, chief of the Connecticut Department of Health Services' Division of Environmental Epidemiology and Occupational Health, told a group of a hundred or so Guilford residents that there was no cancer cluster on Meadow Street. To support this contention, one of Brown's associates displayed a map showing the location of ten meningiomas and nineteen other brain and central-nervous-system tumors listed by the Connecticut Tumor Registry as having occurred in Guilford between 1968 and 1988, and, pointing to the fact that the tumors appeared to be scattered throughout the town, said that this proved there was "absolutely no clustering" in Guilford. Two days later, Brown displayed the map at a Rotary Club meeting in Guilford, and told the Rotarians that he saw no need for the Department of Health Services to make any further inquiry into the incidence of cancer on Meadow Street.

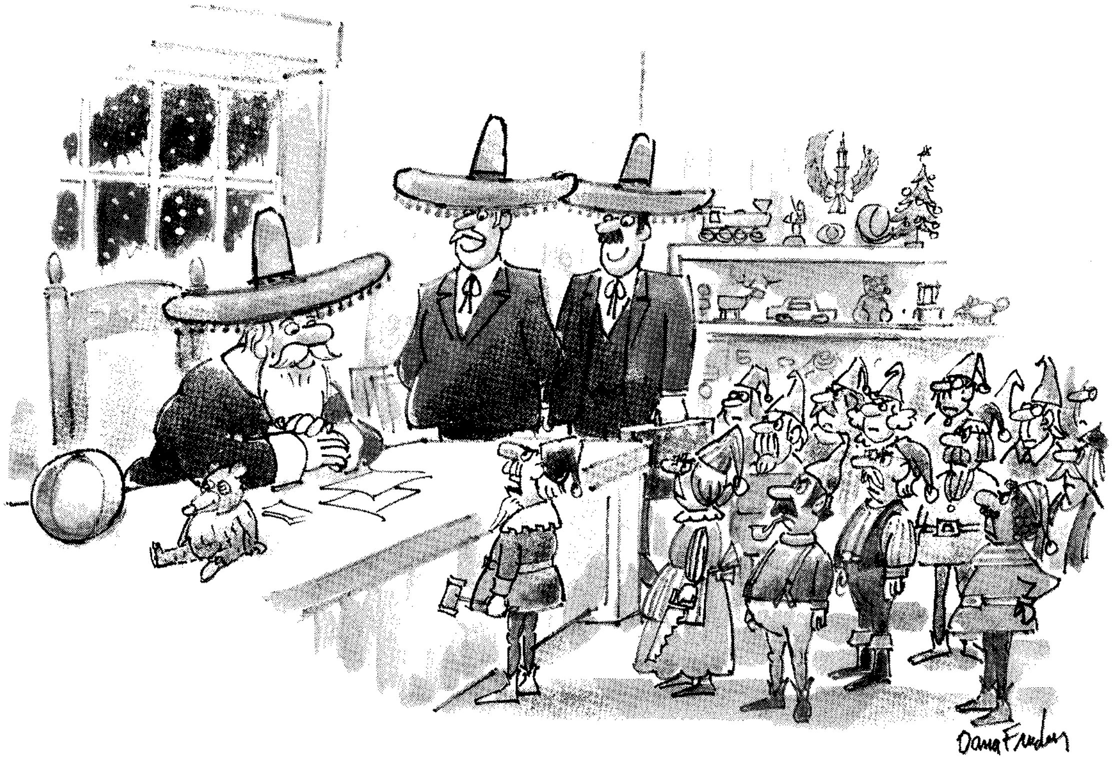
During the autumn, a Guilford resident named Robert Hemstock, who had acquired the addresses of the twenty-nine tumor victims, found that seventeen of them—nearly sixty per cent of the total—lived within a hundred and fifty feet of (but usually much closer to) the town's high-current and high-voltage wires. Particularly disturbing was Hemstock's discovery that in March of 1989—too late to be counted among the twenty-nine tumors shown on the map that Brown and a colleague had displayed to reassure the townspeople of Guilford—a seventeen-year-old girl who lived in a house close to a high-current distribution line was diagnosed with astrocytoma, the same type of malignant brain tumor that had been diagnosed two months earlier in a seventeen-year-old girl living near the same line on Meadow Street. Astrocytoma can be expected to develop in about one out of every fifty thousand seventeen-year-old women each year.

By the end of the year, the Department of Health Services' handling of the situation in Guilford had prompted leading members of the Connecticut State Senate to call upon the Connecticut Academy of Science and Engineering—a nonprofit corporation that had been formed by the legislature "to promote the application of science and engineering to human health and welfare"—to conduct an independent review of the power-line problem. At the time, doubts about the academy's impartiality were raised when it was revealed that the academy had received financial contributions from Northeast Utilities—parent of the Connecticut Light & Power Company, which owns and operates the Meadow Street substation and the high-current wires leading from it—and that a high-ranking Northeast official was sitting on the academy's board of directors and another Northeast official was chairman of its nominating committee.

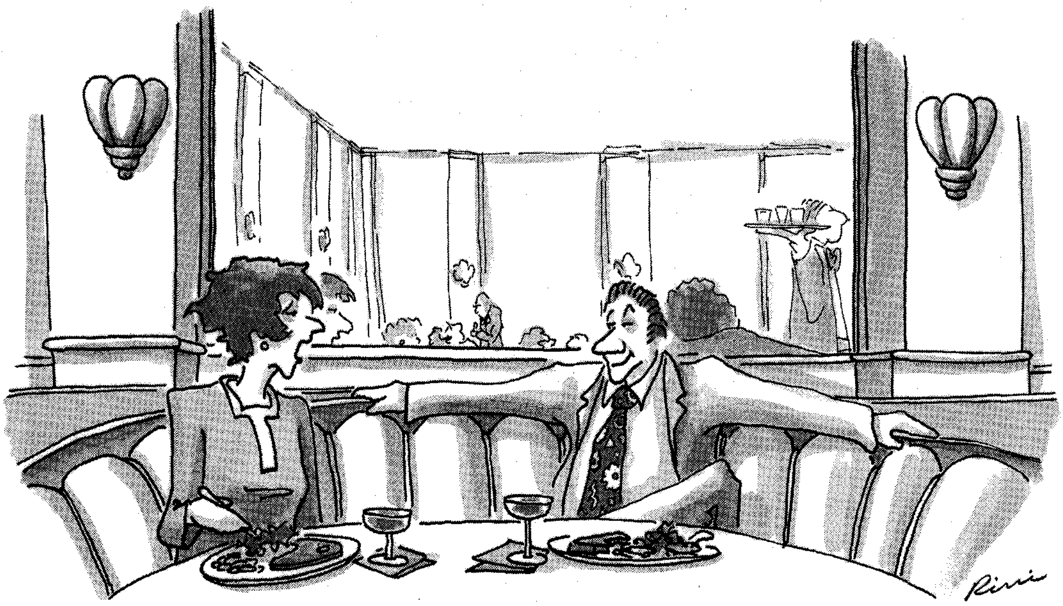
Because of a delay in enacting legislation to finance the review, the ten members of an ad-hoc committee appointed by the academy to conduct it did not get down to work until the autumn of 1991, and a final report of their findings was not made public until June 4th of this year. (By then, personal-injury lawsuits had been brought against Northeast Utilities and Connecticut Light & Power in behalf of two of the brain-tumor victims on Meadow Street—one of whom was the young woman afflicted with astrocytoma—alleging that exposure to electromagnetic fields given off by the high-current lines on the street had caused the plaintiffs to develop disease, and that the two companies had known of the hazard but had failed to warn the plaintiffs about it.) The authors of the academy's report concluded that the epidemiological studies did not demonstrate that residential or occupational exposure to power-frequency magnetic fields "unequivocally" increased the risk of cancer. They went on to declare that it would be "inappropriate" for health authorities to recommend that the public avoid exposure to the fields. As for the cancer cluster on Meadow Street, they said that it had been "investigated in detail by the Academy but was considered to be uninformative" with regard to any potential health hazard. They added that the academy had been provided with information indicating that magnetic-field levels in Meadow Street houses "were not unusual," and they agreed with the conclusion of David Brown and his colleagues that no cancer cluster had occurred among the residents of the street.

On June 5th, the New Haven *Register* published a story about the academy report, which quoted Jan A. J. Stolwijk, the chairman of the ad-hoc committee, who is a professor of epidemiology and public health at the Yale University School of Medicine, as saying that there was "no evidence that there are any health effects" caused by exposure to power-frequency magnetic fields. Stolwijk added, "I can't prove that a meteorite won't fall on New Haven tomorrow, but I'm reasonably sure it won't." The article went on to quote Michael B. Bracken, a professor of epidemiology, obstetrics, and gynecology at the Yale University School of Medicine, who had also been a member of the ad-hoc committee, and, together with Stolwijk, was said to be the chief author of the academy report. Bracken declared that "either there are no health effects, or they're so small they can't be measured."

Late in July, an interagency task force led by the Department of Health Services sponsored a three-day workshop to consider the findings of the academy report and to discuss the direction of future policy regarding the power-frequency hazard. At that time, Stolwijk acknowledged that before becoming chairman of the ad-hoc committee he had testified, in a court case in behalf of a state-owned utility in Australia, that exposure to power-line electromagnetic



"Great. You move to Mexico, and we all end up working at McDonald's."



"Tell me, do you respond to treatment?"

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fields posed no health hazard. He claimed that this did not constitute a conflict of interest, however, because he had not charged or been paid a fee for his testimony. Stolwijk also acknowledged that the academy's investigation of the cancer cluster on Meadow Street had consisted chiefly of a briefing conducted by Brown. The accuracy of the academy report was called into further question when it was learned that a member of the ad-hoc committee had written to Stolwijk several months before the final report was issued to remind him that committee members had been told that magnetic-field levels in the houses on Meadow Street had probably been "relatively high." None of this appeared to disconcert Stolwijk, who submitted a proposal to the Department of Health Services in September asking for $374,889 to investigate the association between the development of cancer in Connecticut children and how close they lived to power lines.

As for Bracken, he acknowledged that the epidemiological group he directs at Yale had received a grant from the Electric Power Research Institute to study the effects of electromagnetic fields upon pregnant women. He claimed, however, that EPRI had provided money for only a small part of a much larger program that was being financed by the federal government. Be that as it may, a spokeswoman for EPRI told Don Michak, a reporter for the Manchester, Connecticut, *Journal Inquirer*, that under the terms of the grant contract Bracken and his associates at Yale would receive two and a half million dollars from EPRI by the end of 1993.

Meanwhile, officials of Northeast Utilities and Connecticut Light & Power, together with other utility officials across the nation, had been insisting for months that there was no proof that power-line magnetic fields could cause cancer, and no need for preventive measures or regulations to reduce exposure. An attorney for the San Diego Gas & Electric Company told the California Public Utilities Commission that the state should not attempt to protect people from all possible risk posed by electromagnetic fields any more than it should attempt to insulate people from all possible risk associated with living in an earthquake zone. All the huffing and puffing was designed to obscure the fact that never in history had as much evidence of the carcinogenicity of any agent as had by then accumulated about the cancer-producing potential of power-line magnetic fields been subsequently demonstrated to be invalid and the agent in question been found to be benign. Nor was a precedent about to be set. On September 30th of this year, the wind went out of the utility industry when officials of Sweden's National Board for Industrial and Technical Development formally announced that they intended henceforth to "act on the assumption that there is a connection between exposure to power frequency magnetic fields and cancer, in particular childhood cancer."

The stunning new Swedish policy was prompted by the results of two major epidemiological studies—one residential and the other occupational—which clearly demonstrated that exposure to electromagnetic fields at home and at work was linked to the development of leukemia. Both investigations had been started in 1987, when health authorities in Sweden, unlike most of their counterparts in the United States, had taken serious note of studies confirming previous findings of excess leukemia and other cancer in children and adults exposed to electromagnetic fields. The residential study was conducted by Anders Ahlbom, a professor of epidemiology at the Institute of Environmental Medicine of the world-renowned Karolinska Institute, in Stockholm, and Maria Feychting, who is a doctoral candidate and research assistant there. With the aid of fellow-scientists, Ahlbom and Feychting designed a case-control study to investigate the incidence of cancer among a population of 436,503 people who between the beginning of 1960 and the end of 1985 had lived for at least a year in dwellings that were situated within just under a thousand feet of virtually all of Sweden's ninety-three hundred miles of two-hundred-and-twenty-thousand-volt or four-hundred-thousand-volt transmission lines. Cancer of all types was studied in children, for whom the one-year residency limit was not applied, while for adults the investigation was limited to leukemia and brain tumors. The cancer cases were identified from records maintained by the Swedish Cancer Registry, and the controls—four for each case of childhood cancer and two for each case of adult cancer—were children and adults without cancer, who were selected at random from the total population living in the designated corridor, and matched to the appropriate cancer cases according to time of diagnosis, age, sex, parish, and power line.

Ahlbom and Feychting assessed the long-term exposure of people living near high-voltage transmission lines by taking spot measurements of field strength in the homes of each case and control, and using them to confirm the accuracy of a computer model that calculated the strength of the fields emitted by each of the lines, according to the distance from the line, the wiring configuration of the line, and the current load the line was known to be carrying. They then programmed the computer with records of past current loads that had been maintained for each of the transmission lines by station managers of Vattenfall, a state-owned utility company formerly known as the Swedish State Power Board. The historical load records, which encompassed the entire twenty-six-year period of the study, enabled them to estimate with great accuracy the average annual magnetic-field exposure for each cancer case and its corresponding controls at the time of diagnosis, as well as at intervals of one, five, and ten years before.

Upon evaluating their data, Ahlbom and Feychting observed a clear dose-response relationship between increasing magnetic-field exposure and the occurrence of childhood leukemia: children living in dwellings in which they had been exposed to average power-line fields of more than one milligauss experienced twice the risk of developing leukemia as children living in homes in which they had been exposed to fields of less than one milligauss; children exposed to more than two milligauss had almost three times the risk; and children exposed to more than three milligauss had nearly four times the risk. The two scientists found that adults exposed to fields of more than two milligauss experienced a seventy per cent increased risk of developing both acute myeloid leukemia and chronic myeloid leukemia when compared with adults exposed to less than one milligauss, but this excess was not considered to be statistically significant. Surprisingly, they observed no association in either children or adults between exposure to magnetic fields and the occurrence of brain tumors.

The occupational study, which also employed cases and controls, was conducted by an epidemiologist named Birgitta Floderus and some co-workers in the Department of Neuromedicine at the National Institute of Occupational Health, in Solna, a suburb of Stockholm. It included two hundred and fifty men who had been diagnosed with leukemia; two hundred and sixty-one men diagnosed with brain tumors; and a control group of eleven hundred and twenty-one healthy workers. Workers with exposure to benzene and ionizing radiation—known leukemia-producing agents—were excluded from the study. Floderus and her colleagues assessed the magnetic-field exposure of their subjects by taking more than a thousand prolonged measurements (the mean duration of each was 6.8 hours) in a hundred and sixty-nine job categories. When they analyzed their data, they found that men whose jobs had exposed them to electromagnetic fields that averaged 2.9 milligauss or more developed chronic lymphocytic leukemia three times as often as workers who had been exposed to fields that averaged less than 1.6 milligauss, and that workers whose average exposure was more than 4.1 milligauss experienced an increased risk some four times that of the less exposed workers. They also found that workers with high magnetic-field exposure developed brain tumors more frequently than workers in the less exposed group, but this association was not as strong as the association for leukemia.

The fact that both of the Swedish studies demonstrated a clear dose-response relationship between exposure to weak power-frequency magnetic fields and the development of cancer all but demolished a contention of the electric-utility industry in the United States that the excess risk found in previous studies might have been caused by exposure to pesticides, chemicals, or other toxic agents. The fact that both studies showed average magnetic-field exposure over time to be the critical factor in the development of disease blew away the industry's argument that the results of previous studies were suspect, because spot measurements of present-day field strengths could not be correlated with increased cancer risk. And, of course, the fact that both studies were conducted with the financial support and coöperation of the Swedish National Board for Industrial and Technical Development, Swedish governmental health agencies,

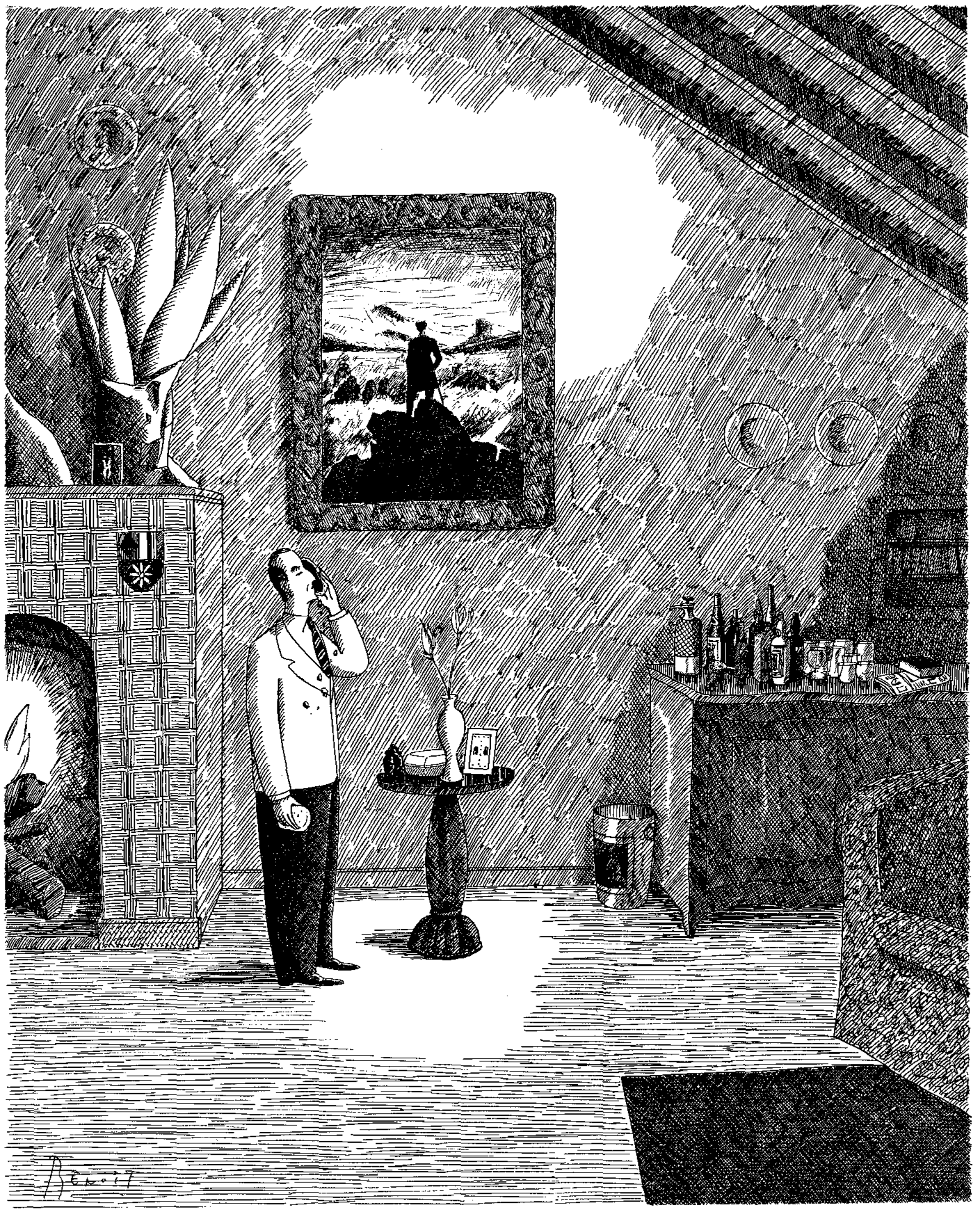
"This, ladies and gentlemen, is Exhibit A, the sneakers that urged my client to Just Do It."

and the Swedish electric-utility industry contrasted sharply with the lengthy efforts of American utilities to deny the existence of a power-frequency health hazard, and with the pronounced reluctance of state and federal health agencies to acknowledge or deal with the problem.

Shortly after the Swedish findings were announced, Jaak Nöu, the director of the National Board's Department of Electrical Safety, told Louis Slesin, of *Microwave News*, that Sweden would soon set exposure standards for new homes near power lines, and for all new electrical facilities, and that these standards might require average annual exposures to be in the neighborhood of two milligauss. (In the September/October issue of *Microwave News*, Slesin pointed out that this would be up to a hundred times as strict as the standards for high-voltage-line emissions set by New York and Florida—the only two states in the nation to have imposed such limits.) Nöu went on to say that the most difficult problem was what to do about homes near existing power lines, and that the cost of reducing magnetic-field emissions from those lines would be enormous.

HERE in the United States, where the cost of reducing such emissions will also be enormous, the question is whether government health officials and utility officials will follow the example of their Swedish counterparts and acknowledge the existence of the power-line hazard, or whether they will persist in their efforts to deny it. Acknowledging the hazard would require that government and industry undertake to identify where the hazard exists in its most serious and concentrated form—a good place to start might be hundreds of schools and day-care centers that have been built perilously close to high-voltage or high-current power lines—and then set about to remedy the hazard by rerouting such lines, or burying them in a manner that will drastically reduce their magnetic-field emissions. (The technology for doing so was developed and tested by the utility industry some time ago.) Given the record of the government and the industry in dealing with the power-line problem thus far, however, no one should expect that any of this will occur soon, if at all, unless a concerned and determined citizenry forces action.

As it happens, determined and prescient citizens have been confronting the power-line health issue across the nation. In 1990, opposition mounted by Residents Against Giant Electric (RAGE), a group of citizens in Monmouth County, New Jersey, who were concerned about the cancer hazard posed by power-line emissions, forced the Jersey Central Power & Light Company to abandon its plan to construct a pair of two-hundred-and-thirty-thousand-volt transmission lines through the towns of Red Bank, Middletown, Holmdel, Hazlet, and Aberdeen. That same year, the efforts of a group called Rhode Islanders for Safe Power persuaded the town council of East Greenwich, Rhode Island, to enact a three-year moratorium on the construction of power lines carrying more than sixty thousand volts in that town. During 1990 and 1991, residents of the historic Old Town section of Alexandria, Virginia, who had discovered that high-current distribution wires carrying power to the city's business district were creating magnetic fields of more than forty milligauss in many homes, persuaded city officials to



Prior to his apéritif, Mr. Vásquez invariably stroked himself with a giant burger.

negotiate a franchise-and-operating agreement with the Virginia Electric & Power Company, calling for the city and the utility to share the cost of burying the offending lines, and of redesigning power distribution in a thirty-six-block downtown area.

Also in 1991, Mayor Richard M. Daley, of Chicago, denied the Commonwealth Edison Company permission to erect a three-hundred-and-forty-five-thousand-volt transmission line along Metropolitan Rail's train-track corridor between Twenty-third Street and Sixty-first Street, on the ground that electromagnetic fields given off by the line might endanger the health of people who live and work in the vicinity. Elsewhere in Illinois, opposition has been mounted by a number of community and grass-roots organizations—among them a group called Mothers Against Commonwealth Edison (MACE)—to prevent the utility from constructing new power lines and electric substations in residential neighborhoods, and efforts are being made in dozens of cities and towns throughout the state to limit the magnetic fields being emitted by existing power lines. In Michigan, a thousand landowners, business owners, and local governments have filed a class-action petition before the Michigan Public Service Commission to block a proposal by the Consumers Power Company, of Jackson, to construct a three-hundred-and-forty-five-thousand-volt transmission line that will connect power grids in Michigan and Indiana. In Pennsylvania, nearly nine thousand citizens have filed protests against a plan by the Duquesne Light Company, of Pittsburgh, and General Public Utilities, of Parsippany, New Jersey—the owner of the nuclear plant at Three Mile Island—to build a two-hundred-and-sixty-eight-mile-long, five-hundred-thousand-volt transmission line across fourteen counties, in order to bring power from western Pennsylvania to the eastern part of the state and to New Jersey.

"But I suppose most of you are too young to remember a Democrat in the White House."

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Meanwhile, in New York City, pressure exerted by several citizens' action groups has helped persuade members of the Manhattan Borough Board to pass a resolution calling upon the City Council to impose a moratorium on the construction and expansion of electric substations by Con Edison and the New York City Transit Authority. There can be little doubt that such a step is needed, because many of the three-hundred-odd substations that are scattered throughout the city abut apartment and office buildings, and some have even been built next to schools. Moreover, since few, if any, of the high-voltage and high-current lines that lead into and out of these substations have been buried in a way that mitigates their emissions, magnetic fields of extraordinary strength can be found on sidewalks from one end of town to the other. Indeed, a researcher who was wandering through Manhattan a few months ago measured a magnetic-field level of eighty milligauss at waist height at the southwest corner of Lexington Avenue and Seventy-eighth Street; a level of ninety-five milligauss a few doorways east of the Harvard Club, on Forty-fourth Street; a level of eighteen milligauss in front of a store on the west side of Sixth Avenue near Fourteenth Street; and levels higher than ten milligauss at more than a dozen other places.

As might be expected, significant devaluation of residential property situated close to high-voltage and high-current lines has already occurred in various sections of the nation where the power-frequency hazard has become known, and even greater devaluation appears to be in the offing as word of the latest Swedish findings and other information about the problem is disseminated. Together with the health hazard itself, the devaluation is resulting in widespread concern and litigation. Over the past several years, numerous lawsuits have been brought against utilities in states from Maine to California and from Washington to Florida, and hundreds, perhaps thousands, more are clearly in prospect. Especially worrisome from the utility industry's point of view are several landmark personal-injury lawsuits that have been filed in the past year and a half. Chief among them are the actions brought against Northeast Utilities and Connecticut Light & Power in behalf of the brain-tumor victims on Meadow Street; a lawsuit brought against San Diego Gas & Electric in behalf of a four-year-old child, who is alleged to have developed kidney cancer after being exposed to magnetic fields of between four and a half and twenty milligauss as a result of living in a house next to one of the utility's high-current distribution lines; and a lawsuit brought against the Georgia Power Company, of Atlanta, and the Oglethorpe Power Company, of Tucker, Georgia, in behalf of a thirty-five-year-old woman who is alleged to have developed non-Hodgkin's lymphoma as a result of exposure to magnetic fields given off by high-voltage lines owned by those companies. The utilities that have been named as defendants in these cases must now decide whether to settle out of court or go to a jury trial. Either way, the industry as a whole may be facing a legal nightmare, because a major settlement or a verdict in favor of the plaintiffs in any of these cases can be expected to trigger an avalanche of similar lawsuits.

Other causes of potential litigation are the magnetic fields given off by faulty household wiring; by high-current conductors concealed in the walls, ceilings, and floors of commercial office buildings and other large structures; and by high-voltage transformers that can be found in almost any large building. Magnetic fields of well over a hundred milligauss were recently discovered, for example, in a state office building in Madison, Wisconsin, and in a bank office in Manhattan. In both instances, the fields were found to be coming from transformers on the floor below, and were detected only because they caused serious malfunctioning in video-display terminals on the floor above.

As for the VDTs, of which some fifty million are estimated to be in use in the United States, they operate by generating extra-low-frequency magnetic fields, and thus provide an important additional source of long-term, chronic exposure. Pulsed magnetic fields of between one and five milligauss can be measured routinely at a distance of twelve inches from the screens of many VDTs, and fields two to three times as strong can be measured at the same distance from their sides, backs, and tops.

In spite of several studies showing that women who work with VDTs have a higher rate of miscarriage than other women, and other studies showing that VDT emissions can damage the fetuses of test animals, government health officials in the United States have failed to limit the magnetic fields that these devices are allowed to give off. Early this year, however, researchers at the Institute of Occupational Health, in Helsinki, found that women working with VDTs that exposed them to magnetic fields averaging about three milligauss suffered miscarriages at a rate close to three and a half times that of women using VDTs that exposed them to fields that averaged about one milligauss. The fact that this dose relationship is similar to the one established by the recent Swedish studies for exposure to power-line magnetic fields and the development of leukemia is serious cause for concern. Additionally worrisome is a recent study conducted by researchers at the University of Adelaide's Department of Community Medicine, who found that women working with computer monitors are developing primary brain tumors at nearly five times the expected rate. Considering the elevated rates of breast cancer in men with occupational exposure to electromagnetic fields, the sharp increase in recent years in the incidence of breast cancer among women, and the fact that women make up a majority of the work force using VDTs, it seems reasonable to wonder why no government agency has undertaken an epidemiological study to determine whether women who work with VDTs are developing breast cancer more readily than other women.

The fact that more studies will be needed to define the full dimensions of the magnetic-field hazard should not, however, be used by the nation's public-health officials as an excuse for further delaying measures to reduce exposure to power-line emissions. The public should understand that by extending the presumption of benignity to power-frequency magnetic fields in the absence of absolute proof of their carcinogenicity, public-health officials have already helped to perpetuate a situation in which thousands of people are at risk of developing malignant disease that could have been avoided. Indeed, in testimony submitted to the California Public Utilities Commission on September 15th, two weeks before the results of the Swedish studies were announced, Neutra himself declared that "if the epidemiological results with regard to childhood cancer and occupational cancer were to be confirmed as real we would be talking about hundreds of preventable cases of cancer in the state each year."

A month or so after making this statement, Neutra finished a thirty-two-page draft of a report entitled "Exposures at the Slater School," and sent it to Donald Beauregard, who passed it along to Patricia Berryman and other members of the Slater Electromagnetic Field Study Subcommittee. In a cover letter dated October 27th, Beauregard informed the subcommittee members that Neutra wanted them to study the draft and mark it with any comments they might have, so that he could review the comments in preparing a summary of findings for a subcommittee meeting that would be held in late November. Most of the draft report was written in question-and-answer form, and Neutra used a considerable portion of it to review the magnetic-field measurements that engineers from Pacific Gas & Electric had taken at the school on various occasions, and to describe the magnetic-field levels that were predicted to occur there on the basis of a computer model that had been developed by P.G. & E. Relying on the utility's measurements and predictions, he declared that during most of the year the magnetic fields at Slater—including the fields in classrooms closest to the transmission lines—

would resemble those which could be found in typical residential dwellings. In the margin next to this assertion, Berryman, who had received her copy of the report on October 28th, inquired whether P.G. & E. could be considered to have a conflict of interest in the matter, and whether typical residential dwellings were situated next to high-voltage transmission lines.

In the final question of the report, Neutra asked whether the magnetic-field-exposure conditions at Slater could have caused a cancer cluster. He began and ended a discursive four-and-a-half-page reply by saying that he could not give a definitive answer, but he went to some length to suggest that there was probably no association between the fields given off by the transmission lines on Emerson Avenue and the cancers that had developed among the teachers and staff members who had worked on that side of the school.

Berryman was disappointed to find that in the report there was neither confirmation nor denial of her suspicion that emissions from the power lines on Emerson Avenue might be connected with the cancers that had occurred among her colleagues. On November 5th, this suspicion was reinforced by the distressing news that still another of her fellow-teachers had developed cancer. The latest victim—the fourteenth, by her count—was a fourth-grade teacher in her early fifties, who had worked in Pod B for at least two years, and had just been operated on for a malignant tumor of the colon.

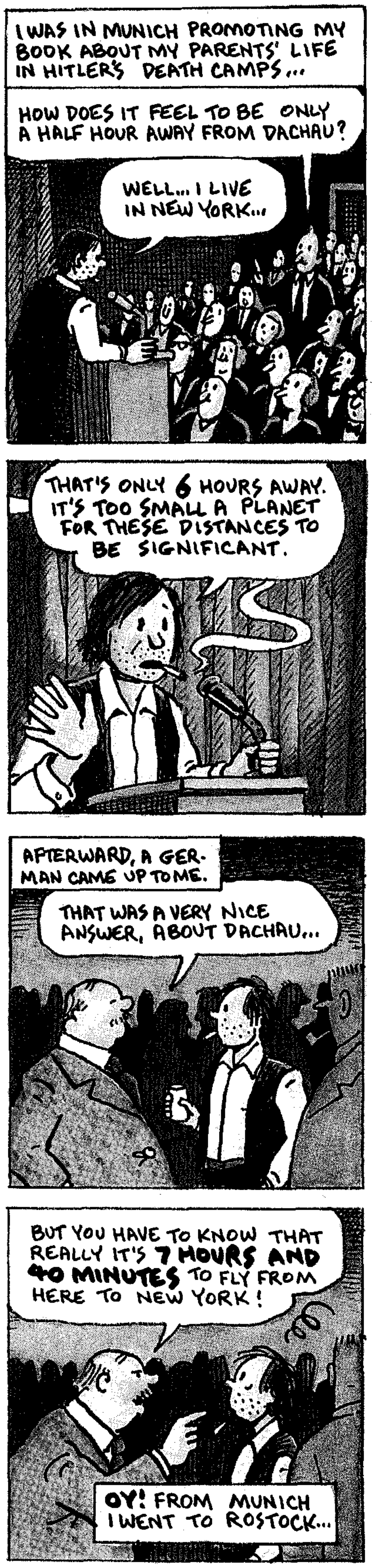
On the next day, Beauregard sent Berryman some additional material from Neutra with a cover letter urging that it also be marked with comments. Among the new documents was a thirteen-page report on the cancer cases at Slater which had been written by Neutra and Glazer, who said that they had now confirmed eleven cases among past and present teachers and employees. The eleven confirmed cases were three breast cancers, two uterine cancers, two ovarian cancers, two melanomas, the brain cancer that had killed Katie Alexander, and the colon cancer that had killed Curtis Hurd. However, the list was incomplete, because it did not include two cases of cancer in employees who had declined to participate in the study, or the colon cancer that had been diagnosed in the Pod B teacher who had just undergone surgery. The difference between eleven and fourteen cases was extremely important, because, after estimating once again that a thousand out of California's eight thousand schools might be situated next to power lines, Neutra and Glazer went on to declare that eleven cases of cancer could be expected to occur by chance alone among the teachers and staff members of no fewer than fifty-six of these thousand schools. However, according to a Poisson-distribution graph that the two health officials had attached to their report, only five and a half of the thousand schools could be expected to have fourteen cases of cancer, and less than one school out of the thousand could be expected to have sixteen cases.

The fact that only two more cancer cases would place Slater Elementary in a unique category among California schools was not lost on Berryman, who had suspected since January that the incidence of cancer among her colleagues was being underreported. At that time, she and Doris Buffo had telephoned fifteen or twenty former Slater teachers in the Fresno area, and learned that none of them had been approached by the Department of Health Services; this indicated that Neutra and Glazer, instead of going out and conducting a thorough survey of the cancer rate among Slater teachers and staff members, including the eighty-five or so who no longer worked at the school, had merely compiled a list of the cancer cases that had been reported to them. In a margin on the first page of their report, Berryman wrote the following sentence: "The credibility of your findings is seriously weakened by your failure to determine whether the teachers, teachers' aides, and other staff members who no longer work at Slater have developed cancer, and whether there has been any increased incidence of cancer among the students who have attended the school." She went on to note the colon cancer that had just been reported in the Pod B teacher. She also noted that the number of cancer cases had doubled since the two health officials had begun their investigation, a year and a half ago—all the cancers having occurred among people working on the side of the school nearest the power lines. Then she posed this question: "How many more cancers will it take?" ♦

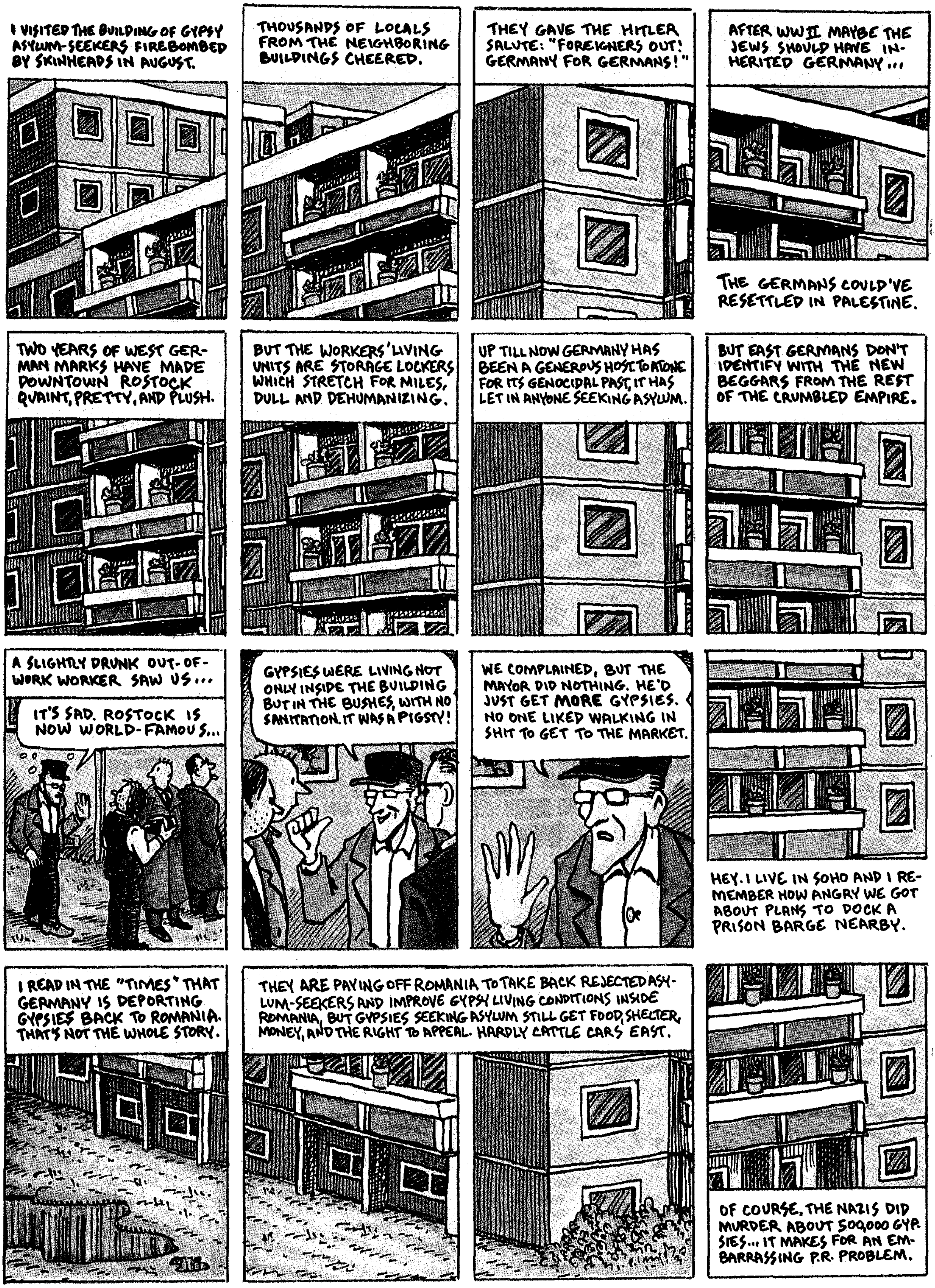
ARTIST AT LARGE

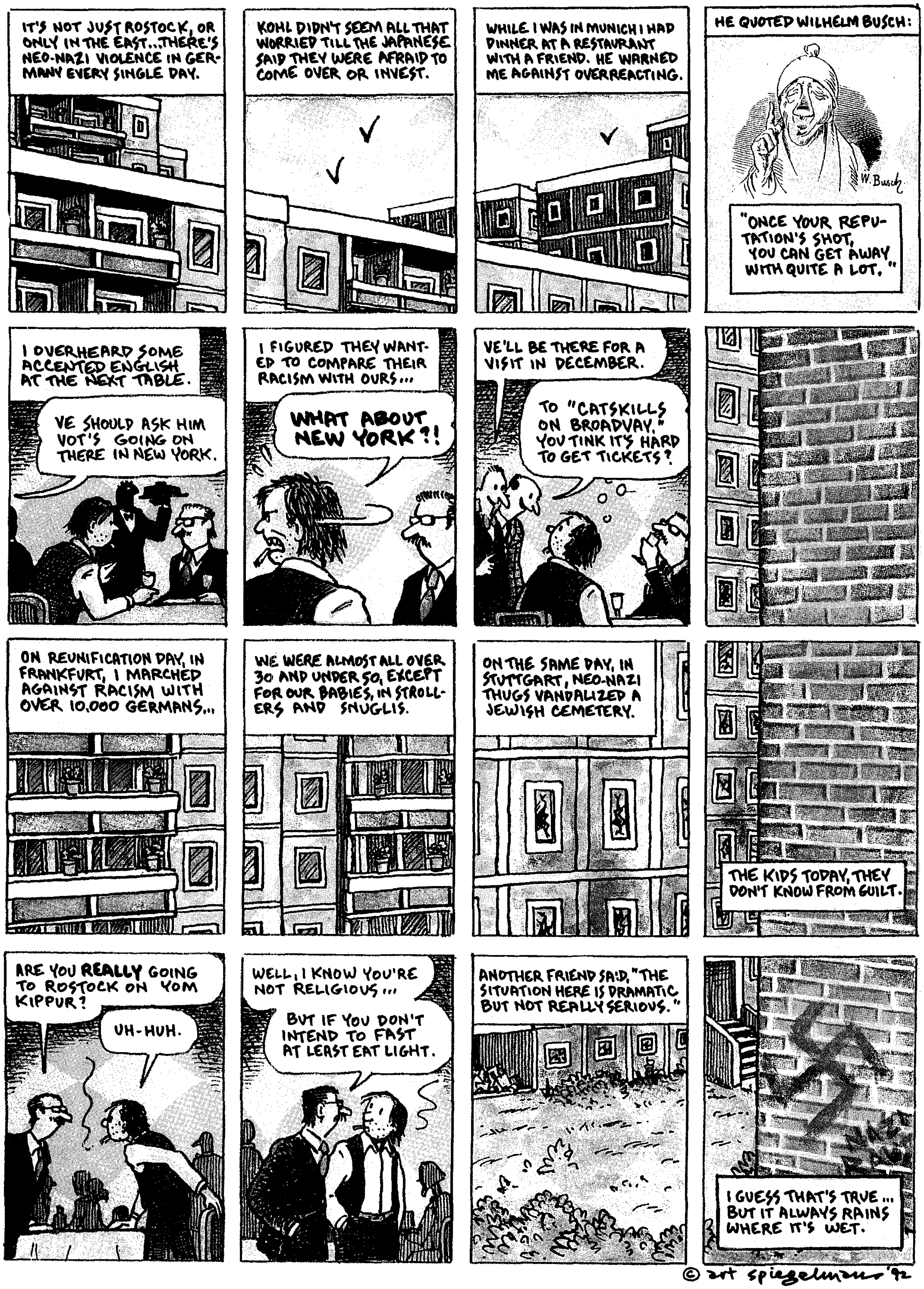
A JEW IN ROSTOCK

by Art Spiegelman


I WAS IN MUNICH PROMOTING MY BOOK ABOUT MY PARENTS' LIFE IN HITLER'S DEATH CAMPS...
HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE ONLY A HALF HOUR AWAY FROM DACHAU?
WELL... I LIVE IN NEW YORK...
THAT'S ONLY 6 HOURS AWAY. IT'S TOO SMALL A PLANET FOR THESE DISTANCES TO BE SIGNIFICANT.
AFTERWARD, A GERMAN CAME UP TO ME.
THAT WAS A VERY NICE ANSWER, ABOUT DACHAU...
BUT YOU HAVE TO KNOW THAT REALLY IT'S 7 HOURS AND 40 MINUTES TO FLY FROM HERE TO NEW YORK!
OY! FROM MUNICH I WENT TO ROSTOCK...

IT WAS WEIRD BEING A JEW IN ROSTOCK ON YOM KIPPUR...


I VISITED THE BUILDING OF GYPSY ASYLUM-SEEKERS FIREBOMBED BY SKINHEADS IN AUGUST.
THOUSANDS OF LOCALS FROM THE NEIGHBORING BUILDINGS CHEERED.
THEY GAVE THE HITLER SALUTE: "FOREIGNERS OUT! GERMANY FOR GERMANS!"
AFTER WW II MAYBE THE JEWS SHOULD HAVE INHERITED GERMANY...
THE GERMANS COULD'VE RESETTLED IN PALESTINE.
TWO YEARS OF WEST GERMAN MARKS HAVE MADE DOWNTOWN ROSTOCK QUAINT, PRETTY, AND PLUSH.
BUT THE WORKERS' LIVING UNITS ARE STORAGE LOCKERS WHICH STRETCH FOR MILES, DULL AND DEHUMANIZING.
UP TILL NOW GERMANY HAS BEEN A GENEROUS HOST TO ATONE FOR ITS GENOCIDAL PAST, IT HAS LET IN ANYONE SEEKING ASYLUM.
BUT EAST GERMANS DON'T IDENTIFY WITH THE NEW BEGGARS FROM THE REST OF THE CRUMBLED EMPIRE.
A SLIGHTLY DRUNK OUT-OF-WORK WORKER SAW US...
IT'S SAD. ROSTOCK IS NOW WORLD-FAMOUS...
GYPSIES WERE LIVING NOT ONLY INSIDE THE BUILDING BUT IN THE BUSHES, WITH NO SANITATION. IT WAS A PIGSTY!
WE COMPLAINED, BUT THE MAYOR DID NOTHING. HE'D JUST GET MORE GYPSIES. NO ONE LIKED WALKING IN SHIT TO GET TO THE MARKET.
HEY. I LIVE IN SOHO AND I REMEMBER HOW ANGRY WE GOT ABOUT PLANS TO DOCK A PRISON BARGE NEARBY.
I READ IN THE "TIMES" THAT GERMANY IS DEPORTING GYPSIES BACK TO ROMANIA. THAT'S NOT THE WHOLE STORY.
THEY ARE PAYING OFF ROMANIA TO TAKE BACK REJECTED ASYLUM-SEEKERS AND IMPROVE GYPSY LIVING CONDITIONS INSIDE ROMANIA, BUT GYPSIES SEEKING ASYLUM STILL GET FOOD, SHELTER, MONEY, AND THE RIGHT TO APPEAL. HARDLY CATTLE CARS EAST.
OF COURSE, THE NAZIS DID MURDER ABOUT 500,000 GYPSIES... IT MAKES FOR AN EMBARRASSING P.R. PROBLEM.


IT'S NOT JUST ROSTOCK, OR ONLY IN THE EAST...THERE'S NEO-NAZI VIOLENCE IN GERMANY EVERY SINGLE DAY.
KOHL DIDN'T SEEM ALL THAT WORRIED TILL THE JAPANESE SAID THEY WERE AFRAID TO COME OVER OR INVEST.
WHILE I WAS IN MUNICH I HAD DINNER AT A RESTAURANT WITH A FRIEND. HE WARNED ME AGAINST OVERREACTING.
HE QUOTED WILHELM BUSCH:
W. Busch
"ONCE YOUR REPUTATION'S SHOT, YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH QUITE A LOT."
I OVERHEARD SOME ACCENTED ENGLISH AT THE NEXT TABLE.
VE SHOULD ASK HIM VOT'S GOING ON THERE IN NEW YORK.
I FIGURED THEY WANTED TO COMPARE THEIR RACISM WITH OURS...
WHAT ABOUT NEW YORK?!
VE'LL BE THERE FOR A VISIT IN DECEMBER.
TO "CATSKILLS ON BROADVAY." YOU TINK IT'S HARD TO GET TICKETS?
ON REUNIFICATION DAY, IN FRANKFURT, I MARCHED AGAINST RACISM WITH OVER 10,000 GERMANS...
WE WERE ALMOST ALL OVER 30 AND UNDER 50, EXCEPT FOR OUR BABIES, IN STROLLERS AND SNUGLIS.
ON THE SAME DAY, IN STUTTGART, NEO-NAZI THUGS VANDALIZED A JEWISH CEMETERY.
THE KIDS TODAY, THEY DON'T KNOW FROM GUILT.
ARE YOU REALLY GOING TO ROSTOCK ON YOM KIPPUR?
UH-HUH.
WELL, I KNOW YOU'RE NOT RELIGIOUS...
BUT IF YOU DON'T INTEND TO FAST AT LEAST EAT LIGHT.
ANOTHER FRIEND SAID, "THE SITUATION HERE IS DRAMATIC BUT NOT REALLY SERIOUS."
I GUESS THAT'S TRUE... BUT IT ALWAYS RAINS WHERE IT'S WET.
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FICTION

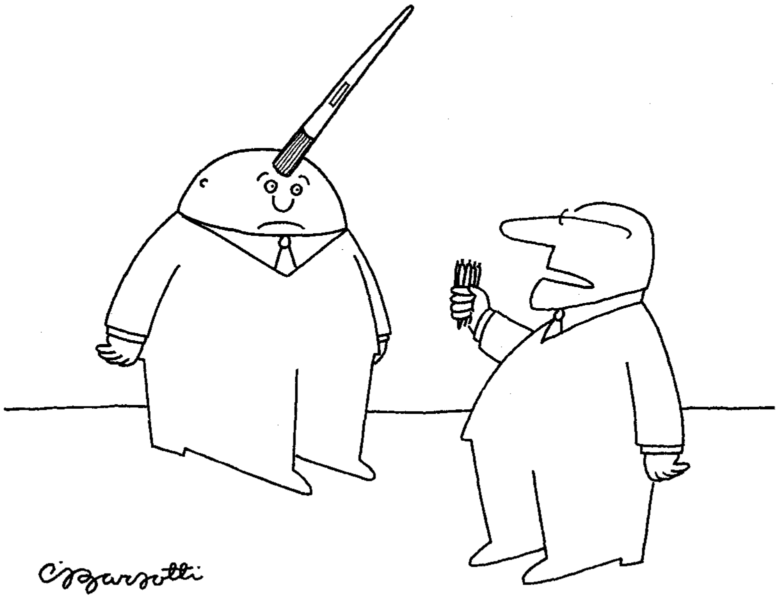
WHAT HE WAS LIKE

by William Maxwell

He kept a diary, for his own pleasure. Because the days passed by so rapidly, and he found it interesting to go back and see how he had occupied his time, and with whom. He was aware that his remarks were sometimes far from kind, but the person they were about was never going to read them, so what difference did it make? The current diary was usually on his desk, the previous ones on a shelf in his clothes closet, where they were beginning to take up room.

His wife's uncle, in the bar of the Yale Club, said, "I am at the age of funerals." Now, thirty-five years later, it was his turn. In his address book the names of his three oldest friends had lines drawn through them. "Jack is dead," he wrote in his diary. "I didn't think that would happen. I thought he was immortal. . . . Louise is dead. In her sleep . . . Richard has been dead for over a year and I still do not believe it. So impoverishing."

He himself got older. His wife got older. They advanced deeper into their seventies without any sense of large changes but only of one day's following another, and of the days being full, and pleasant, and worth recording. So he went on doing it. They all got put down in his diary, along with his feelings about old age, his fear of dying, his declining sexual powers, his envy of the children that he saw running down the street. To be able to run like that! He had to restrain himself from saying to young men in their thirties and forties, "You do appreciate, don't you, what you have?" In his diary he wrote, "If I had my life to live over again—but one doesn't. One goes forward instead, dragging a cart piled high with lost opportunities."



"You're fired, Withron. I got a terrific deal on a handful of ballpoints."

Though his wife had never felt the slightest desire to read his diary, she knew when he stopped leaving it around as carelessly as he did his opened mail. Moving the papers on his desk in order to dust it, she saw where he had hidden the current volume, was tempted to open it and see what it was he didn't want her to know, and then thought better of it and replaced the papers, exactly as they were before.

"To be able to do in your mind," he wrote, "what it is probably not a good idea to do in actuality is a convenience not always sufficiently appreciated." Though in his daily life he was as cheerful as a cricket, the diaries were more and more given over to dark thoughts, anger, resentment, indecencies, regrets, remorse. And now and then the simple joy in being alive. "If I stopped recognizing that I want things that it is not appropriate for me to want," he wrote, "wouldn't this inevitably lead to my not wanting anything at all—which as people get older is a risk that must be avoided at all costs?" He wrote, "Human beings are not like a clock that is wound up at birth and runs until the mainspring is fully unwound. They live because they want to. And when they stop wanting to, the first thing they know they are in a doctor's office being shown an X-ray that puts a different face on everything."

After he died, when the funeral had been got through, and after the number of telephone calls had diminished to a point where it was possible to attend to other things, his wife and daughter together disposed of the clothes in his closet. His daughter folded and put in a suit box an old, worn corduroy coat that she remembered the feel of when her father had rocked her as a child. His wife kept a blue-green sweater that she was used to seeing him in. As for the rest, he was a common size, and so his shirts and suits were easily disposed of to people who were in straitened circumstances and grateful for a warm overcoat, a dark suit, a pair of pigskin gloves. His shoes were something else again, and his wife dropped them into the Goodwill box, hoping that somebody would turn up who wore size-9A shoes, though it didn't seem very likely. Then the two women were faced with the locked filing cabinet in his study, which contained business papers that they turned over to the executor, and most of the twenty-seven volumes of his diary.

"Those I don't know what to do with, exactly," his wife said. "They're private and he didn't mean anybody to read them."

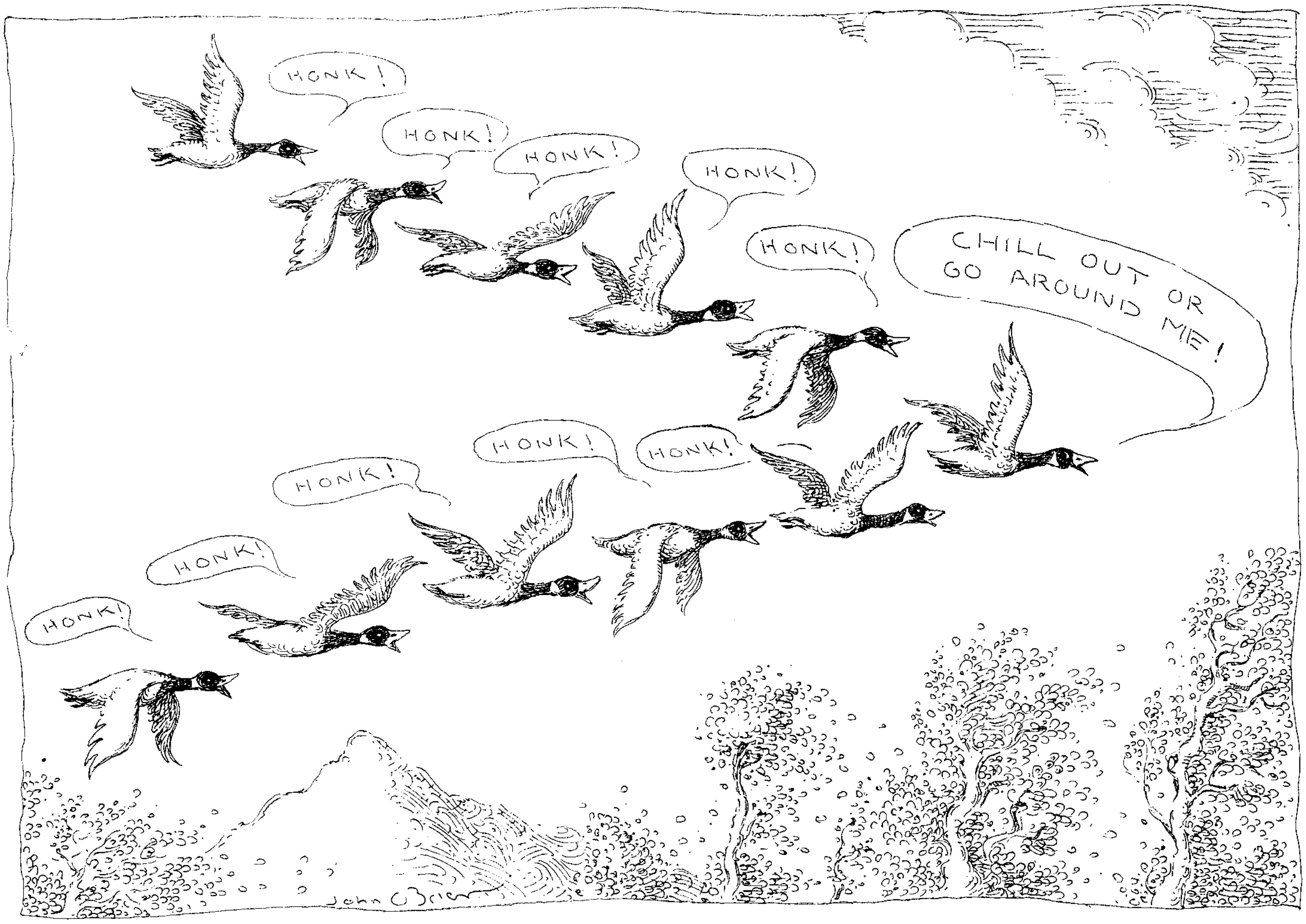
"Did he say so?" his daughter asked.

"No."

"Then how do you know he didn't want anybody to read them?"

"I just know."

"You're not curious?"


HONK!
HONK!
HONK!
HONK!
HONK!
CHILL OUT OR GO AROUND ME!
HONK!
HONK!
HONK!
HONK!
HONK!
John O'Brien

• •

"I was married to your father for forty-six years and I know what he was like."

Which could only mean, the younger woman decided, that her mother had, at some time or other, looked into them. But she loved her father, and felt a very real desire to know what he was like as a person and not just as a father. So she put one of the diaries aside and took it home with her.

When her husband got home from his office that night, her eyes were red from weeping. First he made her tell him what the trouble was, and then he went out to the kitchen and made a drink for each of them, and then he sat down beside her on the sofa. Holding his free hand, she began to tell him about the shock of reading the diary.

"He wasn't the person I thought he was. He had all sorts of secret desires. A lot of it is very dirty. And some of it is more unkind than I would have believed possible. And just not like him—except that it *was* him. It makes me feel I can never trust anybody ever again."

"Not even me?" her husband said soberly.

"Least of all, you."

They sat in silence for a while. And then he said, "I was more comfortable with him than I was with my own father. And I think, though I could be mistaken, that he liked me."

"Of course he liked you. He often said so."

"So far as his life is concerned, if you were looking for a model to—"

"I don't see how you can say that."

"I do, actually. In his place, though, I think I would have left instructions that the diaries were to be disposed of unread. . . . We could burn it. Burn all twenty-seven volumes."

"No."

"Then let's put it back," he said, reaching for the diary. "Put it back in the locked file where your mother found it."

"And leave it there forever?"

"For a good long while. He may have been looking past our shoulders. It would be like him. If we have a son who doesn't seem to be very much like you or me, or like anybody in your family or mine, we can give him the key to the file—"

"If I had a son, the *last* thing in the world I'd want would be for him to read this filth!"

"—and tell him he can read them if he wants to. And if he doesn't want to, he can decide what should be done with them. It might be a help to him to know that there was somebody two generations back who wasn't in every respect what he seemed to be."

"Who was, in fact—"

"Since he didn't know your father, he won't be shocked and upset. You stay right where you are while I make us another of these."

But she didn't. She didn't want to be separated from him, even for the length of time it would take him to go out to the kitchen and come back with a Margarita suspended from the fingers of each hand, lest in that brief interval he turn into a stranger. ♦

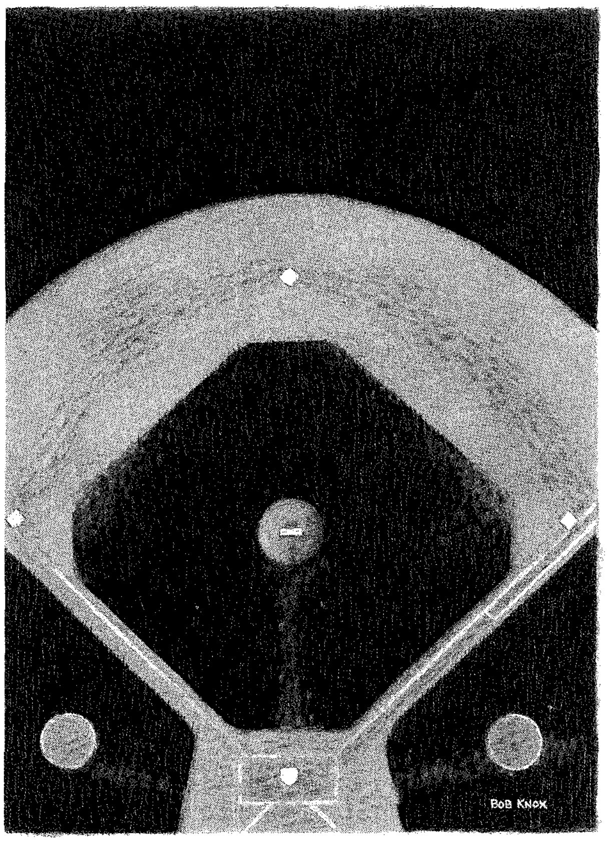
THE SPORTING SCENE

SHADES OF BLUE

by Roger Angell

THREE thousand hits, twice. A scarlet maple leaf upside down on a field of white. Andy Van Slyke sitting motionless on the grass in short center field, with his head in his hands. Dennis Eckersley, his teeth bared, pumping his fist in defiance at the other team's dugout. A midnight television station break unnoticed by a fan asleep in his living-room chair. Devon White, with his back to the plate, racing at full tilt toward and then up onto the blue center-field wall. A letter of resignation. Three public letters of apology. Robbie Alomar safe at second, stealing; and Otis Nixon out, for a change, at the same bag. Dave Winfield bunting. An indoor mist of fireworks smoke drifting between the field and the white tracery of metalwork trusses far above . . .

True fans, I believe, will quickly recognize each of these glyphs or flashes, which represent in one way or another the baseball year just past and some of its postseason pleasures, while perhaps complaining that none of them quite does the trick. Canadians, of course, will want their flag reversed and then flourished, in honor of the Toronto Blue Jays' first league pennant, and most splendid first World Championship—an achievement that at last begins to give justification to the title's ancient and boastful claim. Others of us will settle wryly for the less glorious symbols, finding them more fitting for a season of widespread competitive dullness, sour distractions, and horrific local disappointments. Those letters of apology, for instance, appeared coincidentally in newspapers in Boston, New York, and Los Angeles in the final days of the season, and represented a unique mass self-abasement by the managements of the Red Sox, the Mets, and the Dodgers for star-heavy, expensive teams that finished a respective twenty-three, twenty-four, and thirty-five games out of first place in their divisions. The Dodger act of contrition was printed in English, Spanish, and Japanese, but I think the club should have followed up with separate garment-rending the next day, begging pardon for the team's astounding hundred and seventy-four errors, which included an assorted forty-two muffs, boots, and wild flings by their shortstop, Jose Offerman. The Dodgers finished in last place—their first trip to the cellar since 1905. Balancing any club's player salaries against its level of success on the field can invite false conclusions, but just this once we might remind ourselves that these famous, wholly ineffectual teams carried three out of the five highest 1992 major-league payrolls and together laid out more than a hundred and twenty-five million dollars in salaries.



Post mortems and comforting explanations are always available in this data-heavy, layered, and unpredictable sport, but I don't believe that fans are of a mind to take advantage of the privilege this time around. The baseball mood, if I am reading it correctly, is dreary and ominous, and "Wait till next year" has taken on quite a different meaning. I doubt whether Red Sox rooters, for example, will wish to accept Wade Boggs' unexpected .259 season at the plate (a vertiginous dropoff from his prior lifetime batting average of .345) and his faltering performances afield as a valid cause for the Sox' corpselike daily play throughout the summer. Nor will they find any solace in the knowledge that Boggs, who is now a free agent, will not be offered a contract to come back to the Fens next year, while the team's freshman manager, Butch Hobson, will be allowed to try again.

Mets fans know about the torrent of injuries that swept over the 1992 roster (with the inflamed forefinger of Bret Saberhagen as the most damaging bad news), but never persuaded themselves that all this bad luck excused the Mets' rock-bottom .235 team batting average; its frail, slow-footed, unyouthful lineup (including a center fielder, Vince Coleman, whose return from the disabled list was always a cause for apprehension); and a bookish style of management, under Jeff Torborg, that was unable to fend off recurring team sags and slumplets at various points in the season (nine of eleven games lost in early August; eight of ten lost later that month), or a late-September 19–2 humiliation at the hands of the Pirates—the pennant-winning arch-rival, which several experts in pre-season polls had picked to finish below the Mets. What fans seemed to discover at Shea this time around was that mysterious failures (Howard Johnson's empty flailings at the plate, let's say, or the long unhappiness of Bobby Bonilla) simply cease to be interesting after a certain point. The Mets stank, and we fans, a bit bonkers by midseason, developed in response some fresh and pathetically self-protective forms of appreciation while at the park. My Mets pals Brooke and Peter, for instance, still talk about a moment in a different Pirates game, back in August, when Eddie Murray, up at bat with the bases loaded in the tenth inning and with the Mets trailing by a run, stepped out after a highly dubious strike-two count and subjected home-plate ump Harry Wendelstedt to a wordless, magisterial stare. The next pitch, which Murray also took, looked far better than its predecessor, but Eddie made no motion, and neither (tick, tick . . .) did the ump. Never mind that Murray—a stalwart for the Mets all year long, by the way—now hit a fly ball to Van Slyke for the last out of the game. "Eddie was cool and majestic, that's what matters," Peter maintains to this day. "He controlled the moment."

Up beside this case history I would place a Sunday patients' outing at Shea in late September when Sid Fernandez threw a little five-hitter at the Expos and rode an early 1–0 lead all the way home, in an entertainment as peaceable and eventless as a roadside picnic. "That was nice," my wife, Carol, said on the way home, in perfect summary. One makes do, is all. David Cone was traded away to the Blue Jays in late August: a frightful shock. Six weeks later, watching him pitch a televised game against the Athletics in the playoffs one evening, Carol said, "I can't understand what's happened. I loved the way Cone was when he used to pitch for us—that serious-schoolboy face. But look at him out there now—he's an axe murderer."

Watching or following the Yankees was less of a strain, as has been the case for some years now, and here and there in their so-so but not dispiriting fourth-place season I found myself wishing I were an honest-to-goodness Yankee fan once again, so that I could begin to make long plans in my head for some of the young talent I saw out there—for the fleet switcher Bernie Williams, or the stringbean righty Sam Militello, or square-shouldered little Andy Stankiewicz. (I recall a sweet at-bat of his against the Rangers, when he prepared to bunt, then straightened up and rapped the ball off the shortstop's glove, and got safely down to first in a spatter of flying feet.) I also admired manager Buck Showalter's earnest youthfulness and the laser-burn intensity he brought to every game. But following the Yankees over the tube, which is my usual mode, does not always help me see them more clearly afterward, in my mind's eye. Thinking or remembering, or *any* mental process, often gives way to an inexorable, all too familiar returning wave of Rizzutonia—an affectless condition of dissociation or pixillation that steals over me after two or three innings within range of the Scooter's logic and loquations, as injected via WPIX. But I have been wrong all this time to conclude that there was anything wrong with me or with my Phil-receptors, it turns out, or even with the man himself. What's been coming out of the booth all these years has been poetry—an explanation that had not dawned on me until I recently read some transcripts of his game-work set down into its natural vers-libre lines and stanzas. The genius scholars who have thus penetrated the Philippian obscurantism are Hart Seely and Tom Peyer, whose book "O Holy Cow! The Selected Verse of Phil Rizzuto" will appear in the bookstores next March (this is the absolute truth, fans).

Some samples of the Lay of the Li'l Minstrel appeared here and there in the press last summer, and the same gentlemen have now permitted me to pass along another swatch, from a May 5, 1987, game against the White Sox, as Joe Niekro pitched to Carlton Fisk in the second inning, with no outs and the bases empty:

The Bridge

Two balls and a strike.
You know what they had on TV today, White?
"Bridge on the River Kwai."
Everybody should have gotten an Academy Award for that movie.
I don't know how many times I've seen it.
About forty times.
Alec Guinness!
William Holden!
Three and one the count.
I just heard somebody whistle.
You know that song?
That's what they whistle.
Nobody out.
And he pops it up.

All this grousing and byplay will feel misplaced for fans of some less celebrated teams—the Indians, the Orioles, and the Expos, for example—that pleased and perhaps startled themselves this year. Only a longtime Cleveland rooter would know why a fourth-place tie with the Yankees, twenty games out, could feel so good, or how rare a treat it was this summer to sit back in their rusty old stadium (a new one is coming) and watch the burgeoning of fresh young stars like second baseman Carlos Baerga (whose .312 season was built on two hundred and five hits), rookie outfielder Kenny Lofton, and the right-handed sinkerball flinger Charles Nagy. The Orioles fell back to third place in the late going—in spite of some wonderful pitching by the ancient Rick Sutcliffe and young Mike Mussina (a Stanford-degree holder in economics)—giving way to a thundering rush by the Brewers, under their popular new manager Phil Garner, who threw a scare into the Blue Jays by winning nineteen of their last twenty-five games of the year. (The Brewers' quick little shortstop, Pat Listach, was voted American League Rookie of the Year.) The Cleveland, Montreal, and Baltimore payrolls, we might note, were the lowest, third-lowest, and ninth-lowest in baseball this year (Houston was second-lowest, behind the Indians' $8,766,000), and when added together come to $48,313,000—a bare one-tenth above the Mets' salary payout alone.

The Orioles, to back up a bit, showed an inexplicable diffidence when playing at home, losing thirty-eight of the eighty-one games at their elegant and delightful downtown park, Camden Yards, where more than three million fans came in for the fun. The park, fulfilling the beliefs of Baltimore owner Eli Jacobs that some selected elements and flavors of old-time park design could be successfully adapted into a modern facility, will be the model for years to come.

The Expos' sixth-to-second-place turnabout was attributable, everyone agrees, to the selection, back in May, of Felipe Alou as manager; he seemed to have a special touch with his younger players, including his son Moises, an outfielder, and a nephew, Mel Rojas, a right-handed reliever. The Alou appointment was followed, in the post-season, by the hiring of Don Baylor and Tony Perez as the new managers for the Colorado Rockies (an expansion franchise that will join the National League next year) and the Cincinnati Reds, respectively—an overdue and extremely welcome turn of events, which now raises the number of minority skippers to five.

In a more normal year, this report

would include, along about here, a celebratory listing of some individual accomplishments over the past season—not just the Cy Young and M.V.P. Awards (which went to the Cubs' Greg Maddux and the Pirates' Barry Bonds, in the National League, and to Dennis Eckersley, of the A's, who picked up both honors in the American League) but the batting and slugging champions, some sudden in-game amazements or weird agate-type pitching lines, and so forth—but I will pass up the pleasant task this time, because I don't wish to leave the impression that this was just another good old baseball year. When the hundreds of beat-persons and columnists and other assorted media types gathered at the league championships and again at the World Series, the topic one heard most around the batting cages (with the possible exception of Deion Sanders' travel plans) was the future of the game. "What's going to happen?" we asked each other—a question that centered on the possibility that the owners, come December, would choose to reopen discussions with the Players Association about the terms of their Basic Agreement, with an eye to a lockout of the players next spring, probably closing down play well into the 1993 season, and conceivably wiping it out altogether. This sounds alarmist or irrational only if we can overlook the gloomy finaglings, the subterfuges and vituperations, the courtroom squabbles, and the widespread destruction of trust that characterized baseball politics in 1992, all of which had a part in the enforced resignation of Commissioner Fay Vincent early in September.

ARGUMENT

Lunch finished and pushed aside, lost
in a book, I hadn't registered
for some time what was going on
not ten feet from my table. But then
flew out one pointed, poisoned word—
"*You*"—and before I turned my head
I knew what I'd been hearing: the urgent,
stifled tones of an argument.

He (hunched in a black coat against
the backdrop of the window, one
fist jammed deep in a pocket) hissed
so near her face I couldn't view
either of them clearly. But
surely they were married, and to
each other. Had they been lovers, met
for an hour, she would have left *that* skirt

home in the closet. She had some suffering
under her belt, in the telltale bulge
of her belly. Yes—she'd borne him children.
Oh, she'd borne so much from him,
and what gave him the right to berate
her now, especially here? He had
a secret to lie about, or divulge,
and no wonder she was crying . . . But wait;

women tend to side with women.
She could be a devil, and he a saint
she'd driven to the breaking point—
No again. The truth, whatever it was,

was (as always) a mess. They were too close
to see it, I was too far away,
and when he sprang up, scraping his chair
behind him (Really leaving her

for good? Or was this the daily spat?
Little comfort to think of that),
I saw them both reduced, or heightened,
to something other than themselves,
cartoonish, tragic, archetypal:
Man rises, Woman dissolves.
Man rises and, having risen, has
to go through with it, through the door;

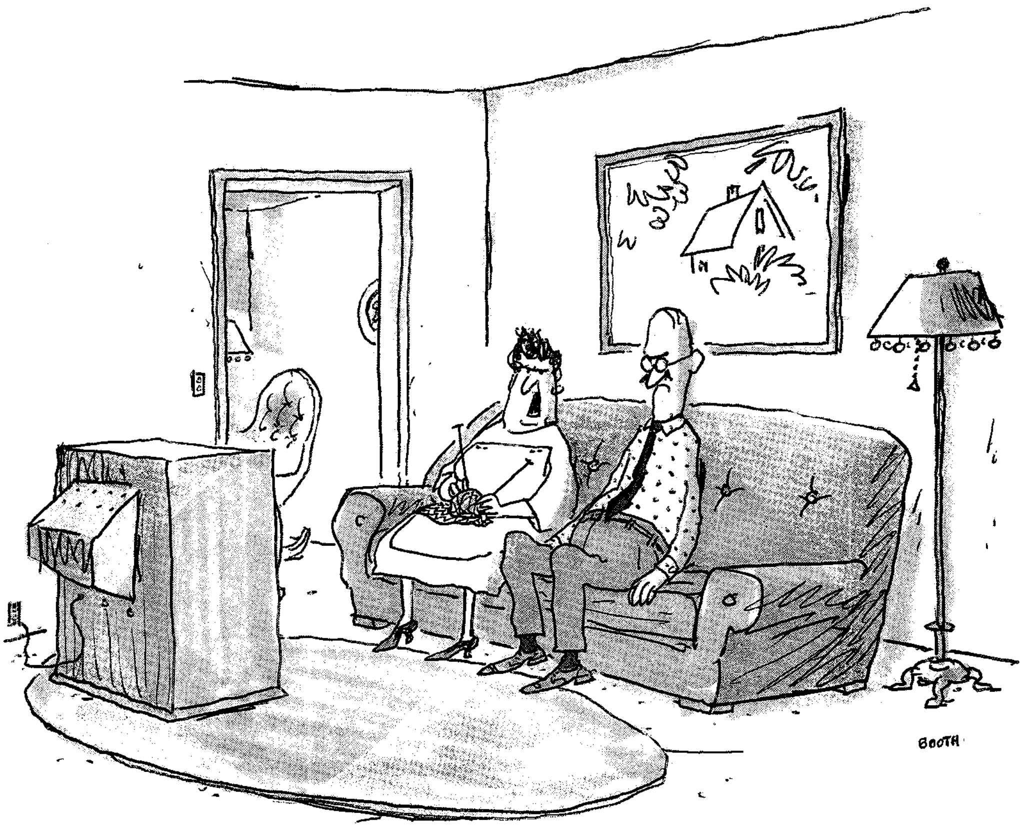
Woman stays, in her place to be hurt,
faced by her just dessert.
Striped like a flag, a three-layered piece
of cake she never should have ordered,
and no solace now; it promised only
the taste of tears and calories.
My lunch, too, sat less well. A spell
of solitude was what I'd had;

but the terror of being truly alone!
The pain we'll put up with, not to learn
how it feels . . . I heard her fork
clink on the plate, and couldn't look.
And, turning to the window, I thought
I saw the flapping tails of that black
coat tug at the man, as if to say,
You must go back to her, go back.

—Mary Jo Salter

Vincent was struck down by a vote of no confidence from eighteen of the twenty-eight owners, many of whom harbored private grievances and vengeful payback yearnings because of various separate rulings by the commissioner over the past three years; a similar death by a thousand cuts was administered to Bowie Kuhn at the end of his third term in 1984. One of the prime complaints against Vincent was his request that the National League teams realign their two divisions in more sensible fashion at the beginning of their expansion next spring, with the Atlanta Braves and the Cincinnati Reds shifting over to the National League East, and the St. Louis Cardinals and the Chicago Cubs taking their place in the West. (The stubborn idiosyncrasy of calling the Cubs an Eastern team, while their downtown counterparts, the Chicago White Sox, belonged in the Western circuit of *their* league, was a wrinkle thought up by baseball planners back in the expansion year of 1969, when the divisions were first put in place. The idea was that the frequent presence of Leo Durocher, the tenured Cubs manager—and a former skipper of both the Dodgers and the New York Giants—on the field against the newborn Mets would encourage a gate-hyping "natural rivalry," as indeed it did, for a time.) Ten of the twelve N.L. clubs quickly agreed to the Vincent plan—why not?—but the Cubs, invoking an ancient league rule, refused to go along, and went to court to defend their rights. The Cubs are owned by the Tribune Company, as is the cable superstation

WGN, whose directors refused to let more Cubs games slip out of prime time because of the West Coast time differential. WGN, twitching the reins, now reminded six other major-league teams, including the Phillies and the Angels and the Colorado Rockies, of their subsidiary affiliations with the mother station, and pulled them into the Vincent hanging party. The matter has been officially dropped—Atlanta is *West*, don't you see, M. Candide?—and every National League club will continue to grapple with awkward schedules and more costly road trips, all to accommodate a few TV listings.



"If I die first, you should remarry. If you die first, I'll get a dog."

• •

The baseball commissioner has always operated at the behest of the owners, but the post has traditionally encompassed some undefined higher powers that rest under the "best interests of baseball" clause in his contract. These include not just the broad sweep of something like the Pete Rose suspension imposed by Vincent's predecessor, Bart Giamatti, or Mr. Vincent's own suspension of George Steinbrenner, and his sensible ruling to delay completion of the 1989 World Series in the wake of the devastating San Francisco earthquake, but also his lobbying to save the endangered Seattle franchise, his working out an improved pay scale for the umpires, and persistent cajolery on behalf of minority hirings at all levels of the game. But the commissioner's hovering presence during labor negotiations was what most spooked the opposition-party zealots this year, who had angry memories of Giamatti's reopening of the baseball camps late in March, 1990, at a point when many of the less contentious owners had come to feel that a costly lockout had gone far enough. The commissioner, it could be argued, has seemed to represent the better natures and broader interests of the businessmen owners, and perhaps those of the fans as well. Vincent himself, in an August letter defying an attempt by the club owners to force his resignation, described the position as being "most like that of a trustee with the broadest of powers," and said that over the years it had become "the focus for the fans' hopes for the preservation of the idealized national pastime." At last he changed his mind about staying on, reluctantly conceding that to remain would put intolerable further strains upon the sport, and departed—a decent man and a true fan of the game. Even the most hostile owners agreed about this last, which tells us how much weight it carried with them.

The specifics of some of the complaints against Vincent include the manner in which he negotiated an arbitration hearing on a drug suspension involving the Yankee pitcher Steve Howe, and his ruling about the distribution of the start-up franchise fees paid out by the Colorado Rockies and the Florida Marlins to existing National League and American League clubs. Arguments can be made that Vincent could have handled both matters more adroitly, but this doesn't matter, because no formal charges were ever brought against him. He was mugged or pushed out the window (name your image) because the owners did not want to be encumbered with a conscience when they reopen their labor wars next spring or the year after. In the words of the prime hard-liner, the White Sox' Jerry Reinsdorf, the job of the next commissioner will be to "run the business for the owners, not the players or the umpires or the fans." The next commissioner has not yet been selected, but since by definition he will be a cipher, we need not wonder much about his name.

Baseball is now in the hands of a ten-man executive committee, headed by the hardworking accommodator Bud Selig, of the Milwaukee Brewers ("Kenesaw Molehill Selig" in a press-box jape at the World Series), and word has been put out that the owners are now working with rare accord. Among plans under discussion is the perhaps imminent possibility of some interleague play during the regular season, and the eventual addition of a revenue-enhancing extra tier of post-season playoffs ("wild card" teams and all), more or less along the lines of the National Hockey League and the National Basketball Association; just another television extravaganza, that is.

More remains to be said about the owners' plans and hopes for another spring showdown with the Players Association, and the eager presence of their

"Homeless, not helpless."

The once homeless people and staff of Dignity Housing West in Oakland, California, have built an apartment complex for 26 homeless families. Day care and job skills training are offered on-site.

Now "homeless, not helpless" is written in stone. Our Homeless Organizing Project/East Bay (HOPE) helped. We're the *American Friends Service Committee*, a Quaker agency.

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Dignity Housing West and *AFSC* plan to build 600 more housing units in the Bay Area. Our joint Multi-Service Center provides housing, meals, medical care and social services for another 350 homeless people. Half of the Center staff were once homeless.

Help the homeless obtain skills, housing and jobs so they can care for themselves. Find a home for your Christmas or Hanukkah gift through *AFSC*.

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My tax-deductible contribution through AFSC to help the homeless obtain skills, housing and jobs so they can care for themselves:

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Name
Address
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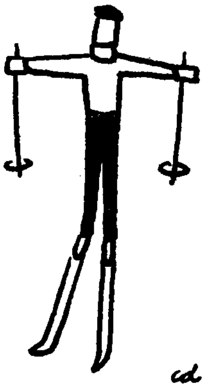
labor negotiator, Richard Ravitch, who has been signed aboard for a stipend of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars per annum, but, since the clubs have not yet announced (as they must by December 11th) whether they will reopen the Basic Agreement negotiations in 1993 or forgo that option for another year, I will cut short these speculations. The likelihood of the first path (and a lockout in the spring) has apparently diminished in recent weeks, if only because any cessation of play in 1993 would cut off the flow of television revenues from CBS and ESPN, whose four-year, 1.4-billion-dollar and four-hundred-million-dollar contracts have one more season to run. Those pacts have leaked an ocean of red ink, and will not be renewed at anything like their present levels, and coming network commitments will be in some format as yet unknown.



In spite of fresh memories of the two vivid league championships and an international World Series, this has been the most apprehensive and unoptimistic baseball off-season anyone can remember. It began with the on-again, off-again uncertainty about the home port of the ancient Giants franchise (who will continue to play in San Francisco, after all, thanks to a late offer from a local consortium and a one-sided vote by the other N.L. clubs not to approve a bid for the team by a group in St. Petersburg), and included a general anxiety about the low ratings garnered by the CBS television presentations of the playoffs and of the World Series itself (down eleven per cent from last year). The figures are a little misleading, since Canadian watchers are not counted by Nielsen, but they cannot be brushed aside. (Television-sports critics, including the Boston *Globe's* Jack Craig, have reminded us that baseball, with its leisurely pace and extended innings, is especially vulnerable to impatient clickers of that family standby the TV wand.) Some of those ratings, surely, are attributable to CBS's 8:40 P.M. starting times for Eastern viewers—a cause for unanimous complaint among my local fan friends, who told me that the need for sleep drove them from their sets again and again, often before the games had reached their critical innings. This is a network call, of course, but these same friends keep asking me why the owners and keepers of the sport can't arrange these matters better, and, most of all, why there can't be a few daytime games thrown in, so their kids can watch baseball's best show, too. In a time of drooping attendance, this last question, which concerns the future fans of the pastime, would seem to be of extraordinary pertinence, but people in the commissioner's office mostly just smile and throw up their hands when it is asked.

The reasons for baseball's now chronic talent shortage—in particular the absence of any contemporary baseball superstar on the order of Michael Jordan, Magic Johnson, Wayne Gretzky, or Joe Montana—is a complex matter, and I would only put forward the suggestion that the epochal fuss generated by Deion Sanders' hegira from his baseball obligations in Pittsburgh to an N.F.L. game in Miami and back again, on the first Sunday of the league playoffs, had something to do with this vacated space. Sanders—who is an outfielder with the Atlanta Braves and also a cornerback with the Atlanta Falcons (got that, Venutians?)—is a remarkable young athlete but is celebrated largely because he has a TV-commercial contract with Nike and thus *looks* like a huge star performer, which may be what matters most just now.

The talent supply, or lack of it, was on everybody's mind during the just concluded expansion drafts, which required intense guesswork by each club's baseball thinkers about which young or old players to protect or leave exposed, and it left the industry understandably jumpy and irritable. Meantime, one can hardly fail to notice that eighteen of the twenty-six teams suffered attendance losses this year, or that there was an over-all dropoff, in spite of the million-plus additional Baltimore patrons who came clustering in to see the new park. As is always the case, the owners' reluctance to open their books makes it difficult to ascertain how many clubs actually lost money this year, but we do know that the Tigers and the Brewers were caught up in midseason cash-flow crises that required them to be kept afloat by last-minute bank loans.

So far, more than a hundred and fifty players have declared for free agency (fourteen from the celebrated Oakland roster alone), among them such luminaries as Kirby Puckett, Barry Bonds, Doug Drabek, Jeff Reardon, David Cone, Joe Carter, Paul Molitor, Mark McGwire, and Dave Stewart. No one knows where these stars will fetch up, of course, or which among the remaining free agents will discover that the baseball mart is suddenly a far less sunny piazza than it used to be—a marketplace where a well-founded millionaire pitcher or outfielder might go begging come April. I have heard some front-office murmurings that this glut could have a wonderfully destabilizing effect on Players Association solidarity in the event of a lockout. On the other hand, the presence of many unaffiliated players in a falling baseball market, along with certain other indicators (the trading away of a superstar like Jose Canseco by the Athletics in September, for instance), may also be telling us that the player market is on the point of reordering itself on somewhat more realistic terms, all on its own. It is just possible that such a notion will prevail when the owners meet and vote in December.

The owners' wish list for the next round of labor negotiations is one that most of us can feel sympathy for: some form of salary cap upon their players (whose average stipend now comes to a million dollars per year) and a shutoff valve on the amazing little inflation machine of salary arbitration, which still rewards the *losing* player in such negotiations with an average of a hundred-per-cent pay increase. What is depressing for every long-term fan, however, is the alignment of the two sides—the Players Association and the owners' Player Relations Committee—into the same old symbolic and exhausted configurations at the beginning of each new round of labor talks: the players into a millionaire simulacrum of a nineteen-thirties steamfitters' union, complete with solidarity pledges and abrasive propaganda, and the owners into a bunch of red-faced dads who—this time for sure—will teach these damned kids a lesson about the value of a dollar and in the meantime keep the family car (the ballpark, that is) safely under lock and key. All this posturing may be an inextricable prelude to the medieval

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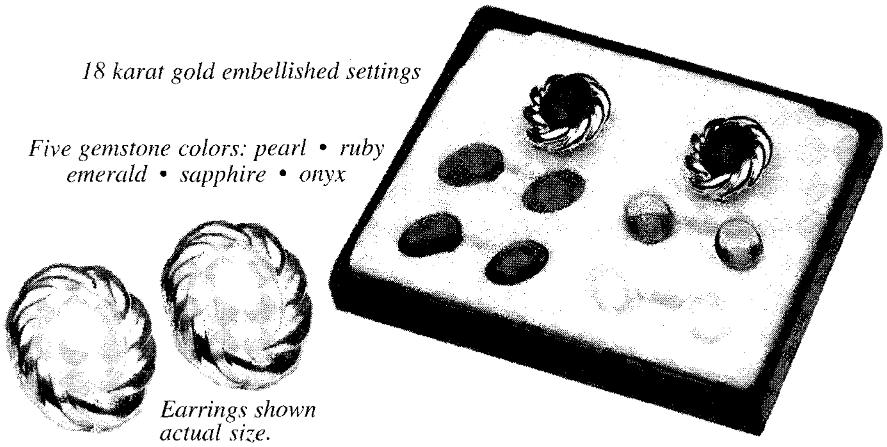

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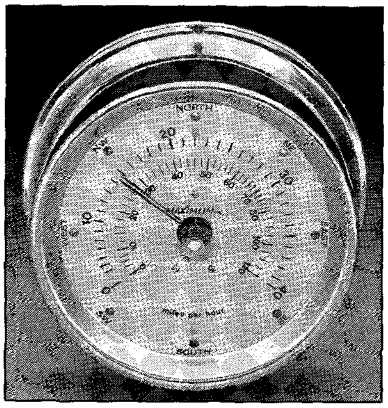

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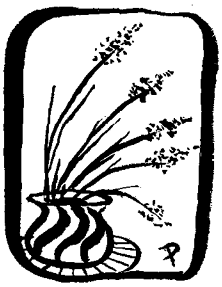
symbolism and arcane dialogue of a labor confrontation, but the truth is that neither side in the baseball wars represents anything like a unified or naturally cohesive band of brothers. The Players Association now encompasses several diverse membership groups, including the hundred and seventy-five established stars who currently earn between two million and just over six million dollars annually, and also an increasing number of lower-mid-salary players who are now being threatened with shortened careers because of the payroll squeeze imposed by the top three or four salaries on the club. Some of these still viable players, upon the expiration of their contracts, find no takers in the free-agent market and draw the not unreasonable conclusion that they are being passed over in favor of younger and cheaper athletes coming up from below. In some cases, in fact, a player's original club, impelled by loyalty or by knowledge of his proven abilities, will offer him a new contract at the minor-league level and, with it, a chance to compete with rookies for a late opening on the roster. Below these, but still within the P.A., are the hundred and seven young major-leaguers still being paid a beginner's flat hundred-and-nine-thousand minimum salary, plus a considerable rank and file that is soldiering along at larger intermediate sums, arrived at by arbitration or by whatever upgradings their agents have been able to arrange for them, while they await the arrival of free agency and, for some of them, a shot at the big money.



The owners, for their part, encompass a wider divergence of circumstances and interests, with the extremes being represented by the Yankees, whose income for 1992 was recently estimated (by Jerome Holtzman, of the Chicago *Tribune*) at 91.44 million dollars, and a lowly, small-market team like the Seattle Mariners, with a similarly measured income of 48.3 million. A large component of that canyon-wide difference lies in the value of the Yankees' local radio and cable-television income, which comes to more than fifty million dollars per year, and the less than five million that Seattle receives for the sale of *its* local rights. A pooling of all such revenues, with equal shares of the total then going to all twenty-eight clubs (as is done with the network-television money), would do wonders to provide a more even level of competition among the various clubs, regardless of their location and market sizes, but of course the wealthier clubs always reject any such proposition out of hand. In any case, priorities and financial stratagems of a major-market club like the Yankees would seem to have very little bearing on the plans and anxieties of a Mariners-like organization when the prospect of lockout and an extended cessation of play is contemplated, even if such a course is presented by the owners' hired labor negotiator as being in everyone's interest. But, looked at from either posture—from that of the owners or that of the players—the plainly divided and divergent interests represented by the opposite side, the group one wishes to see fall apart under the strain and loss of revenue created by a lockout or a strike, are themselves an invitation to bring on that conflict, on the eager but wholly mistaken supposition that it can be won. The result, if we look back at the three strikes and two lockouts that have convulsed the sport since 1976, is further chaos, plus a cresting but immeasurable tide of impatience and anger and, in the end, ennui from the rest of us: from the fans.

I have met a good many owners by now, and count some among my friends. They are not just investors but adults—most of them, anyway—who seem emotionally and intellectually involved in baseball, and can talk at length about its problems and also its elusive and captivating qualities as a sport. What I don't understand, then, is why sophisticated, talented businessmen of this sort always seem willing to throw their lot in with the hard-liners and the union-busters, at least at the outset, when it comes time to sit down with the Players Association and renew the Basic Agreement. Why don't they speak up instead, and insist that *some* sort of effort at joint negotiation now be intently pursued by all parties? An apparatus may even be at hand, in the form of the existing Economic Study Committee—an owners-cum-players effort, which encompasses the expert counsel of economists like Paul Volcker, Peter Goldmark, David Feller, and Henry Aaron (the *other* Henry

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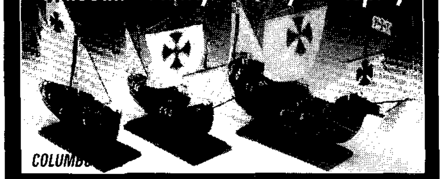

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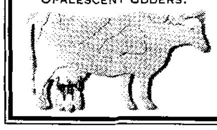

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Aaron), and which has allegedly held meetings since December of 1990 but has yet to issue its first report. Failing that, it is high time for Congress to explore federal intervention into this traditionally exempted monopoly business called baseball, leading to the imposition of a few minimum restraints, including compulsory arbitration of its intractable labor problem. We fans need some help now, before the same angry little armies, gimping along on their self-maimed feet, go hobbling and tootling off to war again.

THE INNER HALL

Robin Yount and George Brett both notched a three-thousandth lifetime hit this past September—a satisfying sort of coincidence, since each of them is such a visible paradigm of the old-fashioned skills and attitudes that seem required to reach such a level. They play hard and they run everything out. Instead of exuding the magical air of insouciance and heaven-sent skills that separate a DiMaggio, let us say, or a Mays or a McCovey from the rest of us, they are workmanlike above all, and bring the same level of attention to a pointless at-bat during a rainy-day laugher in April that they do to a roaring, hold-your-breath October situation, with men on base and a pennant or a playoff on the line. Each has put in a full career with a competent, middle-America sort of club—Yount with the Milwaukee Brewers, and Brett with the Kansas City Royals—thus avoiding much of the distraction and fame (and perhaps some of the loot) that would have come their way in the Bronx or at Chavez Ravine; on the other hand, baseball has been such an obsession with them that probably none of that would have mattered. Yount is blue-collar (he can still be seen riding to home games at County Stadium astride his Harley-Davidson chopper), while Brett was once a celebrated nighthawk (he has recently married, and is expecting his first child in March), but forget *that*, too: these guys are Energizers and keep on going. Brett arrived in the majors late in 1973 and Yount the following spring; Nolan Ryan, Carlton Fisk, Charlie Hough, Dave Winfield, and Frank Tanana are their only coevals still in the pastime. Even Yount's and Brett's individual honors have a similar tang. Yount

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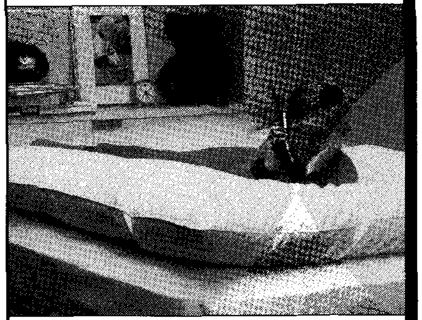

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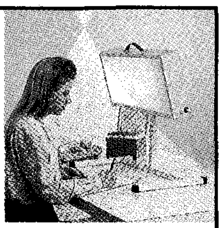

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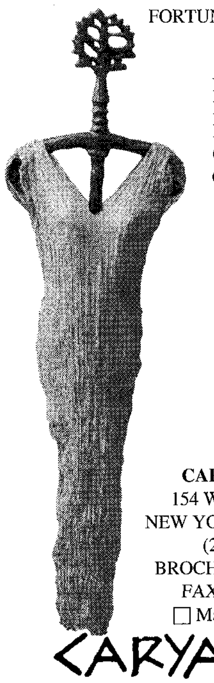
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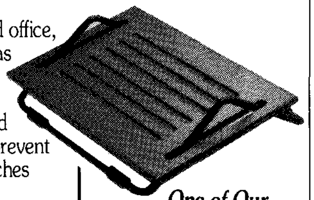
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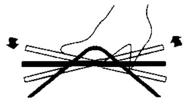
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won an M.V.P. Award at two different positions (shortstop in 1982 and the outfield in 1989), and Brett is the only player to have captured a batting title in three different decades (1976, 1980, 1990). Reflecting not long ago on this admixture of dependability and brilliance, I was reminded of a maxim I once heard from the old Pittsburgh reliever Dave Giusti, who was trying to explain what it means to be a professional athlete: "You were great out there today—now go out and be great again tomorrow."

Brett's No. 3,000, which came a bare four days before the season ran out, was the fourth hit of a terrific four-for-five evening against the Angels, and was thus joyful above all. No one has ever had more fun playing ball than Brett, and it was absolutely like him to turn the trick in this sudden, amazing little rush of hits. In the past, the opposite has more often been the case with this kind of record: a glum and respectful extended watch while an aging, slowed-down hitter or pitcher threw himself repeatedly at the wall of a statistical monument that now, near the end, seemed almost beyond his reach. I remember Carl Yastrzemski's three-thousandth bingle, which came, at long last, after an embarrassing and intently surveyed oh-for-twelve at the plate. More distant were Early Wynn's seven successive tries at a three-hundredth victory on the mound in 1962 and 1963 (he never won another after), and Al Kaline's painful trudge through the 1974 season, which he played, in effect, only to collect the hundred and thirty-nine hits that would bring the laurel. (Kaline's three-thousandth hit and Robin Yount's first major-league hit, by the way, were served up by the selfsame pitcher, Dave McNally. Ah, baseball . . .) Roberto Clemente's three-thousandth (off Jon Matlack) was his last of the season in 1972, and also the last of his life; he died in a plane crash the following January.

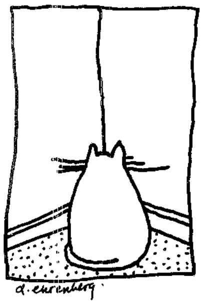
Lifetime records have felt shopworn in recent years, because players are taking better care of themselves and running up longer careers, but the three-thousand-hit club still matters. Yount and Brett, the seventeenth and eighteenth major-leaguers to gain admission, found some rare company in there—Cap Anson, Nap Lajoie, Honus Wagner, Speaker, Musial, Mays, Aaron, and so forth. (Ty Cobb, with 4,191 hits, and Pete Rose, with 4,256, have the two big chairs by the window.) So far, everyone in the joint (except Rose, of course) has been elected to the Hall of Fame. A better measure of its exclusivity is to remind ourselves of a few of the players who *didn't* get three thousand hits: Rogers Hornsby, Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, Ted Williams, Joe DiMaggio, Frank Robinson.

I had a talk with Brett up at Yankee Stadium three weeks before the season ended, at a moment when he needed twenty-two hits in the remaining twenty-two games, and it took but a few moments in his good company for me to decide that somehow he'd get the job done this year. He was climbing into his uniform, and now and then he would stop and grab a 5-iron he had in his cubicle and give it a couple of waggles. This was his twentieth year in the big time, but his wide, cheerful face and pale eyes still showed flashes of a boyish exuberance.

Yount had rapped his three-thousandth a few days earlier, and Brett told me he'd sent him a telegram of congratulation. "We're old friends," he said. "Now I hope he'll be sending *me* a telegram one of these days. If I hadn't had five major injuries and missed about a year and a half of playing time, we'd probably both be there by now." He was reminding me that he has been a better hitter than Robin: he has a lifetime .307 average, as against Yount's .287.

I said that it had been my impression that he had often gone on a batting rampage directly after coming off the disabled list, and Brett said, "Right! Hit me on the face, hurt me, do *something* to me! Anything for another hit." He was laughing. "Yes, I never understood that," he went on. "It happened a couple of times in 1980, but of course that was a special kind of year."

As most fans are aware, Brett is the exemplar, the beau ideal, of the Charlie Lau school of batting—a highly stylized approach to the difficult art, which begins with the batter's weight so far back in the box that his front toe (in Brett's case, his right toe) looks as if it were testing the temperature of an incoming tide; the bat is held flat and drives forward at the last instant, along with the hitter's surging body, while his head and eyes aim downward, focussing intently on the point of contact. The maneuver ends with the batter now resembling a golfer at the conclusion of his swing, except that the bat, flying high, is held or swirled in the front hand alone. The technique's inventor, the late Charlie Lau, was the batting coach with the Royals in 1974, when Brett, a second-year third baseman, then hitting .220, asked to be taken on as a pupil. Lau was not sure that Brett would be willing to put in the gruelling work necessary to pull off such a radical shift, and quizzed him at length before accepting the task. For the next five seasons, Brett and Lau were the first Royals on the field every day, meeting at three o'clock when the team was playing at home and at four when it was on the road, while Brett sweatily remade himself in the batting cage. Batters who reach the major-league level are extremely skittish about undertaking even the smallest tinkering with their swing, so Brett's success—by 1976, he was leading his league in batting (.330), hits, and triples—can be attributed either to a dazzlingly open mind or to dogged hard work, depending on one's preference. Lau died in 1984, but his style carries on, with a different coach—Walt Hriniak, of the White Sox—now considered the guru. Brett talked to Hriniak this year, shortly before achieving his new record, and Hriniak said, "I know one man who's proud of you. Charlie."



Brett, it will be recalled, batted .390 in 1980, the highest one-season average in the past fifty years. Over a thirty-game stretch in July and August, he sustained a .461 average. Only fatigue and the increasingly ravenous media horde that followed him from game to game wore him and his average down a bit near the end.

"Now, *that* was pressure," Brett said to me. "Because I was trying to do something, hit .400, that hadn't been done for so long, and it had a limit on it, a cutoff. Going for three thousand is different, but it still gives you something to come to the ballpark for, now that it's between us and the Mariners for sixth place. If we were in a pennant race, none of this would matter."

Another reporter reminded Brett that his visits to Yankee Stadium had always seemed to bring out a special effort in him—he mentioned Brett's three home runs against Catfish Hunter in a championship-playoff game in 1978, and the 1980 thunderclap against Goose Gossage that had last thrown down the Yankees and put the Royals into a World Series—and Brett said, "Yes, and then there's a quiet Sunday afternoon here in 1983, and I hit another one off Gossage, and the next thing I know I'm down on the ground and they've got me in a choke hold." He goggled his eyes comically, imitating his runaway-rhinoceros charge at umpire Tim McLelland in the middle of the celebrated pine-tar fuss.

We talked about another day, over in Kansas City in 1985, in the American League championships, when I had seen him hit a double and two home runs against the Blue Jays' Doyle Alexander, and then a single in the eighth, which started off the game-winning rally. "I think I also made a hell of a play early in the game, behind third base," he said. "Jumped and made an off-balance throw that got Damo Garcia at the plate. That was the best game of my life—no doubt about it."

Where did all this come from, I wanted to know. I said I'd sometimes heard players and coaches mention something special they'd noticed in the middle of his swing—the moment when his head comes down and the full power of his turning shoulders and body wheels behind the bat, and time seems to stop for a fraction. The illusion, they say, may be there because just before the bat makes contact he appears both more concentrated and more relaxed than other players. And it always looks like the same swing, no matter what the game or the setting.

"That's how I've survived in this game," he said. "I think in pressure situations—particularly, early in my career—I was able to play easier, not harder. I've always said to myself, 'Don't let the moment get you.' The harder you try to do something, the harder it becomes. In the eighth or ninth inning, you should be as relaxed as you were in the first."

I ventured the thought that there had been times when the game almost looked too easy for him.

"Oh, God, no!" he said, throwing up

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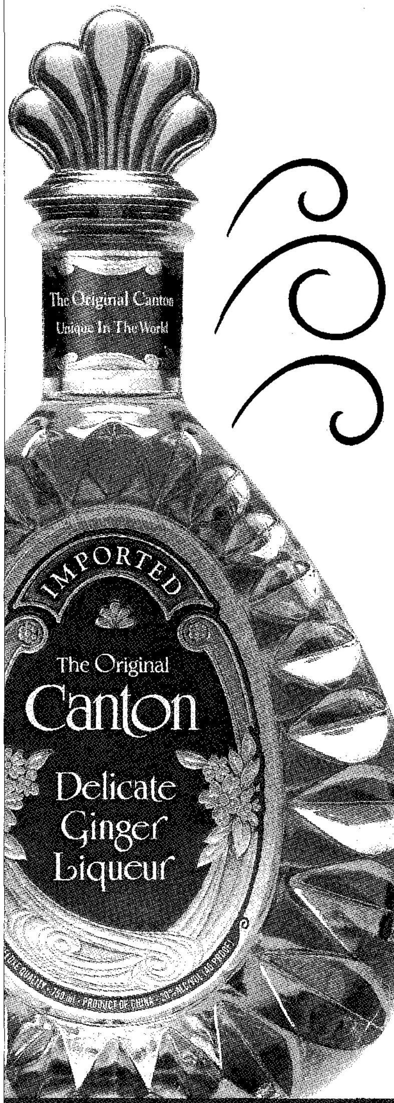

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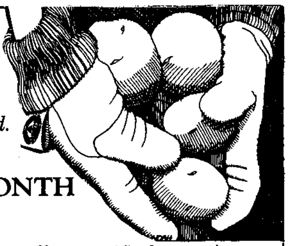

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his hands at such an idea. "No, I always wish it was easier. But I guess it *was* pretty easy at times. When you hit .333 and .336 and .390, the game's not very difficult. But now hitting is harder. It isn't drastically different for me, but my bat speed is down and I'm fouling off some pitches I used to crush. I hit .255 last year, and it was a humbling experience. I was embarrassed. Why, there are guys who have hit .250 for ten straight years, and you wonder how they can live with themselves. This year is a little better, but it's still not fun. I mean, I hit .282 as a rookie, when I was twenty years old. Now I'm thirty-nine and I'm batting .282. You'd think you'd have learned something in twenty years."

TOO MUCH

THE slam-bang playoffs and the World Series, while falling somewhat short of last year's gaunt, Aeschylean dramas, were engrossing entertainment, but only a few highlights, or tableaux vivants, will be attempted here. We must begin with an ending—the brilliant and appalling moment in Atlanta when the onrushing (as best he could, with his bad knees) Sid Bream, the outermost point of that three-run ninth-inning Braves uprising, skidded his left foot across the plate, inches in front of the tag by catcher Mike LaValliere, to bring the National League pennant home again just when it had seemed flown and gone. Baseball scenes like this can be lengthily reconstructed, but what we remember in the end are the after-moments—Bream, still on his back, at the bottom of an ecstatic pig pile at home plate, and the Pirate players, slack-faced with horror, slowly and severally leaving the field, isolated in their pain. Van Slyke, who had been the heart of these Pirates, sat motionless in the outfield, staring at nothing. Loss and distress are inevitable at the end of such eliminations—indeed, the games are played to bring them about—but this one cut deep. The Bill Buckner misplay that culminated the Mets' turnabout win in Game Six of the 1986 World Series stands first among shockers, because it seemed to personify a vast regional tragedy—the death of New England—but an anticlimactic seventh game remained in that championship and was played two days later. This one was terminal.

It was the Pirates' third straight loss in the league playoffs, and their removal brought back for us the lurid and unexpected discouragements they had encountered in the two previous Octobers: those great outfield plays and killing pegs by the Reds in 1990; and the wintry slow starvation they endured a year ago, when they went scoreless over the last twenty-two innings and saw their lead and then the rest slip away to nothing. Over these post-seasons, the appealing Pittsburgh cast had almost become a household staple to the television audiences—the handsome, quick-witted, smart-faced Van Slyke (a favorite older brother); the scarily talented Barry Bonds, always at the edge of overbrilliance and failure; Doug Drabek, the serious and perhaps self-doubting master pitcher; the boyish and leaping Chico Lind; and of course the gray and spare manager, Jim Leyland (with that cigarette secretly cupped in one hand, to be dipped at in the hard going), wearing an expression that seemed at once to fend off and to accept the unimaginable worst—and the pain of their third grievous accident overrode the Braves' feat and the joy of it. Van Slyke said in the clubhouse, "I felt worse than they felt good," and so did we all, I believe. Watching the game by television, I had been kicking myself for my decision to stay home for this one, if only for a clearer look at the pitching, but when the ending came I was glad to be far away. Almost everyone in the Pittsburgh clubhouse was crying, it turned out.

Drabek, who had disappointed himself with poor losing performances in the first and fourth games, was in form on this occasion, bending his breaking stuff low and concentrating furiously, inning by inning, on each lead-off batter in the dangerous Atlanta order. He outpitched the redoubtable John Smoltz, survived a scary sixth-inning crisis thanks to a line-drive double play at third base, and took a 2–0 Pittsburgh lead into the bottom of the ninth: three outs away from the World Series. Terry Pendleton, it will be recalled, now stroked a lead-off wrong-field double that landed two feet fair in the right-field corner, bringing the Atlanta tomahawk-wielders and woohwoohers roaringly to life. Dave Justice struck a little grounder just to the right of Lind—a routine sort of play, except that the ball, flicking off the tip of Lind's glove, trickled away for an error. ("No!" I shouted.) Drabek, suddenly worn and wary (it was his third game in eight days), walked Bream on four pitches and was gone—voiding, though barely, a weird pitching coup of four complete-game victories by the Pittsburgh staff. Stan Belinda, the right-handed Pirate stopper (or the nearest thing to one), now gave up a rocketed sacrifice fly ball to left by Gant that brought home the first run—a lucky but telling out, it seemed, since it kept the tying run nailed at second base and the winner back at first. Belinda got the next batter, Berryhill, to foul off his first pitch but then delivered four straight balls: a killing mistake, far less forgivable than Lind's boot, since it moved two runners into scoring position. You could *feel* the disaster now. Belinda, who throws mostly fly-ball outs, suddenly seemed like the wrong man out there, and I wondered why Leyland didn't call on his elder sinkerballer, Bob Walk, on the chance of a play at the plate or a ground-ball double play. Too late. Brian Hunter popped up for the second out, and the soon to be unanonymous pinch-hitter, Francisco Cabrera—a tall third-string catcher with only eleven at-bats for the Braves all year—stood in and, on a 2–1 count, struck the single that brought home the runs and the pennant.

I can't quite understand why these searing losses are so much harder to bear of late, but I don't think I'm alone in feeling this way. Hard-bitten reporter friends whom I joined at the World Series told me that they couldn't seem to shake this one off, and even the relieved Atlanta players, home free in the finals once again, shook their heads silently whenever somebody brought up the losing of the pennant instead of their version. "I don't know how those guys can take it again," said Bream, who was a Pirate himself two years ago. Perhaps television is doing this to us—all those harrowing closeups in the dugout when the games get late and tough—or perhaps it is the impermanence of teams nowadays, thanks to free agency and the destabilizing effects of big money.

The Oakland Athletics lost their playoff as well, unexpectedly going down before the Blue Jays in six games, and, in departing, took away forever an array of dominating, muscular, extremely proud performers who had become the best-known baseball team in the land. As we

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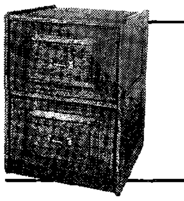

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have noted, about half of that Oakland roster are now free agents (Carney Lansford announced his retirement immediately after the playoffs), and it is expected that the Oakland management, which must trim down its forty-seven-million-dollar salary total, may decide for financial or other reasons not to sign such all-timers as Dave Stewart, Bob Welch, Terry Steinbach, and Mark McGwire, and not to keep their new star outfielder, Ruben Sierra, who came over in the Canseco trade. Several of the Athletics, including Ron Darling, said earlier that knowledge of the coming dissolution had been a powerfully cohesive and inspiriting factor in the dugout during the club's hard struggles down to the wire this year. The Athletics, who had won twelve of their last thirteen A.L.C.S. games since 1988, and three league championships in a row (they did not qualify last year), were in a state of shock on their flight home from Toronto after losing this one, and people who were on the plane said later that it felt like a ghost ship, going west with the night.

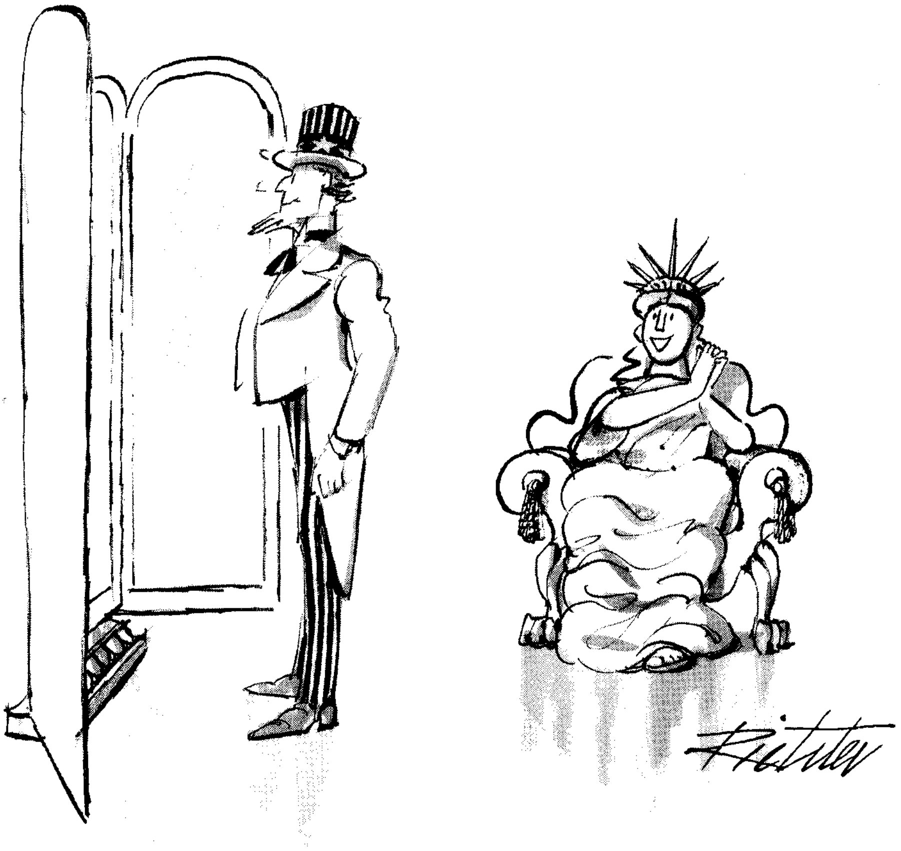
The Pittsburgh front office, which lost Bobby Bonilla and pitching ace John Smiley to free agency last year, will also not be able to sign Barry Bonds this winter, for financial reasons, which means that the 1992 Pirates have become a band of spectres as well. This particular team is gone for good, and we must conclude that future championship playoffs will now always contain this darker and more fragile component, for players and watchers alike. Yes, all this is about money—an invisible twenty or thirty million dollars in a city's Series-generated ancillary income (hotel reservations, and such) went flying out of Pittsburgh and down to Atlanta at the instant Bream's foot slid across home—but its costs are human and familiar, and they stick with us longer than they used to.

NAKED OUT THERE

READERS may be surprised to find, through the magic of Write-O-Vision, the Pirates alive again in this tale and playing ball on their own field, as we double back to the previous Sunday and pick up some illuminating innings from each of the league championships. The Pirates had put themselves in early difficulties in their playoff, first by losing the two early games down in Atlanta, and then by dropping Game Four on Drabek's second successive poor outing, which brought them to the edge of elimination. (The winning Pirate pitcher in Game Three was a tall rookie knuckleballer, Tim Wakefield, whose fluttering bug disconcerted the hard-swinging Atlanta batters, just as it had done elsewhere up and down the league after his arrival from the minors at the end of July, as he went 8–1 in thirteen starts. Ray Miller, the Pittsburgh pitching coach, who had never had a knuckleballer in his charge before, told me that Wakefield had brought along a lengthy tutorial letter from his mound coach with the Buffalo Pirates when he came up to the Show: Instructions for Use, so to speak. "I never saw *that* before," Miller said.)

The Pirate fans, who have not been notable for their numbers or vehemence in recent years, were in great voice on Sunday evening, brandishing their foam-rubber pirate hooks ("What were all those *question marks*?" some bemused Braves asked later) and their "We Believe" and "Burgh Ball" signs, and they gave Barry Bonds something close to an ovation when he stood in against Avery in the first inning. This encouragement was special, because Bonds, who was coming off a remarkable summer-long performance—thirty-four homers, a hundred and three runs batted in, thirty-nine stolen bases, a .311 batting average, and some effulgent defense in left field—that was to bring him the league's Most Valuable Player Award, was batting .091 in this championship, still the victim of a post-season vapor lock that now stretched back through three Octobers. His very first at-bat in these 1992 games—three successive wild hacks at some Smoltz sinkers—was the worst effort of its kind I could remember, and he had failed to deliver seventeen base runners from scoring position during his later at-bats. He had been sullen and smoldering through this eclipse, what's more, acting as if success were somehow no less than his due, and media questions about the slump were unfair or worse.

All this was forgotten in a twinkling in this one plate appearance, when Bonds smashed the eighth pitch to him on a line to the right-center-field fence, scoring a runner from second base, and the Pirates, with two briskly ensuing successive doubles, knocked out Steve Avery with four first-inning runs.



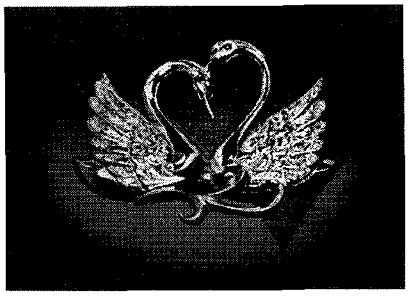
"It's you!"

• •

Bonds, slapping his gloved hands together at second base, was seen to exclaim "It's over!" out there, and indeed he seemed like a different player after that—a single and a run-making stolen base in his next at-bat, and a breathtaking catch in deep left field in the top of the fourth, when he ran down Ron Gant's deep liner and snagged it, going away, with a last aerial lunge with his extended mitt: an arrow transfixing a bird in mid-flight.

In the post-game interviews, Bonds was transformed—a different sort of celebrity now. He had unexpectedly tipped his hat when he came off the field at the end of the game—a little gesture of thanks and perhaps farewell to the Pirate Fans, whom he would not see again as a home-town hero if the team failed to sweep its two upcoming games in Atlanta. (He would be a free agent, that is, and would end up with the Yankees, or perhaps even with the Braves, next year, the betting was.) Bonds is articulate and intelligent, and dazzlingly handsome when he is at ease, and in the post-game glow that also carried the assurance of at least one more game, just up the line, he spoke with affection about Pittsburgh ("This has been my home—the longest place I've ever been except with my parents") and with sadness and respect about Jim Leyland ("The best man a younger person could ever look up to"). He and Leyland had been closeted for almost two hours in the manager's office the night before—a private meeting of friends that neither one wanted to talk about. All this came out in the interview room, but a little later, when the swarms of reporters had thinned out in the clubhouse, Bonds talked a bit about the horrific slump he had been struggling with. "It's bad because the world is watching," he said. "I know what I've done for this team—I'm a hell of a ballplayer—so you feel, Damn, I don't know what's happening." Just before this, almost to himself, he had said, "We don't have any choice about this, you know. Even if you don't feel like it, you have to go out there and play."

The other celebrity in the Pirate clubhouse on this same evening was the starting pitcher, Bob Walk, a thirty-five-year-old workman who had come through with an outstanding and apparently effortless complete-game three-



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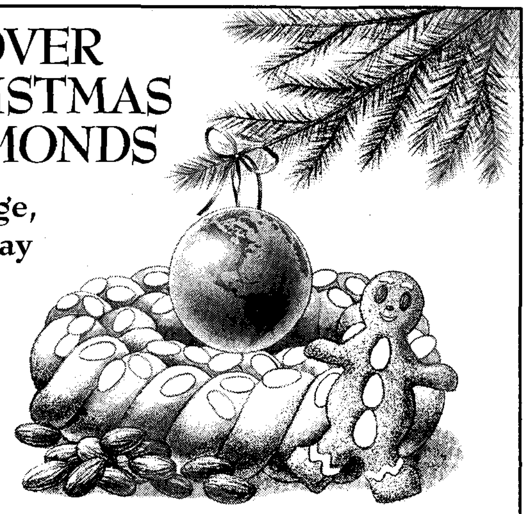

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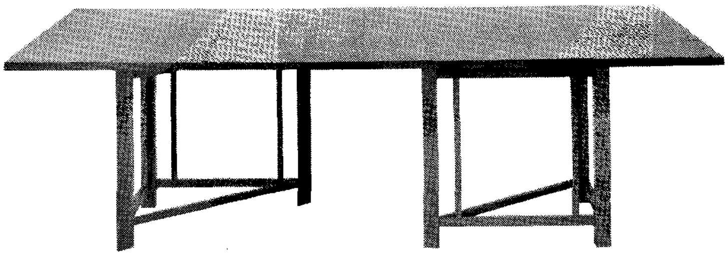

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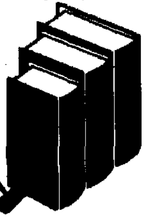

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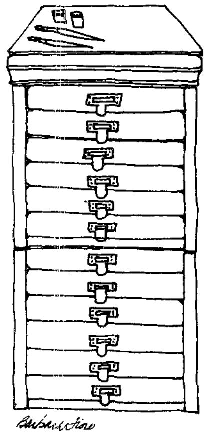
hitter, for the essential, 7–1 win. Walk, who is seamed and dark-haired—he looks something like the actor Tommy Lee Jones—is unassuming, on the mound and off. He is sharp-shouldered, and throws a variety of sinkers and spinners with a hunched, awkward-looking little flurry of motion; some of his teammates call him Whirlybird. He has been both a starter and a relief man in his nine years in Pittsburgh, sometimes, shuttling between the roles two or three times in a season. He, too, had warm things to say about Jim Leyland: "He's kind of taken care of me. He's a pretty good judge of talent, and if he's not afraid to put me in there, then I'll begin to think a little better of myself." What also stuck in mind were some similar old-pro comments Walk had made the day before, when he got the surprise news that he was to be the Sunday starter. "I'll go out there and do the best I can," he said. "I'm not a Cy Young Award-type pitcher. I know I'm probably toward the end of my career, and opportunities like this aren't going to come around many more times. I'm looking forward to getting out there and getting on with it."

Walk's and Bonds' achievements in the celebratory setting of Three Rivers Stadium were but half the doings on this surprising baseball day. Earlier in the evening, watching television in the Three Rivers pressroom, some of us had seen the Oakland Athletics come apart out in their home park, when they threw away a 6–1 lead over the Blue Jays and lost, 7–6 in eleven innings, under almost unimaginable circumstances. The Oaklands had been guilty of some uncharacteristic sloppiness in fielding and baserunning in their previous loss, while the Jays had given strong evidence of breaking free of their long ineptitude in the post-season. Still, the series looked to be even-up very shortly, when Dennis Eckersley was beckoned into this Game Four in the eighth, with the score at 6–2, and two runners on base. The Eck, as the Blue Jays and everyone else were aware, was coming to the end of his best season yet. He had fifty-one saves in fifty-four opportunities (with a record thirty-six in a row in the early going), seven wins, and a 1.91 earned run average. In one ho-hum September outing I saw, out on the Coast, he had retired the last three Minnesota hitters on twelve pitches, all strikes. The Cy Young Award was already his, by general opinion, and there was reason to believe that he might also sweep up the Most Valuable Player Award this time (as indeed he did). I was a little startled, then, when Eckersley now gave up successive run-scoring singles to Olerud and Maldonado, to bring matters to 6–4. With two on now and nobody out, Eckersley glowered and flung, worked a sidearm slider, came inside and out, and carefully extracted the next two outs. When he struck out pinch-hitter Ed Sprague, swinging, on a one-and-two fastball pitch, he came off the field snarling and pumped his fist over at the Blue Jay bench.



In their ebullient clubhouse after the game, several younger Toronto players swore that this in-your-face arrogance was insulting—the spark that lit their fuse. Perhaps, but it is also exactly like the man—echt Eck—for he is a pitcher who rides the edge out there, always imagining failure and prepared to fight it off, hand to hand, with his best and most dazzling effort yet. He has been the Zorro of his era, and is never dull. What the Jays did in the next inning, the ninth, then—a lead-off single by Devon White and Robbie Alomar's two-run homer to right (he threw both fists in the air as the ball went out)—was courageous and mind-boggling, given the man on the mound. Eckersley stayed on a bit, surrendering another single, and was relieved; it was his first mid-inning departure since May 25, 1991. The Athletics blew a chance to pull the game out in the bottom of the inning, thanks to another inexplicable baserunning gaffe, and were shut down thereafter. The next day, Dave Stewart came through with a shining complete-game effort—his swan song with the A's—to defeat David Cone by 6–2. The teams went back to Toronto, where the Blue Jays graduated, once and for all, with their numbing, easy-looking 9–2 pennant-winner: a great day for the provinces.

Eckersley stood up to the media after his bad night (he always does, good or bad), remaining at his locker as the waves of writers came and went, and offering no excuses. "I couldn't stop the bleeding," he said. "I couldn't adjust." What he didn't say was that he had had very little to offer out on the mound that particular day. His slider was not biting the corners, and his fastball had none of its characteristic late movement, which sometimes seems to make it dip or jolt in midair as it heads inside or away. The home-run pitch to Alomar looked deadly straight—a batting-practice sort of delivery, under the circumstances. It's possible that he was worn down after his long and adventurous summer; more likely, his arm was bothering him—an elbow problem, one hears.

This is not offered to diminish the Blue Jays' achievement by an iota but to say something, rather, about the two faces of baseball, which we had looked at on this one October evening. Barry Bonds, with no idea about what has been happening to him during his innings of post-season torment, is released at last and allowed to smile and exult, the hero made whole again. Bob Walk, not at all a Cy Young Award sort of worker, gets on with it out there and puts away the ominous Atlanta hitters, inning after inning, on a handful of pitches—six in the third inning, eleven in the fifth, seven in the seventh: nothing to it—while Dennis Eckersley, untouchable all summer, can hardly get anyone out. It all depends on the hand you are dealt on any particular day, and what luck or returning set of skills happens to come your way. "This game is weird, man," Eck said when he was done. "I'm not out there in the ninth very often," Bob Walk said after *his* game. Neither of them, of course, was absolutely startled by what happened. Players appreciate victory even more than we fans do, I've noticed, but they are never surprised when it eludes them. We ascribe virtues to winners and point with bitter relish to the shortcomings of the guys who have let us down, but players—particularly the older ones—seem less certain about the moral. They deal with what comes, and, even when they don't feel like it, must go back out there again and play.

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THE early Series games, down in Atlanta, had the feel of an approaching self-justification by the Braves, who

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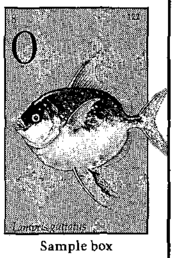

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had come so close last year and had played all summer with the declared aim of something more than another pennant this time. This impatience or dissatisfaction affected the Atlanta home crowds as well, who seemed to chop and chant with something less than their old undergraduate verve as the season chugged along. The exceptional Atlanta pitching didn't sort itself out until midseason, but then suddenly looked bulletproof: there were twenty-eight consecutive shutout innings in June, and then thirteen wins in a row in July, during which John Smoltz fired shutouts on three successive outings. They also seemed to win the soul-testing games—in particular, a late-July marvel against the Pirates, in which the only Atlanta hit was a second-inning Dave Justice home run, and the final out a game-saving over-the-wall grab by Otis Nixon in dead center field.

Now Tom Glavine's four-hitter took care of the Series opener, as the Braves laid off Jack Morris's splitfinger (which is so often a ball) and then put him away with a three-run home run by catcher Damon Berryhill. It was the Blue Jays' turn to be patient the next evening, when they survived a good deal of bad news and bad luck in the early going: a flurry of Smoltz strikeouts at the outset; a terrible call at home plate by umpire Mike Reilly that took away a run clearly scored by Alomar; the wildness of their starter, David Cone; and perhaps even that foolish upside-down Maple Leaf during the pre-game trooping of the colors. We writers are addictive front-runners, and when the Jays came up to bat in the ninth, trailing by 4–3 and on the point of falling behind by two games, a little wave of manager-bashing ran across the press rows near me. Cito Gaston, somebody noticed, had so far employed but four pinch-hitters in his team's eight post-season games to date: Imagine that! Habitual undermanaging! Fatal caution! We shook our heads pityingly, scarcely noticing when Cito, with one out, sent up young Derek Bell to bat for Manny Lee. Bell worked out an exemplary base on balls against the Atlanta closer, Jeff Reardon, and was followed by Ed Sprague, batting for a pitcher. Sprague hit a game-winning home run.

The great flag fuss had blown up by the next morning (it was in all the papers), and, flying north to Toronto, I tried to come up with a proper excuse for the unfortunate Marine noncom who had innocently snapped the northern gonfalon onto his staff stem-side up. He was an art student, I decided, whose thinking had been guided by the classical fig leaf. Our flight took us up over the Great Smokies, whose misty northern flanks were a stunning seasonal russet, and I found comfort in the thought that every leaf down there was properly hung, up or down, and safe from the meanings and reproaches accruing to a mere symbol. This idea, or something like it, seemed to prevail in Toronto, when international crisis was averted by a graceful apology delivered over the loudspeakers before game time the next evening, and a gallant second try by the Marines, who got it right this time. As theatre, it all ranked well below a pre-game moment at Shea Stadium years ago—tears of happiness well up when I recall it—when a similar military detachment (it was Memorial Day, or some such) blew down a section of the center-field wall with a fieldpiece salute.

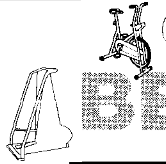
CATCH

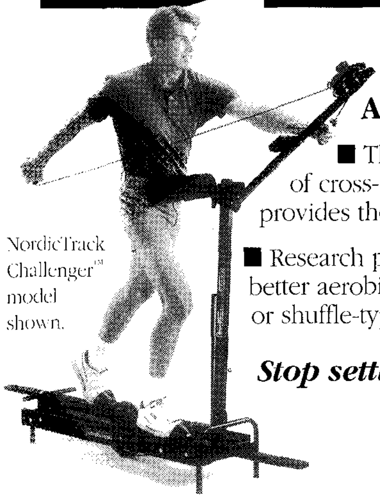
GAME THREE had everything: sizzling pitching by the young starters Steve Avery and Juan Guzman; an all-time-grade fielding play by Toronto center fielder Devon White; a hatful of little indicators about the depth and mettle of the rival clubs; a low score that flickered this way and that before the late last run came home; and a rapturously yelling audience of 51,813 Ontarians, who had come into the great white meringue of the SkyDome for a tourist event, Canada's first-ever World Series game, and were given a classic as gate prize. (The Dome, I have begun to notice, feels a bit smaller when its vast reaches are stuffed with noise, although I'm not sure that every flea-circus observer up at the back of the fifth-level SkyDeck would agree.)

White's catch came in the top of the fourth, when he ran extensively back in dead center field and, without breaking stride, sailed up onto the fence, where he gloved Dave Justice's drive just before smashing face first into the blue padding. The catch saved a run and very probably two runs, and led to a frabjous mixup on the base paths, when Terry Pendleton, scooting around from first, passed his teammate Deion Sanders on the straightaway between second and third, and then—oops, *yow*—jammed on the brakes and headed back the other way. Sanders, standing aghast, threw both arms back and flattened himself like a trapped pedestrian as Terry zoomed by for the second time. The Blue Jay infielders, meanwhile, were throwing the ball back and forth distractedly as they tried to remember the rule book (Pendleton was out the moment he went past the prior runner), but then somehow caught Sanders in a little rundown between second and third, culminating in a tag-out by third baseman Kelly Gruber, who dived at Deion and touched him on one foot with his mitt. A triple play by all counts, and only the second one in Series history, except that umpire Bob Davidson blew the call. No one doubts this—least of all Davidson himself, who made a handsome apology the next day, after he saw a taped rerun—but of course nothing can be done; we fans must wait with equal grace for the *next* Series triple play, which, by the rules of probability, will arrive in October of 2064.

Joe Carter hit a solo home run in the bottom of the same inning (great catches often breed such an aftermath), but a Deion Sanders double in the sixth was converted into the game-tying counter. Sanders, released at last from mere celebrity, was having a terrific day at the plate. The pitchers toiled on: Avery, with his cap pulled down to his eyebrows, throwing high heat; and Guzman pausing now and then between strikeouts to pour his gold necklace back into his shirt. (He is stocky and powerfully built, with the same trapezoidal upper-body profile as a Gordie Howe or a Paul Hornung, the old Green Bay hero—what their teammates used to call "goat shoulders.") The Atlanta hitters seemed to have a better idea of Guzman on their third and fourth at-bats: the sign of an experienced and optimistic team. The Braves went ahead after their lead-off man, Nixon, got aboard in the eighth on a Gruber error, stole second, and zipped home on a Lonnie Smith single, but Gruber made amends with his tying home run in the bottom half, which also snapped his gruesome oh-for-twenty-three string at the plate.

Every pitch and play felt freighted and scary now, and when Pat Borders, the Blue Jay catcher, at last threw out a





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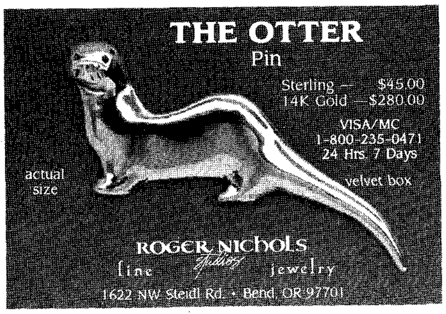
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base runner, Brian Hunter, at second in the ninth, completing a K–2–6 double play, the Dome seemed to throb and quiver with noise. A thin celebratory fog hung above the outfield—leftovers from the little fireworks show that had greeted the Gruber home run. Braves manager Bobby Cox, enraged over what he had thought was a ball on the previous pitch, sent a helmet spinning out onto the carpet in front of his dugout, and was ejected. The end arrived quickly. Robbie Alomar, on a lovely little stroke, skimmed a single up the middle to start off the Toronto ninth. Avery departed, and Robbie, on a 2–0 count, flew into second base untouched.

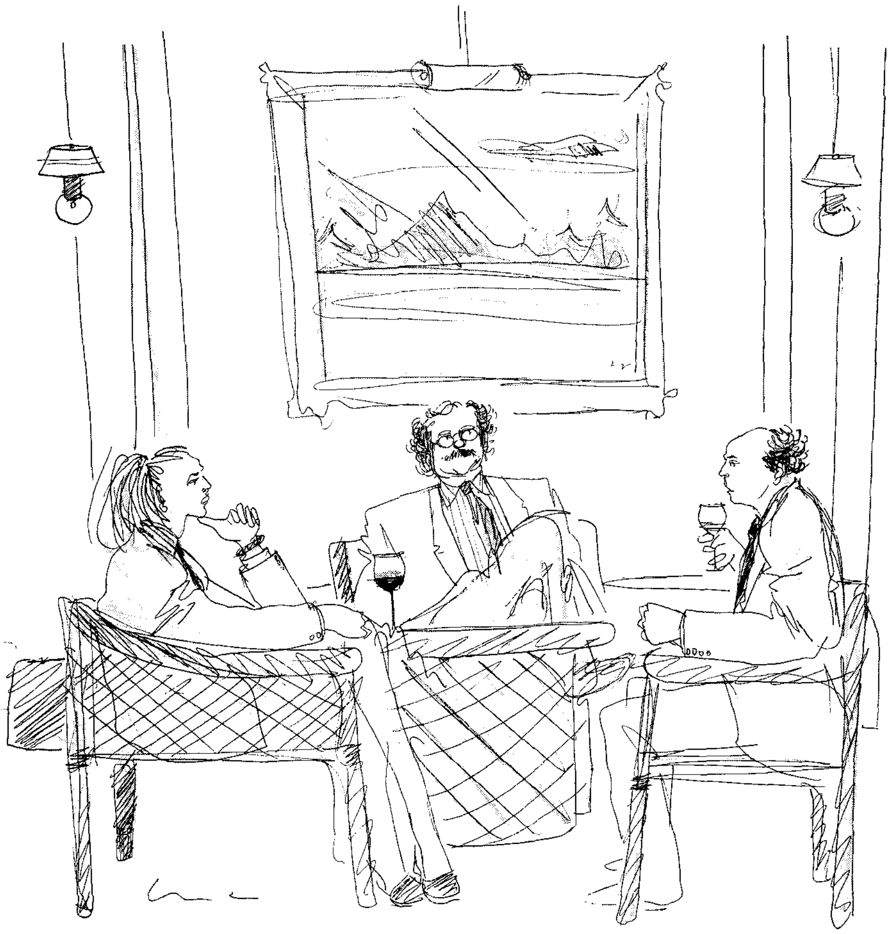
Alomar, at once cool and upbeat, has become the kind of player that enemy pitchers and managers have on their minds even when his next at-bat is several notches away in the game. Once on base, he looks released and joyful, rather than cautious: *Let's see, now—what next?* Several Blue Jay players said later that they had *known* he would be part of the script that brought the game home in the end. The fans, for their part, were on their feet for good now, and you could see them wildly flapping or pumping the big scarlet-and-white flags they had brought to the park that day for quite a different reason. (One of the fans down below me, a kid in a baseball cap, was wielding a flag he'd tied onto a hockey stick.) The obligatory Atlanta ripostes—intentional pass, new pitcher, *another* new pitcher—resembled the fluttery last moves of a lost chess position, and the slick winning gambit in the middle of it all was Winfield's sacrifice bunt up the right side, to move the runners into scoring position. Reardon, an ensuing Braves hurler, was greeted with happy applause by the Toronto rooters (a last sign of sophistication, if we needed one), because of his home-run ball to Sprague back in Atlanta. Now, sure enough, he delivered a third successive slider to the same outer sector of the plate, and Candy Maldonado, not trying to do too much with the pitch, rapped it into center field for the run and, at last, the great game.

It is rarely the case in games of this nature that a very early play appears to be the critical one, but that was how Bobby Cox described the Devon White catch, which had come way back in the fourth inning. The catch itself, regardless of its subsequent effects, was already beginning to come clear in memory, like a photograph emerging in the developing tray. Watching him in full flight toward the wall, we could somehow see or sense that he would get up there all in one motion, and that the ball would converge with his upthrust, back-turned glove. The wonder was that he held on to it and, what's more, kept his feet as he rebounded from that aerial collision and came down ready to get on with the rest of the play. He hit the fence just to the left of the big "400" marker out there (and the smaller "121.9" metre indicator just below), and his lean body and white uniform, smack in the wall, made it look for an instant as if he had rewritten that figure into "1400." Other fabled Series catches now came to mind and were passed back and forth among the writers: Willie Mays against Vic Wertz, deep in the Polo Grounds in 1954; Joe Rudi hung up to dry on the left-field fence in Cincinnati in 1972; and—perhaps the closest approximation—Willie McGee's long sprint and cat-up-the-wall play to rob Gorman Thomas in Milwaukee in 1982. (One of the writers—Mike Lupica, of the *News*—told me that the catch had brought to mind a great line by the old Dodger veep Fresco Thompson: "Willie Mays' glove is where triples go to die.")

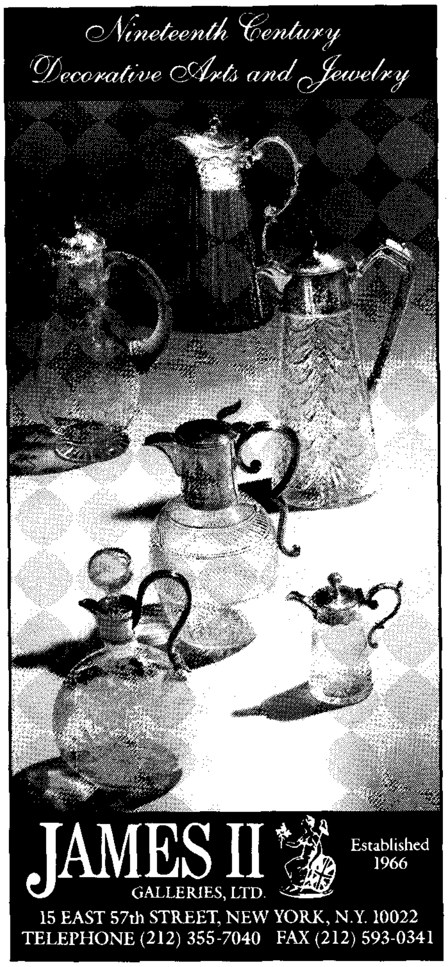
Full-flight, non-stop catches of this order are breathtaking at the instant they happen, but there is something else about them, a deeper sort of satisfaction, that comes to us and seems to last longer. It's my guess that this has to do with the player's foreknowledge, shared by each of us in the stands, that the play will be made. White himself said later that he never had any doubt that he would catch up to the ball. Such certainty may come not just from experience but from another kind of wisdom that exceptional athletes possess and the rest of us never discover—a phenomenon that the Harvard psychologist Howard Gardner has speculated about in his work on multiple intelligences. A different prime example of these occult skills is Wayne Gretzky's admission that at any moment when he is on the ice he is aware of the exact location and speed and direction of the eleven other players in the game as well as of the puck.

In the Toronto clubhouse, we writers surrounded Devon White, telling him that his catch now belonged among the all-timers, that it would be mentioned (one man said) in his obituary one day. He was up there with Mays now. White, who is tall and lean, and speaks quietly, said that he would never compare himself to Mays, and did not smile when he was invited to think about the fame and lifelong replays his catch would assure him. Finally, he said, "I don't worry about that stuff, as long as when I'm gone, when I'm out of the game, someone will come along and say, 'Did you ever see Devon White play center field?' "

THE superlative quality of the recent run of Series games was confirmed when it was noticed that seven of the last nine games, stretching back to Game Two in 1991, had been settled on the winning team's final at-bat. The Atlanta troops, now on the short side in the current proceedings, were muttering that with a break or a bounce here or there they could just as easily have won all the games to date, and Game Four—which went to the Blue Jays, 2–1, in a brisk two hours and twenty minutes—probably didn't change that view. This was a little concert of thoughtful, elegant pitching—Glavine again, this time against the Jays' veteran Jimmy Key, each a left-handed master of changing speeds and ideas—and the game swung on a pair of bang-up Toronto defensive plays in the Atlanta half of the eighth: Gruber's rushing, bare-handed grab of a carom shot off the mound and the peg for the out; and a sprawling stop by first baseman John Olerud that terminated the Braves' lone uprising. Some differences between the clubs were now coming clear, however. Jimmy Key was the fourth Toronto starting pitcher, while the Braves, in calling on Glavine, were again asking him to work on short rest; he lasted the distance and only barely came up short, but Gaston, for the fourth time running, was able to summon his talented bullpen to try to get the hard outs. The first Toronto run,



"Everything is great, and I'm not even from California."



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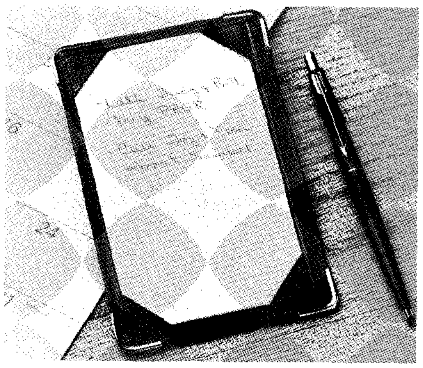

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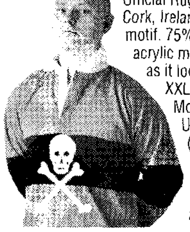

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moreover, had been a third-inning solo homer off the left-field foul screen by Pat Borders—which made it ten postseason games in a row in which the Jays had homered. Great defense, a deep bullpen, home-run power up and down the lineup: these are ingredients that make close wins feel like something more than luck, if you are paying attention. All through this fourth game, by the way, I kept turning my binoculars back to the corner of the Atlanta bench where Bobby Cox was standing and staring, and tried to imagine his emotions as he watched the tight-faced, brilliant Jimmy Key smoothly working his way through the Braves batting order. Cox, you see, managed the improving Blue Jays for four years in the early eighties, and Jimmy Key, a rising young lefty, had been the apple of his eye.

IN THE NORTH GARDEN

It grows late, and we must cut to the chase, but further attention to the Blue Jays here is not out of place. Their World Championship still feels a little strange, perhaps even in Saskatoon and Chicoutimi, but they have been a baseball power for some time now, and in fact won more games in the past decade than any other team in the majors. Right to the end, doubts whether they would ever attain the top rung afflicted fans both up there and down here (Alison Gordon, a former beat writer with the Toronto *Star*, told me that this summer she had heard friends of hers worrying what folks in the States would *say* if the Jays went all the way), but I trust that a few touches of up-home Toronto baseball will be preserved now that provincialism has been clearly routed—in particular, that wonderfully dopey "O.K., Blue Jay!" ritual, in which pep-rally cheerleaders rush out onto the field to lead the fans in setting-up exercises during the seventh-inning stretch.

Custom and continuity have been a Blue Jay staple ever since the team took fluttering wing in the American League expansion of 1977, and its president Paul Beeston, general manager Pat Gillick, vice-presidents Bobby Mattick and Al LaMacchia, P.R. director Howard Starkman, and, indeed, the ownership itself (Labatt's beer) have been around since the beginning. Cito Gaston was a long-term Blue Jay batting instructor when he took up the managerial reins in 1989. It was a charged and painful moment when some old-timers with very long service—Dave Stieb, who has put in fourteen years as a Blue Jay, and Rance Mulliniks, who has put in eleven—were dropped from the postseason roster this year, but fourteen of the players who did make the list had never worn a different uniform. Old baseball virtues like loyalty and job stability and slow talent-horticulture have not been a hallmark of this era of the pastime, and it is both hopeful and ironic that it now should be a Canadian front office that has practiced them so well.

Pat Gillick, from whose brow the new champions have sprung, has not hesitated when the daring, high-risk trade has presented itself, such as his bombshell decision in 1990 to part with two extremely popular established stars, Tony Fernandez and Fred McGriff, sending them to the Padres in return for Joe Carter and Roberto Alomar. Toronto is a wealthy franchise, one of the major movers now, and Gillick and Beeston acted quickly last winter to pick up free agents Jack Morris (the M.V.P. of last year's World Series) and Dave Winfield, at a combined price of six and three-quarter million dollars, specifically with the aim of adding role-model elder players with a burning will to win. And then, late in August, they made the short-haul deal for the combative David Cone (a self-described "hired gun"), who has now already been lost to free agency.

The Alomar pickup may just turn out to be the trade of a lifetime. At twenty-four, Alomar has five full major-league semesters behind him, and his grades—in hitting (he switches, and batted .310 this year), baserunning, defense, game intelligence, and temperament—are of such monotonous excellence that it almost seems more interesting to search out some defect, such as his lack of power. But Robbie can crank up on occasion (cf. the home run against Eckersley), and he loves the large occasion. He batted .474 in last year's league playoffs and .423 in this year's, when he was voted Most Valuable Player. He trailed off a bit in the Series—before the final game, that is, when his three hits included an eleventh-inning single that set up the winning runs. He is a relentless self-driver. Last year, he told me that one of his goals for the coming season was to improve his ratio of bases on balls to strikeouts, and when I checked at the end of this summer I saw that he had almost exactly reversed those 1991 numbers.

Robbie is the son of Sandy Alomar, the familiar old infielder who had fifteen useful years in the majors, and the younger brother of Sandy, Jr., a catcher with the Indians. All the Alomars agree that Roberto was obsessed with the game even as a boy, when he would drag his pop to the stadium early on game days in order to extract from him a half hour or an hour of ground balls before batting practice; the next day at breakfast, he would quiz him about some play back in the fifth inning of the previous night's game. When his father was away, he'd take a bat and a sockful of balls out to the nearest diamond and hit fly balls into the empty outfield. He still turns up early in the clubhouse, at least when the Jays are at home, since he lives in an upstairs apartment within the SkyDome. (I once asked him how long it took him to commute to work, and he said, "Two minutes!") His daylong smile is boyish (my friend Alison said, "Half the women in Canada want to mother him; the other half have different ideas"), and when you spot that same ice-cream look of his out there while he turns a double play or backs out during an at-bat to rub his gloved hands as he looks over the infield defense, you are reminded—and almost startled by the idea—that this is a game after all. Visiting scouts and writers smile a little, too, watching him, and then shake their heads in a helpless sort of way. "Franchise player," they murmur, and (some of them, lately) "Player of the decade." Also lately, they've been saying how much Robbie Alomar reminds them of a young George Brett.

BUS STOP
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The Morris-Winfield factor proved out during the pennant race this year, almost exactly as Pat Gillick had hoped it would. Morris, although ineffectual in the playoffs and the World Series, had a dandy 21–6 record, the best such ratio in his sixteen major-league seasons, while Winfield, who turned forty-one in early October, batted at a .290 clip, with twenty-six homers and a hundred and eight runs batted in—the most for any player in his forties. The two old gents showed a perfect understanding of their function, reserving their best work for August and September (nine wins for Morris; fifty-one R.B.I.s for Winfield), which had always been a season of mellow unfruitfulness for the Jays. The thing to notice about Winfield's R.B.I. total, by the way, is that most of the time he batted directly behind Joe Carter, who drove in—*previously* drove in—a hundred and twenty-six himself. (I don't think I'm exactly breaking a secret if I point out, a little ahead of time, that Winfield's last and best runs batted in were the two he delivered in the eleventh inning of the last Series game, with a bounced double just inside third base.)

After Winfield's nineteen thumping years in the majors, it's probably not necessary to describe his unique, hitched, clean-the-granary sort of batting stroke, or his loping, N.B.A.-style moves in the outfield, but what was different about him this year was the look of abundant, fatherly pride he wore, in the clubhouse and on the field, as the Jays' season came down toward its happy conclusion. Often a lofty, enigmatically proud figure up at Yankee Stadium, where he had to contend with George Steinbrenner's bitings and snipings (it was the owner himself who labelled him Mr. May, after Winfield's miserable one-for-twenty-two showing in the 1981 World Series), and then just another subsumed victim in the Angels' chronically depressed clubhouse over the past two years, he was at last in a place where he could be seen and embraced as a leader. He won the post (it is never given) because of his unstinting hard work in the games and the pre-games (Rance Mulliniks told me, "Winfield brought something we'd never had before, a *presence*"), but he plainly relished the part and its privileges: the statesmanlike last-word interviews with the media; sitting as judge in the kangaroo court; counselling and lifting up an uncertain veteran like shortstop Manny Lee, who was coming off a serious injury; and talking trash with the kids. Derek Bell and Ed Sprague called him the General.

At the beginning of September,

Louis Armstrong

New Orleans musicians lovingly call him "Pops." He blew a wicked trumpet. He sang like the rock of ages was in his throat. He made a mean pot of beans. And he liked to write letters, especially in green ink, he loved green ink. He always closed his letters back home with "Red Beans and Ricely Yours, Louis."

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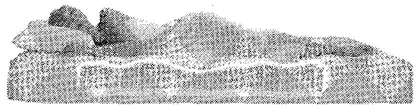

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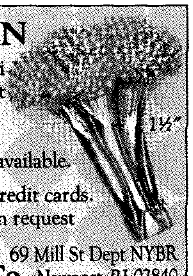

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when the Jays' lead over the Orioles had dwindled to a half game, Winfield arranged an interview with Jim Proudfoot, an august Toronto sports columnist, and delivered a talk, obviously planned in advance, about the fans. Elsewhere around the league, he said, visiting players had to contend with fiercely loyal local rooters, who tried to impose an atmosphere of apprehension, or even intimidation, upon the opposition teams taking on their heroes. He had never felt that force at a Toronto park, he told Proudfoot, because, for some reason, cheering had never seemed to be in character here. He went on at some length about the inspiriting nature of the fan-player relationship—the word "symbiotic" was in there—and said that much mutual benefit could be attained by some plain old-fashioned yelling. The Proudfoot piece ran on the front page of the *Star*, and for a time was discussed almost as fervently as the great Canadian constitutional proposition then nearing a national referendum. A night or two later, the SkyDome's center-field JumboTron screen picked up Winfield sitting in the dugout, and a hundred-thousand-tonsil yell rent the domey firmament. Dave waved and the fans yelled louder, and, having learned the happy knack—it's easier than staying on a bike or falling off a log—kept it up thereafter.

O.K., BLUE JAY!

THE SkyDome screamers turned up early for Game Five, and carried on throughout the early innings as if a Blue Jay win and a local coronation were now a matter of course. "Let's Make History," said one bedsheet banner, and another one went "This Borders on the Spectacular"—a nudge in the ribs (I hate to explain this stuff) about Pat Borders' terrific .417 hot streak at the plate. I was pulling for them, too, because home-park championship-clinchers are the ultimate reward—symbiosis made into a marriage—for the fans and their boys down there, but it didn't happen. John Smoltz shut down the Jays' offense (it was his first Series success after four valiant efforts), and the only Toronto lighting up was of Jack Morris, who left the game after surrendering a fifth-inning grand slam to Lonnie Smith, which ran the score to 7–2, Atlanta. This was a sweet payback for Lonnie, too, whose inexplicable baserunning blunder in the 1991 Series finale had cost the Braves a run and very likely the championship itself. He claimed in the clubhouse that the awful business had not been lingering or festering in his consciousness (sure, Lonnie), but now, in any case, he had put it away for keeps.

Down we went to Atlanta for the last act (I went home for it, to tell the truth)—a misshapen, extremely strange eleven-inning, four-hour affair that was played out through stretches of uncanny, waiting stillness among the Braves faithful, and some rocketing cheers as well. Up on the scoreboard, where the matter stood at 2–1 Jays almost to the end, it looked like a stretched, ascetic sort of game, but down on the field it was more of a dog's breakfast, into which the managers threw thirty-eight players, all told, including seven Toronto pitchers. Twenty-three runners were left on base, a condition that deprived this contest of the lean gratification that collects around a classic; the two teams struggled at the plate all through the Series, in fact, with the Jays batting a collective .230 and the Braves .220.

Cito Gaston, an impeccable strategist on this night, excused his starter, David Cone, after six high-wire innings—by which time the Jays had gained their 2–1 advantage, on a solo homer by Maldonado—and began maneuvering his talented bullpen corps, but the Toronto hitters, with all sorts of opportunities, could not deliver that comforting additional run. The game teetered and began to lean the other way, now looking more ominous for the team that was ahead. The TV cameras (I was on the edge of my seat at home) brought us shots of Braves players in their dugout wiggling their rally caps, and closeups of the staring, jittery, and silent fans. Otis Nixon, the gaunt Atlanta lead-off man, hit a thoughtful single with two down in the seventh—virtually a double, you felt, because of his five stolen bases to date. Cito summoned in a left-hander, David Wells, purely to hold Nixon a couple of inches closer to the bag, and—yes!—Nixon was out at last, stealing, on a frantic peg from Borders. CBS, switching away from the Atlanta despond, now brought sights and sounds of vast celebration up at the SkyDome, where the Toronto management had thrown open the gates to the fans for televised views of the battle, up on the big screen. A few minutes later, there was another five-tier hoorah up there when Winfield, who was playing right field, made a rolling catch of a Ron Gant blooper in the eighth.

The Braves' ninth-inning rally, the most startling moment of this baseball year, tingled with echoes and overtones, reminding us not just of their killing comeback against the Pirates but of the Eckersley debacle as well, because the pitcher this time was the Terminator—Tom Henke, the Toronto closer. He wriggled free at last, but not before Nixon, with two outs, delivered the tying run—the shocker—on a little poke into left field. We went into extra innings. I no longer believed the Jays could win, but Cito Gaston's next move—Jimmy Key again, in the tenth—was the one that captured the championship, I guess, unless you wanted to argue for Winfield's two-run double in the eleventh, or for the laws of probability, which finally made a reappearance after the Braves *again* managed a rally, in the bottom half, and brought in one more run before a final out (Nixon, just barely, after a bunt) that permitted the summer pastime at last to take its leave. These exercises concluded, as they had begun, by arousing feelings of pity for some almost indomitable losers, but the pain was less this time. *Someone* has to win, and the Braves fans, though deprived of the title they had waited for all year, were left with an inspiring loss, of all things. I don't think they will be glum for long.

I have some fan friends in Atlanta, whom I have been thinking about since the Series ended—not as they were after that last game but at a time back before Game Two, when they invited me to join them for dinner and then a trip to the park in their van. We sat at a long table in a lively Mexican restaurant—Jon and Susan Barry; their children, Justin and Rachel; and two other couples, Steve and Silvia, Barry and Paulette—and devoured volcanic fajitas, washed down with Dos Equis (the kids had Cokes), and talked about the Braves and their coming coronation. Jon, a lifelong Braves fan, whom I wrote about in this space a year ago, had no doubt about this: it was in the bag, almost. We all piled into the van, a full load but no problem, with some doubling-up on laps on the back row, and there was laughter and a lot of upbeat pre-game babble as we sped along in the dark. The traffic built up as we fed into the freeway arteries around Atlanta–Fulton County Stadium, but the delays were fun, too, because everyone around us, in every lane of slowing, converging cars, was going to the same place and with the same hopes. Braves caps and banners and window stickers and shiny black Braves jackets were on all sides, and people in the cars waved and made clenched-fist and thumbs-up gestures to each other, back and forth. Two women in their thirties, riding together in a Camaro just to our left, had little fresh-painted American flags on their cheeks, oddly illuminated by the headlights behind them. We got closer, past the parking cones, and were waved along, this way and that, by the troopers, with the high wall of the stadium, just above us now, spilling light into the sky. Band music was playing somewhere.

We parked and unloaded, whew, and began to bundle up—it was a chilly evening, football weather—in a hurry now to get inside, get on with it. I shook hands with everybody (I was headed for the press gate) and wished them luck—"Go, Braves!"—and hurried along, too, eager for the game myself. I was a fan again. The Braves lost that night, it turned out—it was the game that reversed itself on Sprague's home run—and they ended up losing the whole thing as well. But that is almost beside the point. It doesn't feel strange to me that I should remember that time before Game Two as clearly as anything else I have tried to describe here—almost more clearly than Devon White's catch, in fact. I'll bet that the Barrys and their kids and their friends remember the evening, too, because for real fans this is the delectable moment of baseball, or of any sport, which can never be touched or damaged by the outcome, by the losing or winning. Wanting the game is the whole trick. ♦

If being a woman meant facing some obstacles, she thought being a lesbian would be one more liability. Those who are admitted to the bar are expected to be of sound "moral turpitude."—*Northampton (Mass.) Daily Hampshire Gazette.*

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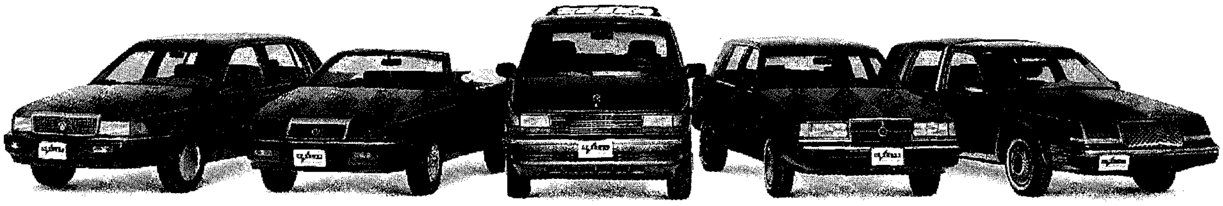

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THE CRITICS

MUSICAL EVENTS

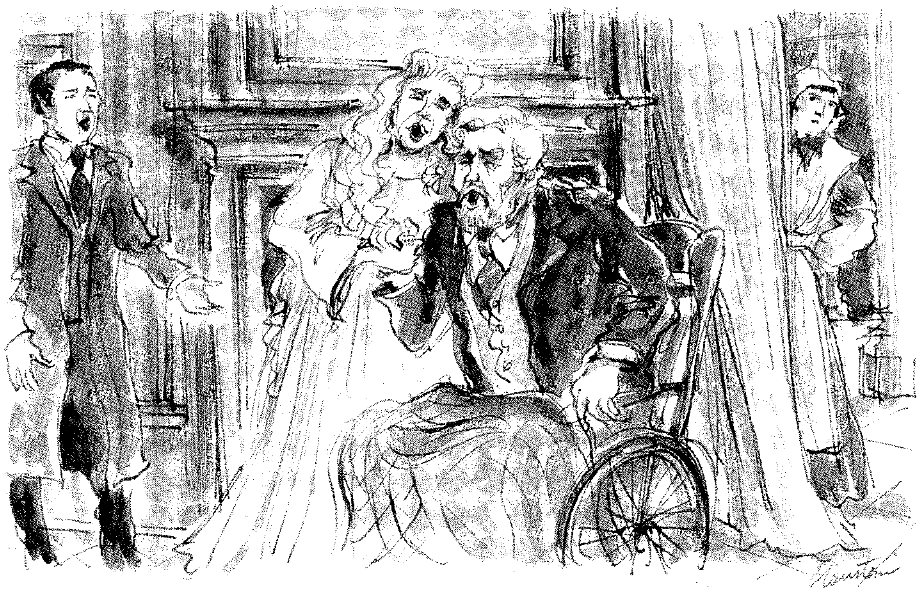
THREE'S A CROWD: "PELLÉAS" AND "McTEAGUE"

by Paul Griffiths

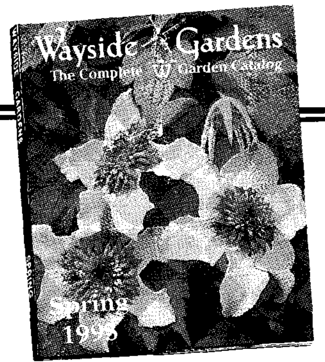
YOU know the story. The tenor is in love with the soprano. So is the baritone, who, accordingly, brings about the death of his rival, almost certainly with fatal consequences for himself and the lady as well. It's a scheme that has recurred in operatic history since the middle of the last century, that became the nearly inescapable machine of lyric tragedy in the years around 1900, and that certainly isn't dead yet: see William Bolcom's "McTeague." What, then, makes Debussy's single opera, "Pelléas et Mélisande," so special? And what makes it so special just now, when Claudio Abbado and Pierre Boulez have both been conducting it, when new productions are opening in Paris (an adaptation by Peter Brook) and Chicago, and when others are soon to come, in Seattle (this with the bemusing promise of a set by a glass designer) and Amsterdam (no glass, but Simon Rattle and Peter Sellars)?

It can't just be the Frenchness. When Mr. Boulez first conducted the score, in 1969, he made a point of using a non-French cast, and the present international abundance of "Pelléas" productions would hardly be possible if everyone thought that French singers had to be engaged. Nor is the opera's particularity a matter of the moist Arthurian limbo in which Maeterlinck, as was his habit, set the original play. Again, the work's current vogue has been helped by a contrary discovery—perhaps first made by Harry Kupfer, in his production more than a decade ago—that the people of "Pelléas" could be shown as creatures of flesh and blood, or at least of fin-de-siècle velvet jackets and long skirts. They are not made of gauze, and drifting. What drifts is their grasp on their emotions, the difficulty they have not only in controlling but even in recognizing what is happening to them.

For this to be conveyed in literary terms, it was necessary to invent symbolism, so that characters could express themselves to an audience without compromising their ignorance of what it was they were expressing. "I see a rose in the shadows," says Mélisande, and we understand that what she sees, but doesn't know that she sees, and never will know that she sees, is her growing love for Pelléas. With this sort of thing going on, it really isn't too much wonder that Maeterlinck's plays have long since disappeared from the stage, leaving behind in secondhand bookstores the relics of their popularity. But music, and preeminently Debussy's music, can achieve the same revelation in ignorance without being so cumbersomely roundabout: all that's necessary is for the vocal lines, of which one has to assume that the characters are aware, to be made up of simple, almost expressionless recitative afloat on an orchestral sea they can never hear—the ocean of their thoughts and intuitions and feelings. Taken into opera, the shadowy rose and all the other symbolical utterances of the text seem like quaint fossils, their purpose gone, and replaced by the immeasurably richer purposes of the music. Now, too, there's no need of atmospheric vagueness in



Wilbur Pauley, Faith Esham, Dimitri Kavrakos, and Yvonne Minton in "Pelléas et Mélisande" at the Chicago Lyric Opera.



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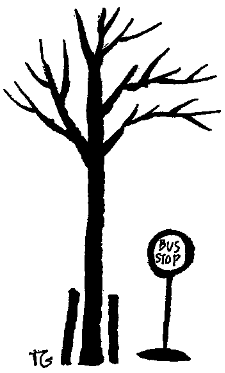
the stage design: the atmosphere—and it isn't vague but exquisitely precise—is all there in the score. So much the better, then, when the royal family of Maeterlinck's Allemonde look as if they had just withdrawn from some soirée into their private apartments, perhaps leaving Huysmans, Montesquieu, and even the composer himself gathered in fancy talk elsewhere in the house.

The only hazard would be if these easily placeable people were to be shown as the victims of an easily placeable intrigue, and the piece reconverted into exactly the kind of bourgeois tragedy that Debussy (and Maeterlinck) took flight from. Unfortunately, this is one of the problems of Frank Galati's new production for the Lyric Opera of Chicago. Robert Israel's design helpfully suggests the possibility of realistic characters in a non-realistic place: the period costumes are sober (except for an apt touch of dash for Geneviève, her terra-cotta dress broadly hemmed with gold), and the set has a panelled drawing-room wall slightly toppling toward a forest of slender, lathe-turned pillars, behind which a band of ultramarine is an abstract sea under photographed clouds. But within this dislocated stage picture the characters are made to behave as if they were playing Noël Coward. Pelléas stands there not knowing what to do with his hands, ever the muddled adolescent; Mélisande hunches her shoulders in sobbing at the end of the tower scene, when her husband, Golaud, has severed her affectionate dalliance with his half brother.

It's possible that this sentimentalization was the result of an understandable wish to signal the drama out into the Lyric Opera's vast auditorium. Other aspects of the production seem to have a similar rationale: the appearance of the little prince Yniold in the third scene, so that we'll know whom Geneviève's talking about, and maybe, too, the summoning of concrete images from the flies—a ship in that same scene; later, Golaud's horse and Yniold's immovable rock—though the effect of these is ponderously to reinforce the symbolism that the music renders unnecessary. Some matters, however, are more likely to confuse than to enlighten. The curtain opens on a troop of servants, dressed rather like Puritan settlers, and washing the floor: the reference is to a scene Debussy cut from the play, and the effect is to destroy the impact of the arrival of a silent mass where he did intend it, in the closing scene. Much more bizarrely, Mr. Galati has the role of Yniold acted by a boy but sung by a woman, and not from the wings but right onstage, as if she were the child's nurse, telling him what to say, while Golaud, in what is for him a violent scene, has to pretend the promptress isn't there. Out of this comes a ghastly awkwardness, the pulling of a potentially vivid piece of non-literal stage management into an all too literal production. Nor is there any practical need for the doubling: as John Capone shows in "McTeague," alternating with "Pelléas" in the Lyric Opera's repertory, it's possible for a boy to make himself heard in this theatre.



However, the scale of the house must be held responsible for the full-frontal positioning the singers feel is necessary. When Pelléas and Mélisande are brought together in delight by the spectacle of a departing ship, they're scanning the audience, not the sea behind them, and when Pelléas goes into an ecstasy about Mélisande's hair—a moment when he ought to have no awareness of anything but hair and singing about hair—he keeps his gaze away from her and out to us. By such means, though, the principal pair insure not only that Debussy's speech-melody is heard but that it's heard without undue force. The "baryton Martin" for which Debussy wrote Pelléas seems to be a vocal species as extinct as the castrato; Jerry Hadley demonstrates how finely the part can fit a strong lyric tenor, provided the notes and the colors are made to seem as if they come straight out of a sensitive declamation of the text. This is a beautiful and distinguished performance. So is that of Faith Esham as Mélisande. The opening-night audience was audibly disappointed to learn that Teresa Stratas wasn't going to be singing, but that disappointment can't have lasted long. Ms. Esham has the sort of purity required: a purity that's not fragile but centered and sure; the purity of a natural being who doesn't respond,

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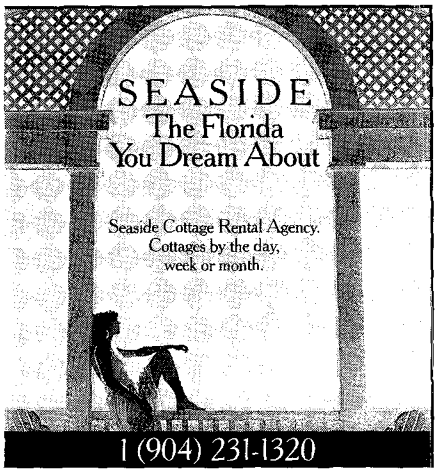

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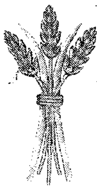

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can't respond, to Golaud's human persuasion. Her seductiveness is rapturous, but unintended; her singing, again emergent from an excellent enunciation of the French, extends without any thought for the effect it may be having. She also looks good, with the grace of a wig—more than a mere prop in this work of tress fetishism—better than any I've seen on a Mélisande before.

Victor Braun as Golaud, the one character who thinks he can bend the world to his will, voices that determination sometimes with a force that takes him into a slaty, gnashed frustration, and affectingly so. Dimitri Kavrakos as Arkel proceeds, less appropriately, on the assumption that the king's tempo is his own; but the orotundity is right. (The old man—old enough to have a graying grandson in Golaud—is wheelchair-bound, in the tradition that goes back to Kupfer but also, as an image of a superannuated monarch, has its musical point, as James Conlon and the orchestra remind us with stern auroras from "Parsifal," a score that Debussy admired for its sonorities "lit as if from behind.") Geneviève's letter song, that model of text made music, is fluently given by Yvonne Minton, with an upper brightness that compensates for some lack of reach below. Lucy Tamez Creech, given a dramatically unsustainable task as the Voice of Yniold, offers an admirable vocal imitation of a boy's wild edge. The orchestra's gleaming moments for Arkel come among rather too many moments of one thing separated from another. The sensations of two tempos happening at once and of elliptical connection from one idea to something quite different—both sensations so difficult to achieve, and yet so crucial to this work—are too often missing, at least until the last act, where the musical situation is, more simply, one of inevitability being hopelessly rocked and racked by Golaud's unstillable yearning to make what's happened fit the pattern of a Puccini.

HE might have been happier in "McTeague." Mr. Bolcom's opera—derived from Frank Norris's novel, and so having family connections, though distant, with Erich von Stroheim's movie "Greed"—is the first of three new American works the Lyric Opera will be presenting as part of its Toward the 21st Century program, a program of produc-

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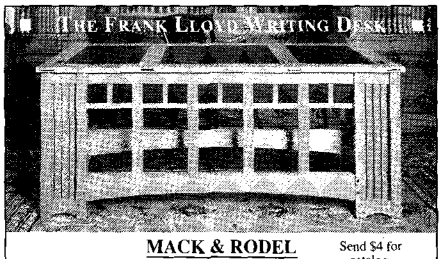

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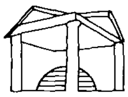

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ing a pair of twentieth-century masterworks each season. ("Pelléas" was the other piece this time around.) From Mr. Bolcom I thought I knew what to expect; i.e., anything and everything, but particularly everything. Post-Joplin rags jostle in his post-Mahler symphonies up against post-Foster ballads and post-Berio sounds: whatever has happened in music, he has posted it. His biggest work before "McTeague," a setting of William Blake's "Songs of Innocence and of Experience," is a piece so exuberant in length and personnel that nobody could afford to record it, with the result that its rare concert performances—there was one in Carnegie Hall recently—draw the awe and the hullabaloo of papal High Masses. How could an opera by him not be outrageous?

Perhaps by being just an opera. The first sadness of "McTeague" is that what it extracts from the book is an anecdote that might have served well a century ago for any dealer in brute melodrama, sung or spoken. (The libretto is credited jointly to Arnold Weinstein and to the show's director, Robert Altman.) There's a nod toward a framing device in sequences that have the principal character stumbling slowly toward expiration in Death Valley, but these hardly interfere with the broad brushstrokes of sexual passion, jealousy, envy, and revenge. McTeague, working as a dentist in San Francisco in 1900, falls in love with a patient who's going steady with one of his friends. The friend duly relinquishes his claim, but thinks better of it when, just after the wedding, the bride wins five thousand dollars in the lottery. So he blows the whistle on McTeague to the authorities, who take exception to unqualified dentists. The new Mrs. McTeague turns tough when it's suggested that she might share her winnings with her discredited husband. He kills her and the other fellow. And out in the desert he dies.

The desert music is the best stuff in the piece: widely spread, slowly sliding chords for strings and electronic sampler at the beginning of the opera, with looming brass tones, all together suggesting the singleness of heat, and the single heat of the lust for gold. Then, suddenly—but who, knowing Mr. Bolcom's music, could be shocked?—we're into heavy rag tempo for turn-of-the-century Polk Street, San Francisco, and the whole problem of the opera has just come crashing into the auditorium. What's hard to know is what we're supposed to do with this music—if it's just local color, or if some point is being made by the use of a popular genre. Is this, in other words, "Porgy and Bess," or is it "The Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny"? Or has such a distinction ceased to matter, and is the not mattering what's being proclaimed and celebrated? At moments, we appear to be back in the caustic world of Brecht and Weill: the echo is there in a little "Swiss March" tune played on flugelhorn for the entry of Mr. and Mrs. Sieppe with their children, Trina (the soon to be Mrs. McTeague) and Owgooste. But the Sieppes, as they're presented here, really are caricatured funny immigrants, and really are marching into the holiday fairground; the music's with them rather than against them. And all through the piece it's difficult to feel that Mr. Bolcom is using a low, borrowed musical style to convey something low and borrowed about his characters. Nor is he going Gershwin's way, drawing the substance of his music out from the vernacular idiom; nor is he piling everything cheerfully together in the manner of Charles Ives. The rags and the cakewalk and the slow blues are effectively displayed to us as numbers, as turns, and the music shows, in its crosscutting and in its sophistication, that it's the master of these masks: there's often a clever motivic link from one number to the next, or a use of abstract forms to carry the drama forward, as when the collapse of McTeague's practice takes the indomitable tread of a passacaglia. It's as if the musical variety and expertise of an Alban Berg (if not, to be sure, the individuality) were being lavished on the libretto of "Cavalleria Rusticana." All of which leaves a huge energy of irony undirected.

Perhaps the answer is just to sit back and enjoy the fun, but the piquancy of ragtime-speckled opera soon palls, the brashness (of the cakewalk wedding ensemble, for instance) comes to seem both too easy and too deliberate, and the piece begins to wind down into a kind of drabness, which was the last thing to be expected. And there's all that undirected

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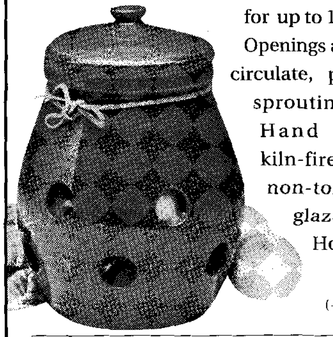

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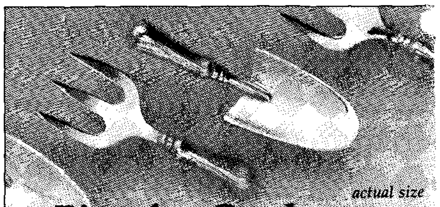

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rony. The character of McTeague himelf isn't too much hampered by this: e's a big fellow, and he carries his own aïve momentum. One can believe in im when he echoes Peter Grimes; one an even believe in him when he echoes Wagner hero. Or possibly one was just elieving in Ben Heppner, who gave a owering performance. McTeague is nstage almost continuously, and the nge has to be from colloquial ragtime hitchat to the flung emotion of a love luet and the stinging grandeur of the utcast. All this was there, which was a reat achievement for Mr. Heppner, but lso no small thing for Mr. Bolcom to ave made possible. We knew before hat he could write smartly for different ocal types; his opera compounds the vidence, and not only in the title role ut also in such smaller diversions as a arbershop quartet of bystanders or inerventions from a sepulchrally low bass, ntering in each of the two acts to catatrophic effect. (Wilbur Pauley was plendidly and comically grave; he was lso a striking presence as the Physician n "Pelléas.")

But while the liveliness of the characer parts boosts the case for "McTeague" s fun, all the work's questions and uandaries come flapping around the ole of Trina. She's introduced in the irst act with a big, faintly Puccinian aria n which she laments the loss of her ooks because she has broken a tooth in n accident. The extravagance of the voalism for such a trivial event is absurd, nd so is the doggerel in which she oices her complaint: "The gown my other made, /The veil she lovingly croheted/will hang forever in the wardrobe f a spinster." But the music doesn't ant us to hear this as a send-up, only s the excessive misery of a real, if here lightly silly, character. As with the ragime ensembles, or the heady wafts of andango that come on with McTeague's Hispanic servant Maria, we're asked to el that stolen styles can function genunely in their new environment, that the uotation marks can be ignored. The work presupposes our familiarity with the musical languages and gestures it rings into play; otherwise its sporting with those languages and gestures as means of characterization wouldn't work. But then it hopes we can simultaneously forget that everything here carries a "used" ticket.

There's another problem, having to do more specifically with Trina, which is that her ricochet from dental patient to lover to money-grubbing fiend isn't adequately motivated. The first transformation is plausible enough. In a curious parallel with "Pelléas," McTeague is smitten when her hair falls about her (the effect on him is lustrously suggested by the orchestra), and it's reasonable that she should eventually reciprocate his adoration. This is, after all, a Romantic love story. Within that fictional empire, though, people don't suddenly turn into tigers when they're handed five grand, not even five grand in gold. It's true that Trina's fascination with the yellow metal has been established, but then so has everyone else's, and one feels she's being manipulated by the authors—not by any larger claim of the work or of her own character—toward her horrific solo of gloating over her gold dollars. The only reason is to generate a role going all the way from Mimì to Salome.

Nobody could have been better equipped to perform such a role than Catherine Malfitano. The line fitted her like a glove, or, rather, like two gloves: one of carnal silk, the other of chain mail, both of them wielded with daring, with full attack, and with never a suggestion of strain or rough tone. Also excellent were Emily Golden as the surly, smoky Maria—imagine the fury of Carmen put into somebody else's opera as a cameo role—and Timothy Nolen as McTeague's betrayed and betraying buddy, with a snarl aptly playing around his good humor. Dennis Russell Davies conducted the score with vim. Mr. Altman's production had nothing special about it except the darkly glowing sets, by Yuri Kuper. ♦

There is a cookie-cutter look dominating the autumn fashion scene in Paris. It's a black Chanel jacket with an off-center gold zipper and four nonfunctioning gold buttons. Seven women wearing the jacket, most of whom were strangers to each other, were seated in the same small section of the audience at last Monday's Chanel opening. At least 18 others there were in the same jacket, and all but two were in black. What is the special appeal of the jacket, which retails for $2,480?

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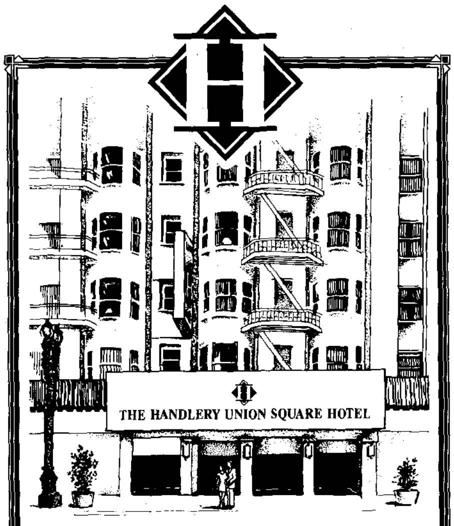
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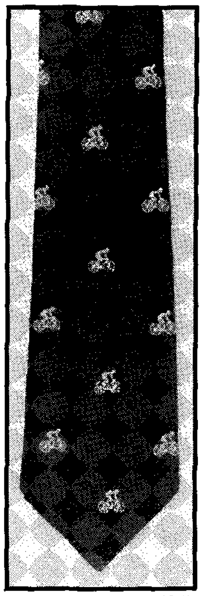

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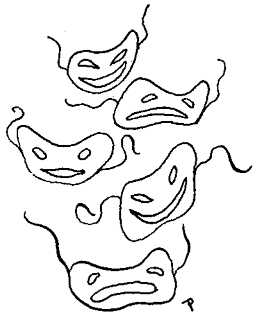
by Edith Oliver

"Someone Who'll Watch Over Me," at the Booth, is a beautiful play by the Irish dramatist Frank McGuinness, and it's beautifully performed by Stephen Rea, James McDaniel, and Alec McCowen, as three captives in a basement in Beirut. Mr. Rea is an Irish journalist, Mr. McDaniel a black American psychiatrist, and Mr. McCowen an English professor of English literature, and each of them is shackled to a wall, almost but not quite within reach of the others. A recording of Gershwin's "Someone to Watch Over Me" is heard from time to time, punctuating the action; the voice is Ella Fitzgerald's. At first, by the way, the switch from "to" to "who'll" set my teeth on edge, but this is no careless misquotation; before long, it becomes clear who Who is. The play is about courage, among other things, and no one is braver than the playwright, who has had the courage to write a religious play in 1992. Near the beginning, one of the men starts to weep, and he is immediately stopped by one of the others and told never to let the Arabs see his tears—to turn them to laughter at once, no matter what the cost. This command sets the tone of the action, much of it devoted to provoking that laughter from the men (and, of course, from the audience). There are instant improvisations—with changes of venue from the tennis courts at Wimbledon to an Irish graveyard, for example—and right-on impersonations. Meanwhile, Mr. McDaniel keeps quoting from the Bible; poems are recited with seriousness and devotion; and songs are sung. Mr. McDaniel's "Amazing Grace," which ends the first act, stops the laughter (and the breath).



A friend of mine has called "Someone Who'll Watch Over Me" a play about redemption, and he could be right. It is certainly deliberately unfashionable, barely touching on the men's sexuality, though not avoiding it, either. No playwright could have been bette served than Mr. McGuinness, an alu nus of both the Gate and the Abbe Theatres, of Dublin, and at presen writer-in-residence at the Abbey. Mr Rea, new to me, is a wonder of wit an brilliance, bringing the spirit of Irelan to the stage of the Booth. (He ha been an associate of Brien Friel—wha better credential.) Mr. McCowen— wonder, too—acts wit his usual perception an depth, and there is n more effective scene tha the brief one in which h and Mr. Rea, suddenly serious, confront each other the Englishman versus th Irishman. Having see Mr. McDaniel as the sca artist of John Guare's "S Degrees of Separation," was not surprised by his fine performance, though I secretly thought, He' never been this good. When all goes th well on any stage, much of the cred must belong to the director; his name Robin Lefèvre. The stark basement i Beirut was designed by Robin Don an lighted by Natasha Katz.

Catherine Butterfield show some dramatic resourcefulness i her "Joined at the Head," at the Manhattan Theatre Club, and she has written a good part for Ellen Parker (wh rewards her with a glowing performance), and one for herself. I just wis I'd liked the play better; it's not a bore but I didn't believe a word of it.

Miss Parker plays a successful nov ist, Maggie Mulroney, on an autograph-signing trip to Boston. She runs into he high-school boyfriend and is invited b him to have dinner and meet his wife named Maggy (not, one infers, by accident), who is dying of cancer. There i an immediate affinity between the tw women, which I guess explains the title and Maggie remains in Boston afte Maggy (ably played by Miss Butterfield

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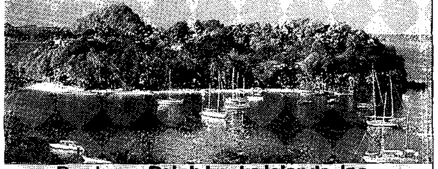

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goes into the hospital for chemotherapy and, eventually, dies. I don't mean to sound flippant about such serious issues, but not for one moment did they engage the heart. On the other hand, there are a few entertaining scenes, the best of them being an interview of the novelist by a smug television commentator, amusingly played by John C. Vennema, and a couple of monologues, the first by Maggie, the novelist, which overlaps one by Maggy, the patient, who sets her straight. Kevin O'Rourke is the suffering husband, who also does some narrating of his own. The rest of the company doubles and triples as pedestrians and nurses and autograph seekers, among others. Pamela Berlin directed.

"ON THE BUM," at Playwrights Horizons, is about the struggles of a young actress (Cynthia Nixon) to get work and make a living in 1938, during the Depression. When her mother arrives and tries to move in with her, she flees New York and hitches a ride on a freight train, along with some hoboes, to her home town, in the Middle West, where she joins a clown (Kevin Geer) and another actress (J. Smith-Cameron) to rehearse a play, in rhymed couplets, about the destruction of a local dam. "On the Bum" itself isn't much, but this play within the play is quite funny, and Joyce Reehling, doubling as mother and playwright, is equally menacing as both. The play never opens, but that doesn't matter, because a local young man (Campbell Scott) falls in love with our actress, and everything else slides into the background. Mr. Scott is strong and dynamic, and gives "On the Bum" a focus that it doesn't really deserve.

In an attempt, perhaps, to evoke the Depression, the style is surreal and unsettling, with characters appearing and disappearing, and their functions never being explained (to my satisfaction, that is); we find out what happened to that dam only when some drowned victims materialize to tell us. The company—thirteen actors in thirty-five roles—performs competently enough, under Don Scardino's direction. (The four principals—Miss Nixon, Mr. Geer, Miss Smith-Cameron, and Mr. Scott—are better than competent.) Allen Moyer designed the setting, Sharon Lynch designed the costumes, and Kenneth Posner designed the remarkable lighting. ♦

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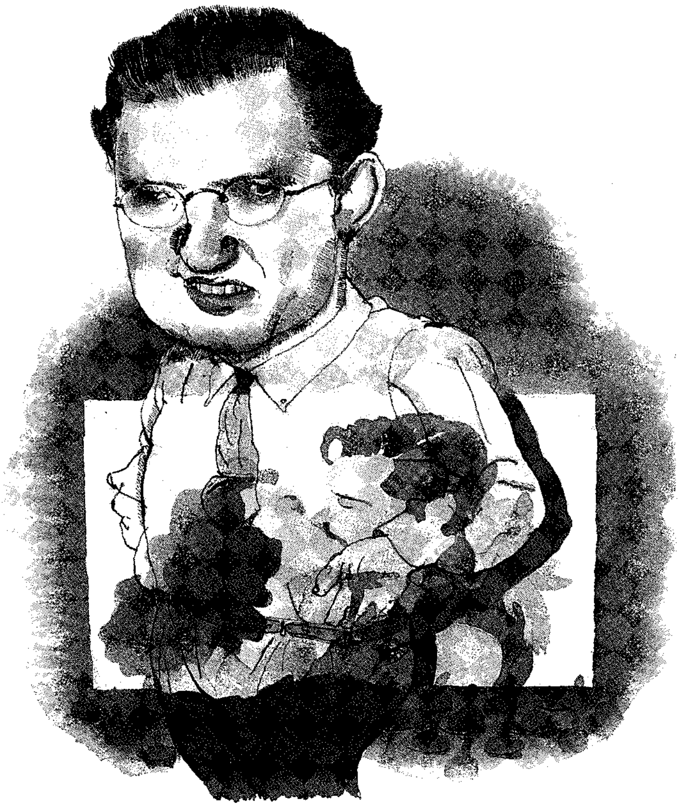
SELZNICK: THE ABOMINABLE SHOWMAN

by James Lardner

AT the dawn of the era of talking pictures, one of the biggest talkers in Hollywood was young David Selznick, the son of a busted mogul of the silents. Disdainful of the assembly-line methods that the studios aspired to, Selznick preached movies as art; they would fulfill their potential, he declared, only when "one mind" exercised total control. Although it is hard to say where principle left off and megalomania began, Selznick passed for a revolutionary thinker in his milieu, and the sheer velocity of his verbiage mesmerized young nobodies and established somebodies alike. Within a remarkably short time, he had risen from junior producer to studio boss—one with the power to set small armies of artists and technicians to work turning out adaptations (some cracking good pictures among them) of books he had read and loved as a boy, including "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "The Prisoner of Zenda," and "David Copperfield."

As the head of R.K.O. Radio Pictures, then of a production unit at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and finally (because he was determined to have one) of a studio bearing his own name, Selznick put his mitts on just about everything. His legendary memos "addressed mountain and molehill with equal fervor," as Leonard J. Leff wrote in his 1987 book "Hitchcock and Selznick," a fine study of an association that began with "Rebecca" and ended with "The Paradine Case." In a business notorious for what was not yet called sexual harassment, Selznick distinguished himsel by the monotonous regularity of his advances to young women who had ground for thinking that submission might b linked to employment. "Since You Wen Away," Selznick's wartime tearjerke about the home front, marked the beginning of his consuming involvement wit the actress he renamed Jennifer Jones (i the process forcing her to discard not onl her former name, Phylis Walker, but th husband who went with it, the actor Robert Walker), but he also found occasion t pursue the picture's two other femal stars, Claudette Colbert and (on the da she announced her engagement) the seventeen-year-old Shirley Temple.

His pictures almost invariably wen over budget, in part because he was a compulsive orderer of retakes on what other regarded as finished films. His chroni



David Thomson's new biography of David Selznick gets lost in the rushes of an extraordinary career.

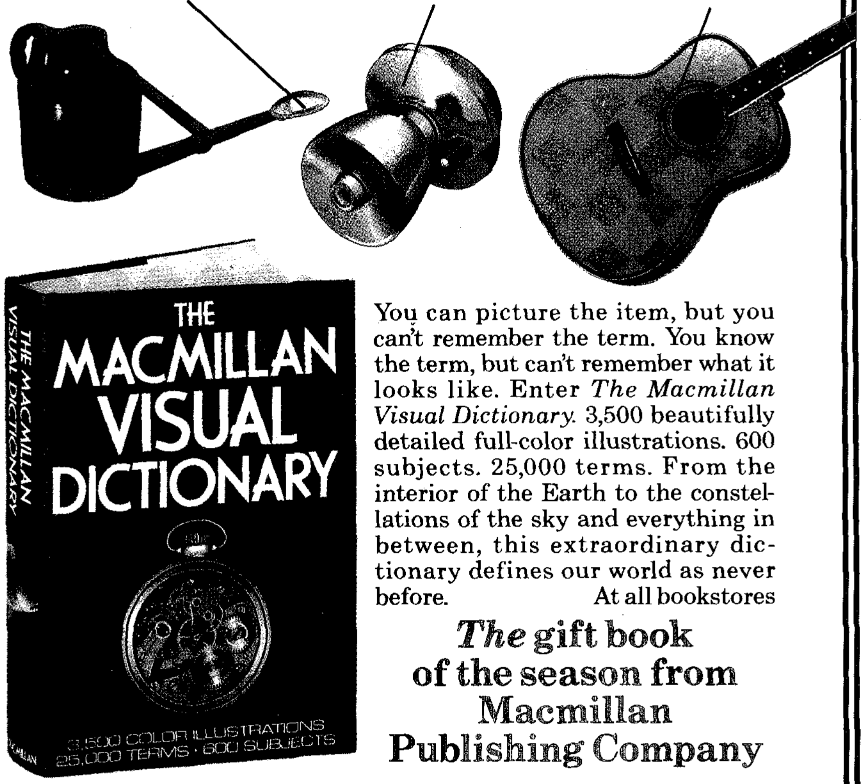
nwillingness to accept things as they vere extended even to Ingrid Bergman, vho had no sooner arrived from Sweden o make the American version of "Intermezzo" than Selznick started worrying bout her height and prescribing a comrehensive makeup job to bring her into ine with prevailing standards of Hollyvood beauty. Fortunately, Bergman had he self-confidence to stand up to him. I'll take the next train and go back home," e said. Selznick then did a grand aboutace, proclaiming that Bergman would inugurate a new era of naturalness in merican movies.

A studio boss who gave so much loving ttention to every property could, of ourse, make only a few pictures a year—n output that did not begin to justify the verhead of a studio. Selznick Internaional Pictures lasted as long as it did from 1935 to 1941) only because its prinipal backer, the socialite financier John ay Whitney, was in Selznick's—and ollywood's—thrall. The company vound up being liquidated at the hour of ts greatest triumph, "Gone with the Vind"—a piece of timing that allowed elznick to classify most of his "Wind" rofits as capital gains.

By the forties, Selznick's brand of ussiness, which had never made any fiancial sense, no longer made much artistic ense. To the younger directors, writers, nd writer-directors who were making ome of the era's most interesting picures, the all-powerful producer was the nemy, however much he might see himelf as a great creative force. The best films f Selznick's later years were, not by hance, those which for one reason or nother he was unable to control, like Notorious" and "The Third Man." The vriter of the latter, Graham Greene, took few of Selznick's suggestions, including he idea of making the hero an American, nd ignored the rest. The director, Carol eed, threw Selznick's memos in the rash can unread.

Among the pictures that Selznick truly roduced in those years, the single boxffice hit was "Duel in the Sun," an overlown Western that ranks as one of the nost transparent vanity productions a nan has ever put together for the woman e loves. Jennifer Jones's deportment oach, the former model Anita Colby, decribed it as Selznick's attempt to "show he world what a sexpot I have." (Selznick dmired Orson Welles and "Citizen Kane." You have to wonder if he noticed

A rose is a rose is a rose.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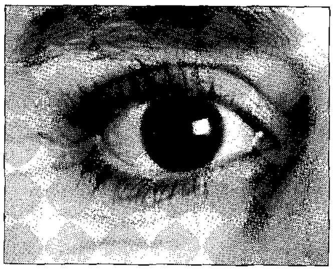

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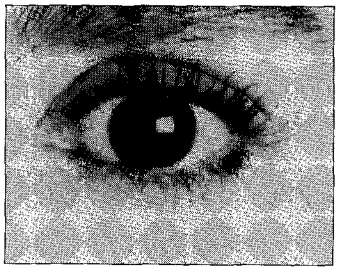

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the parallel between his own later caree and Kane's.)

The need for a serious Selznick biography (more serious, that is, than the on turned out in 1970 by Bob Thomas, wh lacked access to some key people an documents) has been evident since th publication, a decade ago, of the maddeningly evasive, not altogether reliable, bu highly readable memoirs of Selznick's firs wife, Irene Mayer Selznick. And it is eas to see why their children, Jeffrey a Daniel Selznick, recruited the biographe they did. David Thomson, the autho of "Showman: The Life of David O Selznick" (Knopf; $35), is a British-bor cinéaste who has demonstrated in severa previous books the sort of encyclopedi familiarity and utter fascination with th minutiae of Hollywood that perhaps onl foreigners are capable of. Among th nearly nine hundred engagingly opinionated profiles in his "Biographical Dictionary of Film"—an impressive referenc work that, remarkably, he appears to hav compiled largely by himself—is a vigorous tribute to Selznick as a man wh "cared for every facet of making a film an had a greater sense of how to photograp individuals, how to use sets and music an how to construct a picture than many directors." Selznick's memos, "laughed at b many, radiate an intuitive, loving preoccupation with detail," Thomson continues. "He inaugurated epic, even if with twopence coloured novelette."

A reader of Thomson's seven-hundred-page book on Selznick will search i vain, however, for any trace of the affection and energy of that earlier, page-and-a-half sketch. Thomson won't be caugh recycling old Selznick legends, like th one about Vivien Leigh's casting i "Gone with the Wind"—that Selznick' agent-brother Myron escorted her ont the lot as Atlanta was burning, and introduced her with the magic words "I wan you to meet Scarlett O'Hara." And he rejects as too simple the explanation o George Cukor's biographer, Patric McGilligan, for the firing of Cukor as director of "Gone with the Wind"—tha Clark Gable said he would not "be directed by a fairy." Alas, in both the smal and the large sense, Thomson has no stor of his own to tell. He has taken one of th great rise-and-fall sagas of America movies and reduced it to an irritatingl disconnected series of quotes, excerpt from financial reports, tiny, half-told anecdotes, and bizarre, extraneous reverie

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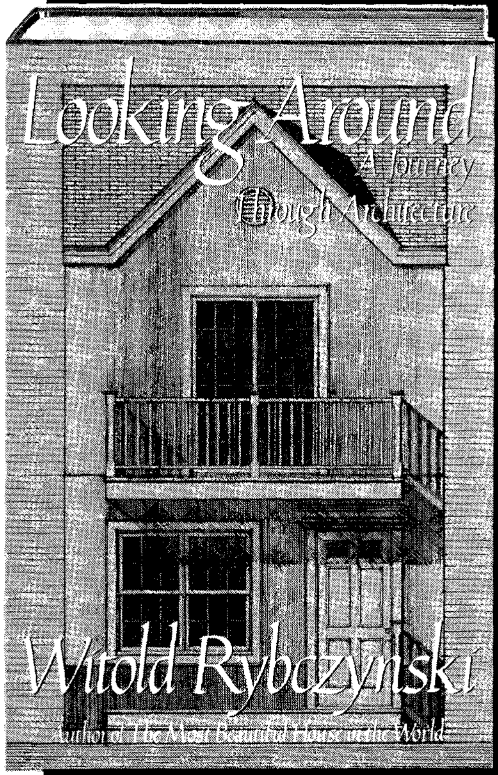
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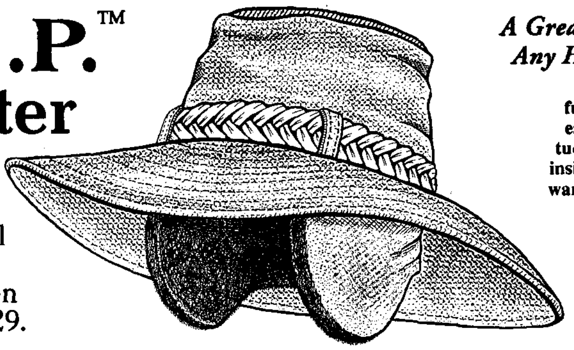

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bout, for example, why bankers might put money into a business as inherently unpredictable as movies. "What seduces these people?" Thomson writes. "It is profit, glory, and power; it is the limousines, the great houses, and meeting mythic beauties. But the gamble is too demented for such mundane satisfaction to be enough. No, he bankers are also moved by the idea of eaching so many strangers; there is a rief ecstasy of community in the diverse world when, say, the current of 'Gone with the Wind' goes everywhere. That moment can only be called reliious." Such writing can only be alled hysterical.

The adjective usually thrown t long, lifeless biographies is exhaustive." "Showman" is not hat. As big as this book is, Thomson does not appear to consider it part of his mandate to convey a sense of period or place. As for psychology, it arely gets much beyond his asking at one point if Selznick was "entirely sane," or helpfully pointing out, with regard to Myron Selznick, that "if suicidal alcoholsm means unstable, then Myron, too, was disturbed person." Although Selznick was regarded in his day as a publicity genius, you would never know it from Thomon's account, which gives only glancing ttention even to Selznick's fabled promotion of "Gone with the Wind."

Above all, the reader longs for an understanding of Selznick's strange relationhip with his first wife, whose Hollywood blood was bluer than his. We know that he put up with a great deal. Selznick, acording to Thomson, forced Irene to go on long trips with him after the birth of ach of their two sons—mainly, it seems, o establish that parenthood could not hain them down. He disappeared from her thirty-second-birthday party to go on ten-hour gambling and drinking spree. Thomson tells us of a time when Selznick onfronted Loretta Young with a demand or a kiss and—rejected—pushed her gainst a wall; Irene then appeared and aid, "Oh honey, give David a kiss. It's not going to hurt you." While making up her mind to toss her husband out of their house, Irene presented him with a chalenge worthy of a Shavian heroine. She would go on living with him, she suggested, if he would give up either Jennifer ones *or* gambling. (Selznick did neither.) These are snippets from an extraordinary marriage, but in Thomson's narrative they just lie there, separated by many pages and presented largely without comment.

The deep lesson of most rise-and-fall stories is the closeness of the paths leading to the greatest success and the most ignominious failure. John Huston said that Selznick "never did anything worth a damn after he married Jennifer," but the key variable in the equation may well have been the exit of the first wife rather than the entrance of the second. Even at the height of Selznick's glory—when he was celebrated for his shrewdness and judgment—he was able to look at some early rushes on "Rebecca" and think of firing Alfred Hitchcock; it was Irene who assured him that the picture would be fine. Almost on a daily basis, Thomson tells us, she had to bundle him off to appointments he would never have kept otherwise, just as his secretaries had to bundle him back home at night if he had to be there for a social engagement. It appears that Irene's own not inconsiderable vanity was served, for a time, by the task of organizing Selznick's life and making him presentable. Then she wearied of it and moved to New York (where she produced "A Streetcar Named Desire").

You get the feeling in these pages that Thomson does not particularly like David O. Selznick—and, indeed, there is much in Selznick's life to cool a biographer's ardor. (Thomson describes a time when he "slapped" Jones "hard in the face" and then waved off Anita Colby's protests, saying, "Don't worry, she likes it.") Yet I think it may not be stepping too far into the realm of psychocriticism to speculate that at the bottom of the mystery of this astonishingly chaotic book lies an author panicked by his mission. Thomson, like Selznick, is a man more at home analyzing movies than people. He would probably have been happy to write a series of critical essays on Selznick's movies, and, in fact, he has sensible or provocative things to say about several of them. (He suggests that Janet Gaynor—best-actress nomination notwithstanding—was all wrong for "A Star Is Born"; the role needed someone younger and more compelling.) But you sense that he had no stomach for the labor of imposing a shape on Selznick's life.

It would not be right to say that Thomson has made no choices. The choices he has made, however, reflect no pattern of thought. What possible need can there be for us to know that the pro-

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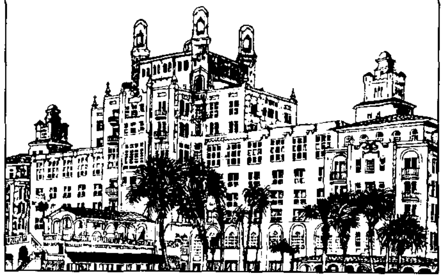

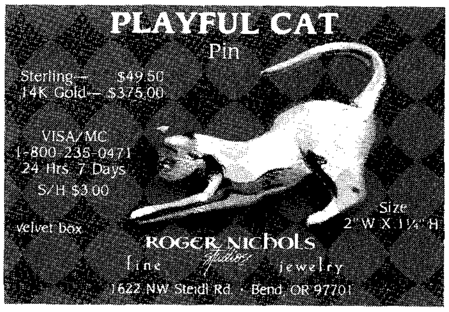

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ducer Mark Hellinger, who had a brief and essentially fruitless partnership with Selznick, “looked much older than his actual age” when he died? Or that after the breakup of Leland Hayward and Margaret Sullavan's marriage “Hayward had married Slim Hawks, the ex-wife of Howard Hawks who had been married to Norma Shearer's sister, Athole, who ended in an asylum”? Yet such observations fill page after page, often giving Thomson's book the appearance of a string of footnotes to a biography the author forgot to write.

In his acknowledgments Thomson speaks of his “look of delight and terror” on first confronting the Selznick papers—“a vast, sprawling, and neurotic” collection of three million uncatalogued items in six thousand storage boxes, at the University of Texas at Austin. The completed book suggests that terror eventually got the better of delight. Perhaps only a really extraordinary biographer could have made his way through this monstrous body of source material and retained the detachment necessary to make dramatic sense of it all. It is considerably harder to explain why a respected publishing house would sign off on such a manuscript and present it to the world in a splendidly bound, profusely illustrated thirty-five-dollar edition. Can the people at Knopf have so lost their bearings as to mistake this for a biography? Did anyone at Knopf actually read Thomson's book? It is hard to imagine an editor who would not have asked an author to squeeze a little more intelligibility into a sentence like “Dictation is the heartbeat of perseverance,” or who would not have taken the trouble to correct the observation that when Selznick fired Cukor directors “were not the figureheads they are now”—by which Thomson obviously means the opposite of what he says. And yet “Showman” is an alternate selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club, and it was called “masterly” on the front page of the *Times Book Review* (by a reviewer to whom Thomson, in his acknowledgments, extends particular thanks). So perhaps the publisher has concluded that in the big-Hollywood-biography game these days sheer weight and a certain quota of tawdriness and intrigue are the only considerations that count. Nevertheless, if “Showman” were a David O. Selznick production he would tell everybody involved to start over and get it right. ♦

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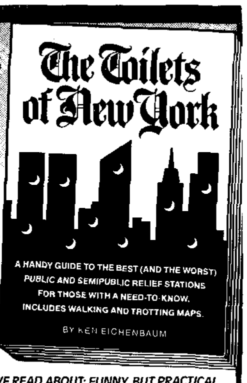
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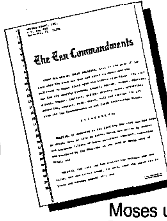

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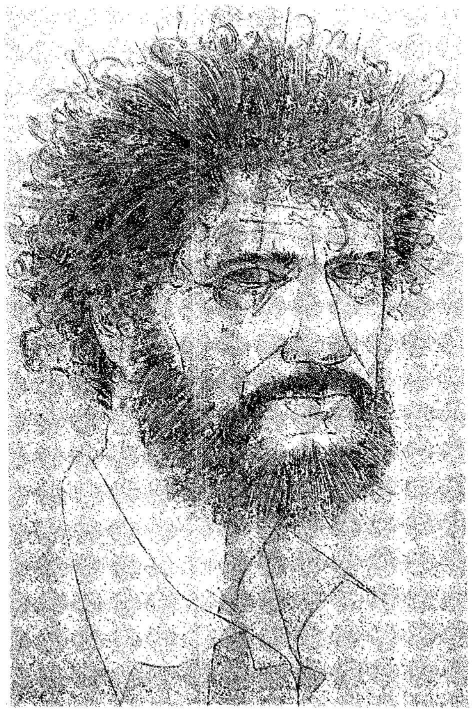
BOOKS

MICHAEL ONDAATJE'S FIRE

by *Whitney Balliett*

IN Michael Ondaatje's new novel, "The English Patient" (Knopf; $21), the burned, mortally injured protagonist tells Hana, his Canadian nurse and caretaker, how she should ead Kipling to him: "Read him lowly, dear girl, you must read Kipling slowly. Watch carefully where the commas fall so you can discover the natural pauses. He is a writer who used pen and ink. He looked up from the page a lot, I believe, stared hrough his window and listened o birds. . . . Think about the speed of his pen." And that s what the reader must do when he eads Ondaatje, for he, too, writes with a slow pen. Born n Sri Lanka and ong a resident of Toronto, he has published three highly original novels—"The English Patient" shared this year's Booker Prize—but he is not, in all the specifics, really a novelist. His narratives flow only when it pleases him; he is offhand about "character"; he is not (beyond a Dickensian coincidence or two) a plotter; and his dialogue is formal and enamelled and unchanging—all his characters speak alike. (He has also written a memoir, the wonderful "Running in the Family," and it *does* read ike a novel.) But each of his books is filled with passages of such finesse and vividness that they become part of us. He is a writer whose best paragraphs hover just over the page, then fly into the mind. The English patient talks of the days he spent in the thirties exploring the North African desert: "We travelled through three [sand] storms during nine days. We missed small desert towns where we expected to locate more supplies. The horse vanished. Three of the camels died. For the last two days there was no food, only tea. The last link with any other world was the clink of the fire-black tea urn and the long spoon and the glass which came towards us in the darkness of the mornings. After the third night we gave up talking. All that mattered was the fire and the minimal brown liquid." At its most compressed, Ondaatje's writing strikingly recalls the last of the great French aphorists and *pensée* writers, Jules Renard. Here is Renard's complete entry in his famous "Journal" for October, 1900:

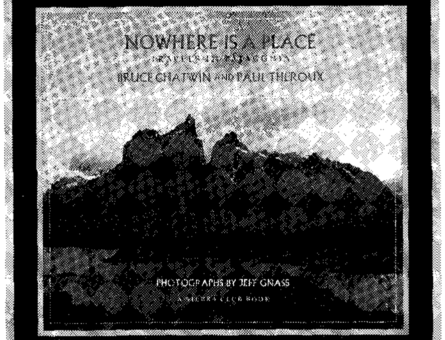

Dreams of the past are the heart of the author's new novel.

> Every one of our works must be a crisis, almost a revolution.
>
> The best in us is incommunicable.
>
> The tree has never been able to make its shadow circle it completely.
>
> Time passed through the needle's eye of the hours.

And here is Ondaatje, the aphorist and imagist:

> In the emptiness of deserts you are always surrounded by lost history.
>
> The noise of the trees, the breaking of the moon into silver fish bouncing off the leaves of the aster outside.
>
> The automobile purring, as serene as ink within the summer night.
>
> This, the most adaptable and genial of children, suddenly turned into a stone of refusal, adamant.

Ondaatje writes only of the past. But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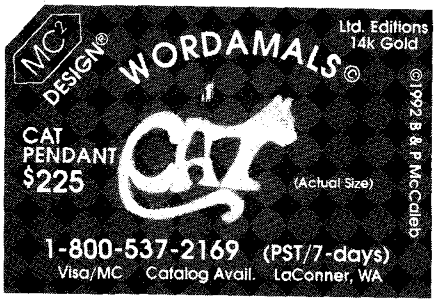
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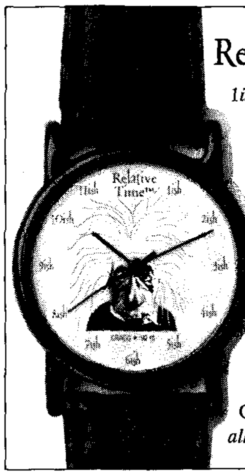

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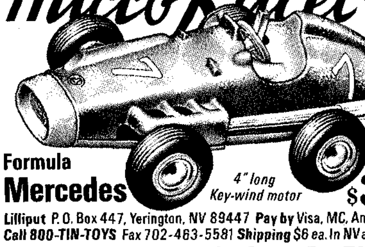

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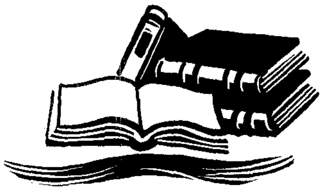
his books, with their still, detached air, are more like dreams of the past—dreams, though, that are filled with flesh and smells and color, with pain and sorrow and death. "The English Patient" is set in a ruined fifteenth-century villa in the hills above Florence, and it moves around in the thirties and forties and ends in 1958. Most of it takes place, though, in 1945, just after the Allied invasion, sweeping northward, has left the villa in its wake. There are five principals. The so-called English patient is really a Romanian count, Ladislaus de Almásy—an old-time desert explorer, a German spy, and a man of learning and culture. ("He knew where every Giotto was in Europe, and most of the places where a person could find convincing trompe l'oeil.") Hana turns out to be the daughter of Patrick Lewis, who was the hero of Ondaatje's previous novel, "In the Skin of a Lion." She is just twenty, has seen too much war and suffering, and is a little mad. ("Soldiers were coming in with just bits of their bodies, falling in love with me for an hour and then dying.") Kirpal Singh, twenty-six, is an English-trained sapper from the Punjab. (His adventure as a sapper in England ran as a short story in this magazine.) Miraculously intact, he is helping defuse the thousands of mines left behind by the Germans. David Caravaggio, Patrick Lewis's friend from Toronto and an "uncle" to Hana, is an Allied spy who has had his thumbs cut off after being caught rifling a German officer's room. Finally, there is Katherine Clifton, an English woman of impeccable lineage who accompanies her new husband to the African desert in the late thirties, falls in love with Almásy, and is killed when her husband, a pilot, purposely crashes their plane. Ondaatje writes of Almásy, "He wants only her stalking beauty, her theatre of expressions. He wants the minute and secret reflection between them, the depth of field minimal, their foreignness intimate like two pages of a closed book."

The villa where Almásy, Hana, Singh, and Caravaggio come together was for a time an Allied field hospital. At the beginning of the book, Hana, staying on after the other nurses hav
left, has been alone with Almásy fo
three months. Horrendously burned an
permanently bedridden, he has becom
her obsession, and she endlessly bathe
him, feeds him, and reads to him. Caravaggio, hearing by accident in Rom
that Hana is at the villa, arrives, an
soon after, is followed by Singh, wh
sets up his tent near the villa and immediately begins scouring the countrysi
for mines. There is no electricity or water in the villa, and very little food. It i
April, and the spring storms drive th
rain through what is left of the roof an
the walls. Hana and Singh fall in love
but their affair, handled with the stif
poetic insinuation of Maria's and Robe
Jordan's in "For Whom the Bell Tolls,
seems inconsequential next to the complex, deadly love of Katherine and Almásy. Caravaggio provides a mordan
comic relief in the boo
(Ondaatje is not a humorist), and he acts as a benevolent inquisitor wh
eventually persuades th
English patient to abandon his claim of amnesi
and reveal his past. Thi
past is the marvellous heart of th
book—particularly Almásy's experience
in the desert, alone and with the Britis
explorers who roamed North Africa i
the thirties and forties, and who, in thei
passion for the desert, let their nationality, their personal histories, even thei
names, slip away.

Ondaatje resolves "The English Patient" in a surprising but not altogethe
convincing way; it is a political endin
for an apolitical book. But we savo
many scenes: Caravaggio, stark nake
searching the German officer's room i
the dark while the officer makes love to
woman; Singh, waist-deep in a pit o
freezing mud and water, attempting t
defuse a two-thousand-pound Germa
bomb; Almásy, on fire and fighting
free himself from his plane before i
crashes. And we savor Ondaatje's writing. It has been called "too brilliant," bu
too brilliant prose tends to end up wit
the Firbanks and Cabells and Sitwell
on the mandarin slag heap. Ondaatje'
writing is too muscular to be mandarin
too restrained to be showy, too artless t
be self-conscious. He pleases himsel
then us. ♦



BOOKS BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

ittersweet
y Leslie Li (Tuttle; $19.95)

BEAR a son and money flows into a house. Bear a daughter and noney flows out," Bittersweet's father ronounced when she was born, in 889, in a rural Chinese village where irl infants were often put to death. But ittersweet's mother believed her to be n auspicious child, and this is her tory—mostly true, Ms. Li explains in a reface. Bittersweet was the author's randmother; her grandfather was a nilitary hero and the acting President of hina in 1948 and 1949. He taught Bitersweet to read and write, so that she ould understand his letters from the ront; he wanted her to be a modern voman. He also wanted her to be pliant nd long-suffering: shortly after the irth of their son, he took a second wife, nd he and Bittersweet never shared the ame bed again. Nonetheless, she was he most honored wife of the great Genral Li, and she led a complex, gracious, ften highly public life. Taken as history lone, this is a fascinating book: Bitterweet lives through provincial skirnishes, war against Japan, the Second Vorld War, and the Revolution, and elebrates her hundredth birthday luring the student uprisings in Tiannmen Square. But it is also an aborbing novel, full of private frustrations nd excursions to the market; philoophical mornings in the garden and fficult relatives; intimate cups of tea nd the satisfying, gradual evolution of a haracter.

Doctor Criminale
y Malcolm Bradbury (Viking; $22)

THE witty young journalist who narrates this story is on a quest for an nternational star, the critic and novelist Bazlo Criminale. He follows his elusive quarry from one celebrity gathering to another, along the way trying to pick up information about Criminale's true nationality (Hungarian? Bulgarian? American?), political allegiance (Marxist or anti?), and marital status (a wife or two seem to have been mislaid over the years). The questing journalist also picks up a succession of attractive women. While the reader may be most curious about why the women are so strangely masterful and the narrator so emotionally muted, the author seems to be engaged primarily in pedagogy—a lesson on the meaning of Europe. The characters are mannequins to be clothed in stereotypes. (Italians are dark, even in Milan, and all Hungarian women are beautiful.) Criminale himself sets out the terms for evaluating the book when he remarks that the problem of literature is to transcend politics or journalism and "make history deliver the aesthetic." In this book, it is a problem that remains unsolved.

GENERAL

Latinos: A Biography of the People
by Earl Shorris (Norton; $25)

LATINOS, also called Hispanics (but not by this author), can be rich Cuban exiles or Marielitos, survivors of the Mariel boat lift; they can be refugees from Central America, teen-age gang members from inner-city barrios, or migrant stoop laborers from Mexico. In the near future, the author says, these people, who can loosely be defined as descendants of the Spanish conquest of the Americas, will make up the largest minority group in the United States. Unhappily, they are some of the poorest, the weakest in civic power, the most exploited and culturally ignored of our citizens. The author of this masterly and passionately engaged overview was raised among Latinos in Texas and married into a Latino family. He considers—in a variety of ways, including both sober political-economic analysis and intimate oral history—every aspect of the condition of the Latino today, from the positive achievements of a few entrepreneurs and politicians to more sombre realities: the violent treatment of Mexican-Americans along the Southwestern border; Los Angeles sweatshops that pay as little as eighteen cents an hour; discrimination in schools, neighborhoods, business, and the professions. Although this book is well informed, it is far from being an objective study, objectively written; reading it, one understands why.

The Swamp Root Chronicle: Adventures in the Word Trade
by Robert Manning (Norton; $24.95)

A CROWDED career in journalism and government has given the author much to draw upon for this memoir. After covering the new United Nations as a young reporter for the United Press, Mr. Manning went to *Time*, became a senior editor and writer, and ended up as London bureau chief for Time-Life. In the Kennedy Administration, he was an Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs, and for fourteen years he served as the tenth, and probably the most innovative, editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*. His book is a nicely seasoned mélange of anecdote, humor, and rumination on things of serious consequence, and his stories of fishing in Cuba with a talkative, opinionated Ernest Hemingway, of White House breakfasts, of the famous in undress situations, and of graver matters like the Cuban missile crisis are consistently engaging. One is surprised, however, to find a writer of Mr. Manning's professionalism in "the word trade" making such egregious errors as referring repeatedly to Hemingway's fourth wife (née Mary Welsh), whom he knew well, as Mary Walsh Hemingway, and telling us that Svetlana Stalin was married to a man named Alliluyeva, when Alliluyeva was her mother's maiden name.

FROM OUR PAGES

The Purloined Clinic: Selected Writings, by Janet Malcolm, has been published by Knopf ($23). Some of the pieces originally appeared in *The New Yorker*. ♦

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

THE SMALL PICTURE

by James Wolcott

I GET restless sitting through entire movies. It's like being stuck in front of a TV with only one channel. Twenty minutes into the story, I'm already scanning to the finish, my eyes processing the film faster than the projectionist can feed it into the machine. I really go to the movies now to see the trailers. The trailer, which in more hopeful times was called the coming attractions, is more than a mere ad for the movie. It's the movie in micro. It tells you everything you need to know with none of that annoying filler. Oh, I can hear objections. "What about the subtle small details swelling into revelation, the fine grainage of the actor's craft?" To which I say, "When's the last time you experienced any of that except in Robert Altman or Zhang Yimou?" Today, movies bear down on you like trucks. The trailers tell me which are giving off the best rumble.

Not that a great trailer always guarantees a good time. The trailer for "Looking for Mr. Goodbar" was a thrill, with the disco hit "Don't Ask to Stay Until Tomorrow" blasting over strobe-light slivers of dangerous sex. What it omitted was the moralizing message that the director, Richard Brooks, used as turkey stuffing. I don't trust trailers that try too hard. The trailer for "Mr. Saturday Night"—tiring. Ditto trailers that are too dark. The one for "Hero"—who blew out the candles? But a lively trailer augurs a lively movie, and a mediocre trailer means "Don't bother putting on your mittens." I predict that the movie critic of the future will become a kind of oracle, studying the trailer as if it had been taken from the stomach of a chicken. Here are some recent sightings:

"A Few Good Men." Powerful all-star Broadway courtroom drama, which means lots of dramatic standing up and sitting down and background shots of men marching. Buzz-cut cast stars Jack Nicholson as king cobra in khaki intimidating the dimples off Tom Cruise. As only dame, Demi Moore talks tough, with usual built-in quaver.

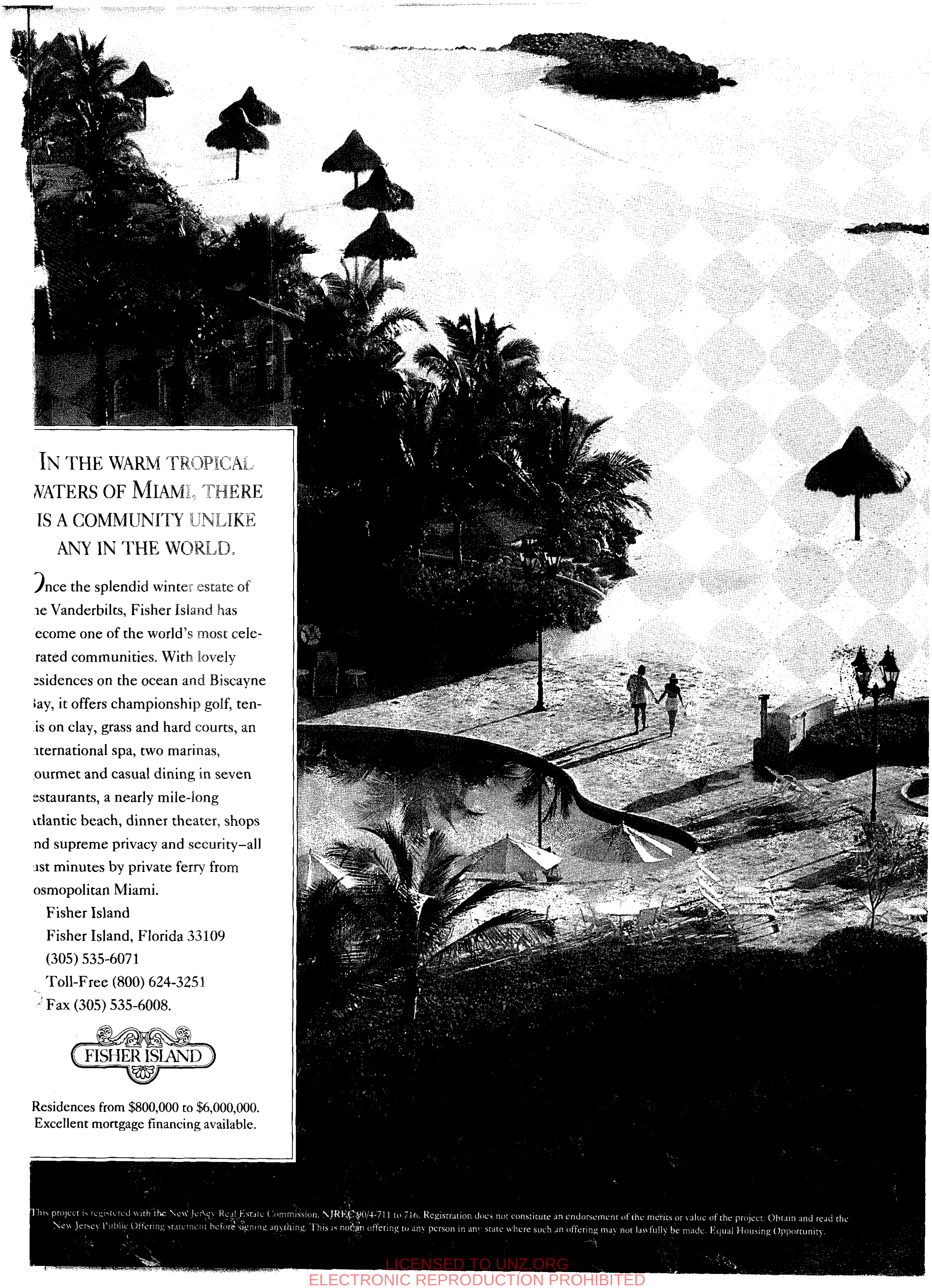
"Forever Young." Mel Gibson with a lump in his throat and a Mrs. Paul's fish stick in his pants. Cryogenically frozen, he seeks love as nurse Jamie Lee Curtis fills out uniform. Pre-Second World War bomber flown in big phony-baloney finale.

"Lorenzo's Oil." A carrier pigeon of a trailer, winging across the screen in wordless montage, bearing the message that this is a spiritually uplifting movie the whole family can miss. As best one can deduce, Nick Nolte and Susan Sarandon star as parents exhausting every medical/legal means to aid their critically ill son. Orchestral strings throb as they persist.

"Scent of a Woman." Kept in a dark corner, Al Pacino is a blind military vet who vacuums the air with his canine-acute nostrils, a crusty but kind connoisseur of female fragrance. Soapy youn Chris O'Donnell is his babysitter for th weekend. Like father and son, they embark upon the big city to bond. Pacin will teach him how to Live, he'll teac Pacino how to Care.

"Hoffa." Even with a cinder block fc a head, Jack Nicholson has crowd-clearing charisma as Teamster boss, commanding an all-cholesterol offensive line consisting of J. T. Walsh, Robert Prosk Danny DeVito (who also directs), an various grim-faced goons. Melodramati weather stage-managed by the Almight actor playing Bobby Kennedy sounds eve phonier than the one in the "Sinatra miniseries. But never you mind—Nicholson takes it to the bank.

Of course, these are only my persona two bits, which are in no way meant t preëmpt the reactions of the movie re viewers and have them chase me up th stairs. You, the viewer, are the fina judge. Me, I'll be in the lobby, pacing.



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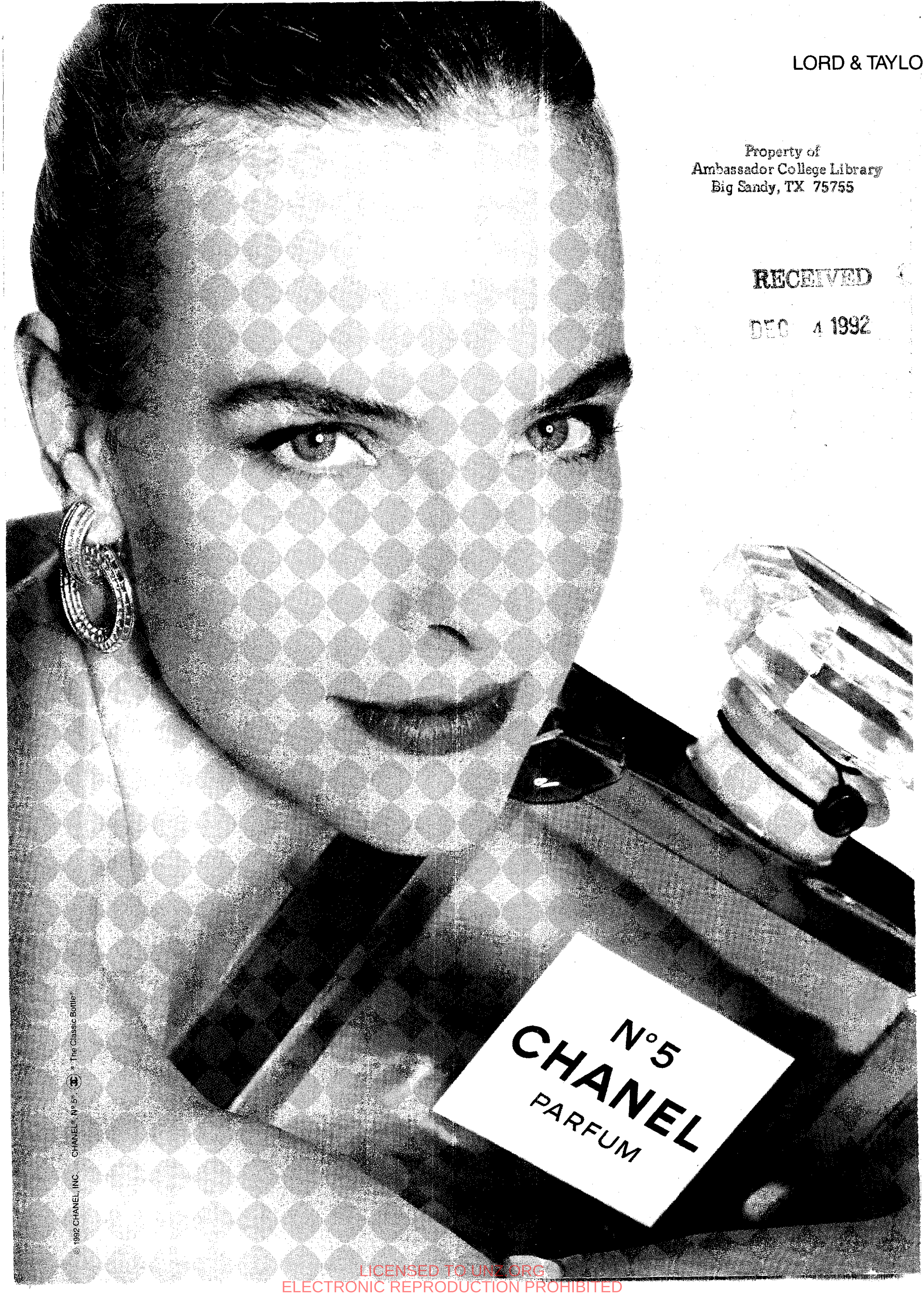
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